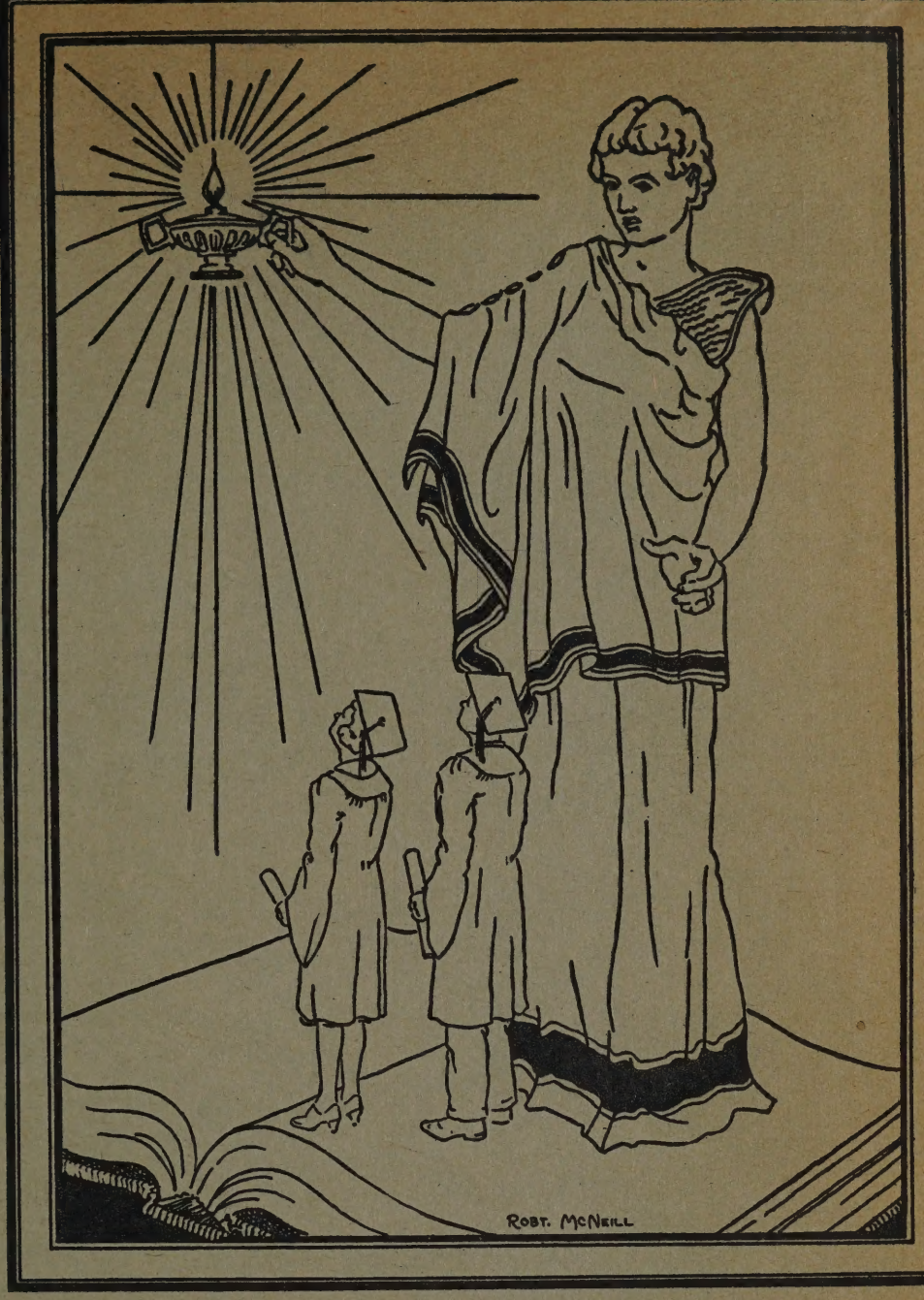
November

1942



The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

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Offers a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. Students may concentrate in any of the following fields: Biology, Chemistry, Economics, Sociology, Psychology, Mathematics, Physics, and English. Pre-Medical, Pre-Dental and Pre-Legal courses are offered. Varied opportunities available for vocational specialization. Degree: Bachelor of Science or Bachelor of Arts. Admits men and women.

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

NOVEMBER 1942

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 56 NUMBER 1

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DEDICATION

THIS copy of The Review and every future copy published until victory is ours, we dedicate to all Cambridge High and Latin School boys and girls—of whatever age they may be—who are sacrificing their comfort, their time, their lives, that we may continue to be free—that we may continue to exercise even such a small right as our freedom to publish this magazine of ours according to our inclination, in our way, for ourselves—not for proselytism nor for propaganda!

REASONS FOR BUYING WAR STAMPS

1. When you buy War Stamps you lose absolutely nothing, in fact, it's really one of the best ways in which you can save your money. In other words you just lend your money to the government and you can get it back at any time you want.
2. Then, too, most of you have either relatives or close friends in the armed services. War Stamps provide them with the means by which they will crush our enemies. How could you look one of these men in the eye again if you were unwilling to buy even a 10c stamp once a week? Can you let them down?
3. Lastly, it is of vital importance to everyone of us. Our very existence as free people depends on the outcome of the present struggle. Do you want to live the lives of the enslaved millions of Europe?

   If you really try, it ought to be an easy thing to scrape together ten cents at least once a week. Buy as many as you can.

   If you really want to lick
   Those Jap-a-Nazi tramps,
   You'd better buy 'em quick,
   Those U. S. Bonds and Stamps.

ROBERT N. O'BRIEN, '43.

WE all know, from the notices, of the deaths of the members of the faculty and the student body who were serving in the armed forces of their country. We also know that some people in our school have lost relatives and friends. To these people we tender our deep and sincere sympathy. We know what they have lost, for we, too have lost. Many of us knew Mr. Conlan. In our first year here he taught us History, making a pleasant subject out of a dry one. He was always cheerful, never complaining. He and his companions from this school will always live in our memories. They died defiant fighting the enemy to the last breath. Theirs was a glorious death. It is up to us to see that it remains forever glorious.

R. E. H.

THE war has come home to all of us at Cambridge High and Latin School. It is no longer a vague affair fought in far away places by brave and gallant strangers; it is now a bitter struggle which has deprived us of our own. Our first hero was Lt. Charles F. Conlan of the Marine Corps, whom we mourn sincerely and honor deeply.

No better tribute could be paid than that recorded by the Cambridge School Committee, from which we quote: "As a citizen and a teacher, he lived unselfishly for democracy; as an officer in the United States Marine Corps, he died for it, and for us all. While time lasts, when the school children and the teachers of Cambridge salute their flag, they will be saluting Charles F. Conlan, and all who have made and will make the supreme sacrifice for our God and our nation."

MY BROTHER

My brother left two months ago,
For distant parts unknown.
We who could not shoulder guns
Have prayed for him at home.

We asked our God to guide him,
Wherever he should go;
In Africa's heat and dust and toil,
Or Iceland's frozen snow.

Last night the yellow moon shone down,
On a tired soldier lad,
Whose thoughts of loved ones left at home
Made him smile, but left him sad.

Somewhere in this war crazed world,
My brother, though young he may be
Is fighting for American peace;
Is fighting for you and for me.

VIRGINIA TURNER, '45

THIS IS WAR!

NOW is the time for each of us to determine just how much of a sacrifice he will make to insure our American way of life. The experience of our Allies has convinced thinking Americans that the United States must increasingly play a more important role if the Axis powers are to be defeated.

In the beginning, we were to be "the arsenal of democracy." We were to furnish the weapons of war. Today, few in authority doubt that we are also to furnish a large part of the soldiers who will use the weapons that we produce. Right now, our men are in about forty different places outside the continental United States. Already, the government is planning on an army of over 7,000,000 men. We must feed and clothe these men. Moreover, we are expected to furnish food and clothing for our allies. As the arsenal of democracy and the granary of the United Nations, the resources of the United States will be taxed to the limit. There is just so much to divide among us. Someone, some groups must go without non-essentials, even essentials. That group is ours—made up of you and me; we shall have to go without those things to which we have been accustomed in order to give to our men and to our Allies the food, clothing, and arms that are necessary to the successful prosecution of this war.

This is an all-out war. If we win, the world may yet know peace. If we lose, the world certainly will have the anarchy produced by religious conflicts and the hatreds and ambitions of godless dictators. Each one of us, therefore, must give not only until it hurts, but until we have nothing left to give in money, energy, effort, and in prayer that this scourge of war shall pass from the earth.

Alex Stewart, '43

STUDY PERIODS

THE study period is one of the most amusing paradoxes that I have ever observed. Of course, I mean the type we have here in High and Latin, the system of having pupils study in rooms where regular classes are held. The teacher who attracts and holds the attention of her class, the teacher who stimulates interest in her subject, the teacher whom educators applaud and students praise —that is the teacher whom all study pupils shun. A study period under such a teacher is a waste of time as far as homework is concerned. Although the study pupil may study as best he can, he soon succumbs to the teacher's hypnotic art of holding constant attention.

The study period problem sometimes goes to humorous extremes. Some study pupils really wonder whether they should receive credits for the subjects they learn in study periods. Their attitude, truly, is not as wild as one might think, for I have actually seen teachers call on study pupils when the class pupils could not answer. Probably, it will be quite a while, not till after the "duration" anway, before some teachers come to the point of making their study pupils honorary members of the class with special privileges such as passing in home work once a week and taking term tests twice a year.

Most study pupils have discovered that there is no use whatever in complaining to the class teacher that they cannot study. Indeed, protesting only encourages the teacher to make her teaching more and more interesting to the class. She knows that the complaints of study pupils are a good indicator of the effectiveness of her teaching. About the only thing the poor study pupil can do is to take an elective during his study period and do his homework at home and at recess.

Eli Kaminsky, '43

A STREET IN THE RAIN

IT was a dark, dismal street lit up only now and then by jagged streaks of lightning which threatened to demolish everything and everyone in its path. Rain poured down in furious torrents as if the heavens themselves had opened the floodgates. The sewers and gutters were filled with muddy water which gushed and gurgled in its course. Each drop made a little whirlpool as it splashed in the river of rain. Other drops that fell in the street burst into small fountains that lasted for a second or two and then faded away into nothingness. It wasn't a night for calling, but some boldly ventured forth. Those few souls soon were sent scurrying back to their homes through sheets of blinding rain. Here and there a dull street light tried unsuccessfully to pierce that veil of rain, darkness and obscurity which settled over it.

What a difference rain makes! After it, everything seems bright and clean; while during it, the world is but a dreary place where darkness hovers, casting its message of gloom over all. Virginia Turner, '45.

TOTALITARIAN AND DEMOCRATIC ATTITUDES

THE totalitarian attitude is the antithesis of the democratic. It regards man only as a slave to the state. Everything and everybody are subordinate to the state. No man is free to do as he pleases; each act he performs is regulated by the state. Nothing must stand in the way of "the good of the whole." If a man opposes the state, he is ruthlessly beaten down. In short, man under a totalitarian government has absolutely no rights. But let us look on the other side of the picture. Here is the democratic attitude, that looks on man as an individual, who has likes and dislikes, emotions, and, most important of all, freedom. He may attend any church he pleases, he may voice his opinions on any subject, he is free to live in his own home free from government restrictions. The contrast between these two attitudes is evident. It shows why one must die and the other will grow and flourish. One is domineering, overbearing, harsh and cruel. It is the attitude of a powerful minority but it cannot last. When this minority is crushed, the people, the freed slaves, will rule themselves. The other, firmly entrenched in the hearts of millions of free people, will live forever.

RICHARD HARRINGTON, '43.

IN MEMORIAM

RASCAL is dead. It's hard to believe sometimes. I still listen for a joyful bark and a mad scramble when I open the front door. Rascal always sounded like a herd of buffalo when he came downstairs.

Perhaps I should have begun by telling that Rascal was a German Shepherd dog. When I first saw him, he was a friendly woolly bundle of ears and feet. I was soon to learn that he had an appetite out of all proportion to his size.

When he was a puppy, he had a habit of waking me in the morning to take him for a walk. First he would pull all the covers off my bed, and that failing, he would jump up on the bed and whine in my ear. At the time I thought it a rather cute trick and did nothing to discourage it. That was definitely a mistake. Having a full-grown German Shepherd land on your stomach with all fours can be distinctly disagreeable.

Rascal had very fixed views on certain subjects. He had an intense aversion to bulldogs, for instance; a feeling which arose from an early encounter with a particularly savage bulldog in which he came off second best. There was also his peculiar fear of waves, for which I am at a loss to account. This was all the more peculiar because he was so fond of swimming. It always struck me as funny to see this great brute yelp and strike out frantically for shore, pursued by nothing more formidable than a ripple caused by a passing motor boat.

I think Rascal was a little bit greedy too. At any rate he had an annoying way of sitting just outside the dining room during Sunday dinner. He would assume the air of a martyr, licking his chops from time to time, and all the while gazing at me with mild reproach. Time and time again I resolved to end this nonsense for once and all, but Rascal with his deep sighs and soulful glances invariably wound up with half my dinner.

Dogs can be very hard to understand sometimes. Rascal was friends with the grocery boy, the paper boy, and the milkman, but not the iceman—decidedly not the iceman. He would lie in ambush behind a hedge and scare the poor fellow out of his wits with a blood-curdling snarl. Rascal could be very vicious-looking when he wanted to be and he always wanted to be when the iceman came. Things finally got so bad that we had to buy an electric refrigerator.

I have often thought Rascal was more care than he was worth and more than once I have heartily condemned him to the nether regions, but somehow the house seems empty without him.

WALTER CREMENS, '44

PLEASANT DREAMS

EARLY one evening in January, Walter Havely, of the firm of Havely and Johnson, Attorneys at Law, entered the fashionable apartment building in which he shared rooms with his junior partner, Robert Johnson. The cold starless night had done nothing to change his usual tranquil state of mind and, as he entered the self-operating elevator, he whistled softly to himself. The lift jolted to a stop and he got out, walked down the carpeted, dimly lit hall and let himself into his rooms. Once inside, he changed into a dressing gown and slippers, made a cocktail, and reclined in a large well-upholstered armchair.

Later, hearing a key click in the lock, he looked up and smiled as he saw, entering the room, Robert Johnson, his junior partner.

"Walt, would it make any difference to you if I went to bed early? Been feeling rotten all day, headache and that lousy indigestion again."

"No, not at all, Bob. Can I get you anything while you're getting set for bed?"

"Thanks, no I don't think—Oh, yes. If you'd get my sleeping tablets in the bottle with the green label, three of 'em in a glass of water."

"Three! Good Lord, Bob. I use those myself. You can't take three."

"I always do."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Good night, Walt."

The next morning, when Johnson didn't get up at eight as usual, Havely was worried, to say the least. He kept telling himself, "He's overslept." But by 8:30, he was having trouble believing this. At quarter of nine Havely looked in at his partner. Johnson lay in bed, one arm outside the covers. A few wisps of hair were down over his forehead, which was a ghastly white, almost blue. Havely crept over to the bed. Picking up his arm, he felt for his pulse. Finding none, he took one last look, whispered, "He's dead," and fled from the room.

Havely set out for the office, his head whirling. Now and then he felt nauseated and had to lean against a building or support himself on a railing until the sickness had passed. What could he say at the office? If he told the truth, said that his partner had taken too many sleeping tablets, who would believe him? He had no witnesses. He would just have to say that Mr. Johnson wasn't feeling well and might not be in today.

He reached the office and, after handing his coat to a girl, went into his inner office. There he examined himself in the mirror. Tie straight? No specks of lint on his neatly pressed suit? Hair combed? He smoothed back his greying hair. Yes, he was all right; he had borne up well under the shock. The buzzer on his desk sounded. He flicked the switch, a bit shaken.

"Yes, Miss Coleman, yes, come right in."

His secretary opened the broad paneled door, shut it with a soft snap, and clicked on high heels across the polished floor.

"Mr. Johnson won't be in today," he said. "He's not feeling well."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Will you give him these pills, his sleeping medicine? He asked me to order them." She placed a little bottle, with a green label, on his desk where it was reflected in the dark glowing mahogany.

He started and with a slight tremor in his voice, said, "That will be all, Miss Coleman."

She clicked out of the office, and as the door shut behind her, he fell into his desk chair, which tipped back, almost throwing him to the floor. The poor man was frantic. Why had she given him the pills? Did she know? Was she trying to force a confession?

At one o'clock he left the building, walking quickly along the crowded street to his usual restaurant. The doorman's uniform made him start.

"You know, John, I thought you were a policeman," he chuckled.

John touched his hat, smiling.

Havely entered the restaurant. His mind began to work again. What a stupid thing to say! What brought that into his head? The police, they *could* get him. How would his story sound to those boys? Pretty amateur, his finger prints right on the glass with the traces of the compound in it; that wouldn't look so good.

"Good afternoon, sir. What will it be today?"

Havely looked up into the smiling face of the headwaiter.

"Roast beef, Pierre."

"Very good, sir."

At this point, Davis, a colleague, entered the restaurant. He started in Havely's direction but just as Walter was rising to greet him, he turned away and started for another table. Walter was a little surprised; he'd known the fellow for years. His lunch was slow coming and he went to wash, wondering why the man hadn't spoken to him. It was disconcerting. What would a fellow like that say when Johnson's death was made public? Even if it was made clear that he hadn't done it, a thing like that wouldn't improve his law practice. It would be a great help if men like Davis would stand by him. He doubted if they would. When he came back to his table, a group of lawyers had gathered around Davis, who was talking eagerly. Havely wondered if they were talking about him. No, they couldn't be. But still he couldn't tell. He'd beaten some of these fellows out of some pretty juicy cases. They might turn on him if they saw a chance, and this would certainly be a chance. He thought on and on, until by the time he had reached his dessert, the idea obsessed him. The men around Davis talked on. Finally, he got up and left

the restaurant. No one noticed him as he left.

All afternoon, he walked through parks, up and down streets, he knew not where. And always it seemed people stared. After all, they might know him. He was a well known lawyer, and they had no reason to love him. He was not a man who was praised for his attitude toward working people. "LAWYER KILLS PARTNER." He could see the headlines; these words raced through his head. He hadn't done it, but who would believe him? Who? They woudn't. Maybe the police wouldn't; he might be convicted, jailed or—or hanged.

At four o'clock, finding himself in a strange neighborhood, he drank a cup of coffee in a lunch wagon. Then he made his way slowly back to his rooms. The closer he got, the more hostile people seemed. By the time he reached his apartment, he was frantic.

He got into the elevator, scarcely remembering how to run it, and pressed the button for his floor. No, he lived another flight up. He pressed the right button which seemed to blur under his finger. The elevator rose. How could he go back to his dead partner? But where else could he go? The thought of suicide lingered in the back of his mind. No, not that; not yet, at least. The elevator stopped and the doors opened automatically, thank God for that. He never could have opened them himself. He got out and staggered up the hall, a black curtain seeming to rise and fall before his eyes. Reaching his door, he fumbled in his pocket for the keys. Had he lost them? No, here they were. His fingers groped for the door knob. Here, he had it. The key rattled as he tried to fit it in the lock. It was in. He turned it and opened the door.

There sat his partner reading the afternoon paper. He looked up.

Havely stammered, "The pills? Didn't they? I thought you were dead. You looked so—so pale. I mean—." His voice trailed off weakly.

Johnson frowned, "The pills?" Then he laughed, "You thought I was dead? Didn't I tell you I always take three?"

James Silberman, '45

CHILDREN OF THE SOIL

SINCE introductions are in order, my name is Alvin, and our family leads a respectable life of moderate circumstances in a snug little bed of icicle radishes. So if you will momentarily tear yourself away from your Hardys, Aldriches, and O'Neils, I will endeavor to give you an intimate glimpse into the average, typical American family of earthworms.

To begin with, a tomato may be just some more salad material to you humans, but to us it's the "little red school house" where we little ones troop every morning to learn the various tactics to employ when confronted by certain uncomfortable situations, such as Lesson No. 3: On Being Discovered Ensnared by a Fishhook in a State of Submersion by a Rather Large Snapping Turtle.

The only city relative that I can ever remember was jolly old second cousin once removed Wriggley, who inhabited a vegetable bin. His theme song was:

"What is so sweet
As a seat
In a beet?"

To which I, being a devoted advocate of the underground abode would invariably retort:

"Why roam
From a home
In the good garden loam?"

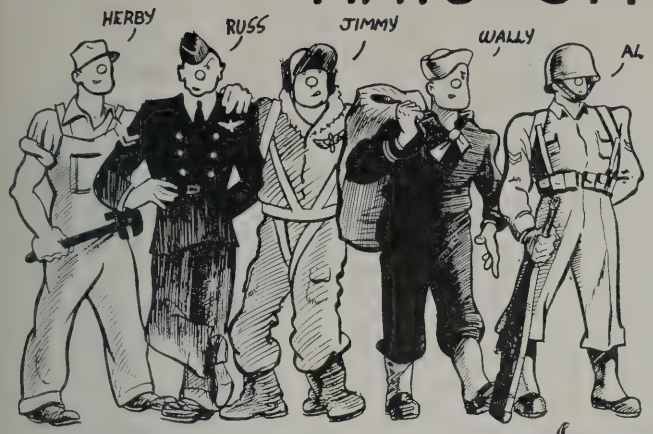
We were always debating the merits of our respective dwellings. Dear cousin Wriggley, however, met his untimely end by being compressed (shall we say?) in a piece of brown wrapping paper, the unfortunate result of having been discovered in a yam, which, I have heard, was immediately dispatched to the garbage pail, largely due to my cousin's injudicious presence in it.

But to return to our own happy hearth. My young brother Willie, a mere tot of an inch and a half, was born with an insatiable wanderlust, which causes my parents quite a bit of anxiety. Last week, for instance, he wandered nonchalantly off, and it wasn't until the day after that Pop finally found him. Willie was exploring the under side of the bark of a beechnut tree for a stick of chewing gum (the little dear!). He is what mother lovingly terms a freak.

Mother has been the social leader of our community ever since she sat in on one of Mrs. van Vandervan's (in whose garden we live) garden parties. Unexpectedly, of course, she attended the collation in a radish in a vegetable salad, and caused quite a sensation. The salad was dropped like a bomb, due to the considerable consternation of the holder, while mother hastily set out for home, tickled as all get out.

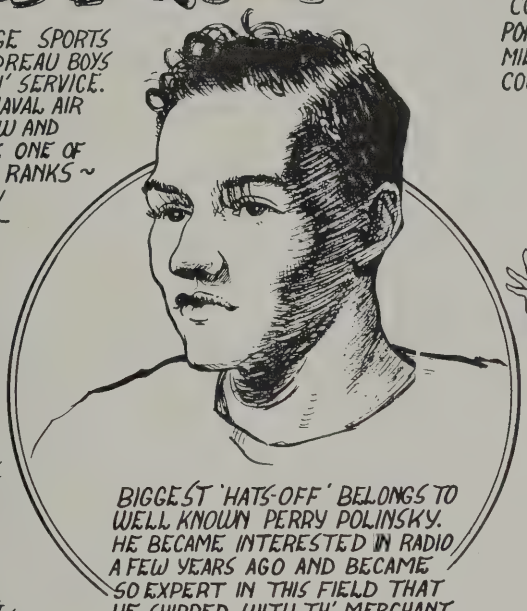
Mary Alice Bigler, '44.

HATS OFF TO~!



PROMINENT IN CAMBRIDGE SPORTS IN PAST YEARS, THE BOUDREAU BOYS NOW ARE PROMINENT IN TH' SERVICE. ~U.S. ARMY, THE ARMY AND NAVAL AIR FORCES, THE GROUND CREW AND REGULAR NAVY EACH HAVE ONE OF THE BOUDREAUS IN THEIR RANKS~ BROTHER WALLY IS IN THE NAVY V7 RESERVE WHILE AT BEE-CEE ~

CONGRATS TO THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR ADOPTING TH' MILITARY TRAINING PRE-FLIGHT COURSES ETC !



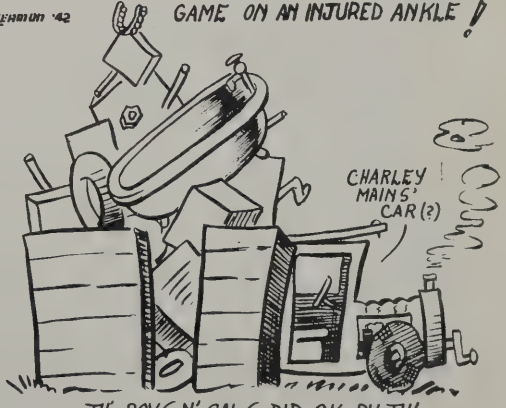
BIGGEST 'HATS-OFF' BELONGS TO WELL KNOWN PERRY POLINSKY. HE BECAME INTERESTED IN RADIO A FEW YEARS AGO AND BECAME SO EXPERT IN THIS FIELD THAT HE SHIPPED WITH TH' MERCHANT MARINE THIS SUMMER AS CHIEF RADIO TECHNICIAN. TORPEDOED OFF ICELAND, PERRY RECIEVED A SHRAPNEL WOUND AND WENT TO NEWFOUNDLAND TO RECOVER. IS NOW PLANNING TO JOIN THE MARINES ~

Tom Lehman '42

AND HERE'S A BIG SET OF LAURALS TO THE FRESHMEN FOR THE WAY IN WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN RAISING MONEY FOR THE WAR STAMPS~THEY ARE AT PRESENT IN SECOND PLACE IN THE INTRA-CLASS RACE!

ALTHO THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH TH' WAR, WE THINK BILLY REARDON DESERVES A ROUSING CHEER FOR THE WAY IN WHICH HE PLAYED THRU TH' NEW BRITAIN GAME ON AN INJURED ANKLE!

BIGGEST SURRISE OF TH' STAMP SALE WAS WHEN THE PENA SISTERS IN 314 BOUGHT A $750.00 BOND WITH MONEY EARNED DURING TH' SUMMER ! GREAT GOIN', KIDS !



TH' BOYS N' GALS DID OK BY TH' SCRAP HEAP TOO. IT CONTAINED EVERYTHING FROM THE KITCHEN SINK TO A BATTERED SET OF UPPERS!

C. H. L. S. SPOTLITE

GREETINGS, Latinites—Here we go with a new force to bring in the facts and cracks about you. If we have not reached your corner, drop us a line at the Review Office.

Rollo Laine and Alex Stewart affectionately speak of William Shakespeare as "Bill" . . . Leon La Frenier is known to his more personal friends as "Fluffy" . . . George Perutz and Bill Maher are worrying about the draft (who isn't?) . . . Who is the most popular Senior Girl and why am I? says Roz Kirk . . . Ann Farr is still talking about the Harvard Army Game she saw recently . . . Have you been greeted by Eleanor Reagan's affectionate smile? If not, you are missing something . . . Marie Russell and Mark Lewis have a monopoly on the Brain Department in Math Beta . . . Billy Larsen was absent one day with appendicitis, huh—Modern Science . . . No doubt you have seen or heard Bill Collins' loud sweater . . . Len Bulger, George Griffin, Bill Anastas, and "Doc" Harrington are all engaged in war work . . . Speaking of the latter both he and Bob O'Brien are editing the Review this year . . . The group of Mathematicians that meet every morning in 316 are Leon "Fluffy" La Frenier, George Dube, and Rollo Laine . . . Why is Chuck Darling frequently seen on the Sears end of Massachusetts Ave.? . . . Eric (The Red) Ericson strolls along the corridor as unconcerned as the Jap General who sent his clothes to the Chinese laundry . . . Speaking of Japs, rooms 315 and 316 are competing fiercly for honors in war stamps . . . C.H.L.S. has a new Quiz Kid in Charlotte Demond who knows all the answers . . . Here's one for the joke column—*Teacher:* "Do you agree with her answer, Jean?" *Jean:* "Yes, I think the same as she does only I didn't hear her."

Congratulations to all Senior Office winners, especially Bill Reardon who won the Presidency . . . George Bruen aided the Scrap Drive, but it would have been much better if he had offered his transportation to and from school . . . Pat Conway looks quaint with her pigtails . . . It's a tradition with Barbara Sheehan, Virginia Reardon, and Fran Kelly never to open doors in school . . . Jim "Numbers" MacCarthy after all these years has a job . . . (Jawn, the Smelling Salts) Eleanor Murphy and Gloria Gregware have a faculty for getting the wrong bus at Harvard Square . . . Bye the bye, Jimmy Boyce has a "21" Chevrolet for sale . . . Franny Mulaney (Junior President Candidate) is becoming fond of red coats . . . Stewart Shane, Dick Westaway, and Walt Cremens have formed a new "Luncheon Club" . . . Don't let the superficial calmness of Tom Leamon pull the time worn wool over your eyes . . . Evelyn Fitzpatrick is quite worried about the 4 marking periods . . . Art Travers finds his milk bottles have an alarming tendency to tip over . . . Why does a certain 4th period History Class always ask questions before tests? . . . Sport fans will have a chance to see some action when the hockey team gets underway (plug) . . . Ralph Darian ought to give his green bag to the junk drive . . . "Barb" Murphy literally crashed into Spencer Tracy and Betty Grable in Washington, D. C. . . . In quick succession, Jean O'Leary, Dot Brezinsky, Barbara Sullivan, and Ross Harris have been initiated into the Smash Club in Chem by merrily christening the lab floor with various pieces of equipment.

Mary Messinger was seen jitterbugging at the G.A.A. Barn Dance . . . Peg Reynolds believes in starching *everything* . . . "Dapper Don" Kurth actually combed his golden locks . . . Chilly looks were exchanged recently when Barbi Rundlett and Ginnie Scott came to school with identical coats . . . Those thirteen wraithes floating around school recently were merely the sad part of an initiation . . . Jean Buckley was seen predicting the future for Betty Ryan . . . Barbara Morse gets so exhausted that by second period, she crawls . . . Joanne McConnell can talk piano teachers out of lessons expertly, (that comes from experience.) . . . Geri Nolan comes in handy as one's mother in plays and real life . . . Paul Hanlon and Jimmie Russell have the most *extraordinary* tastes and habits . . . Dick Fleming finds the Outing Club *most* intellectual and engrossing. Glen Peck is becoming a Rumor Monger. Tch! Tch! . . . Mary Barrett finds her Math efforts are futile . . . Maralyn Rose is aiding the Free French . . . Myra Ayres is thinking of organizing a football team . . . Jean Quinn enjoys her study periods tremendously . . . Anna Lundquist recently won a Beauty Contest. Congrats, Ann . . . We hear Mary Broussard wows 'em in French . . . We saw Stanley Szidat, Halloween Night in a German uniform going through Harvard Square with a knife in Jane O'Brien's neck. (Who says it can't happen here?) . . . Debby Edwards was meandering about in orange . . . We regret to announce

that we have lost Eleanor Swisher to Cambridge Academy . . . We welcome to these Halls of Learning Mathilda Holley and Bessie Amadon . . . George Saideh and Thomas Sheehan represent Room 227 in the football team . . . Gerry O'Brien's raincoat will not stay clean for one afternoon . . . Virginia McCauley washed cups at a recent supper dance for two hours (seems no one wanted the privilege) . . . Estelle Morris evidently can't match her sox . . . Clare Dube is having "thesis" trouble . . . Hilda Davis has lovely red hair and a temper to match . . . Eleanor Carroll has really a lovely personality . . . Wonder how all those papers find their way to the floor in 327? . . . Ruth Powers' favorite song is "Nobody knows the trouble I'm in" . . . Justine Powers and June Becker find their way to practically every Harvard game . . . Bill Hayes is quite a promoter (rates reasonable for Latinites) . . . Our fellow journalist, Ruth Doyle is writer of the Latin Chatter . . . Till next time be good and keep buying defense stamps!!!!

EUGENE CALLENDER, '43
CARMELINE ROSE, '44

BOOK REVIEW

THE KILLER AND THE SLAIN
by HUGH WALPOLE
Little-Brown Company

THIS is indeed a strange story. Of course, it could be traced back to the famous story of Mr. Hyde by Stevenson. However, Mr. Walpole, instead of having one man change his personality by drinking some potent brew, goes about it in a different manner, which I refuse to tell you about.

If you don't like unusual stories; if you don't like exciting stories, then this is not for you. On the other hand, if you are a Walpole fan, and I am, and also if you like stories which excite, entertain, thrill, and puzzle you—then by all means run, do not walk, to your nearest library.

It is not a murder mystery. It is just a very good story with a moral. The moral is: Never kill anyone who reminds you of yourself.

ROBERT GUEST, '43.

ON SURREALISM

A YEAR or so ago in the REVIEW there appeared an article condemning surrealism. As I read it, it seemed to me that the writer was condemning all surrealism because of the behavior of one of its painters, Salvador Dali. Furthermore, I had never heard of any other surrealist making such a public spectacle of himself as Dali had. To me Dali seemed to be a mere showman. Later, I discover that I had been right, when I read that Dali had been expelled from the surrealist group several years ago because it was believed that he was interested in money, not art. Thus our writer was condemning surrealism because of the antics of a man who was not a member of that group!

Another reason, perhaps the most important one for "debunking" surrealism is this: we simply do not understand it. It appears to be human nature to decry and ridicule anything we don't understand. I do not pretend to understand surrealism, but I refuse to condemn it before I have acquired a realization of what the artist of surrealist painting is trying to tell me. There is one surrealist painting, however, which I, for one, do not need a study of surrealism to appreciate. It is a picture called "Timid Brute," by Paul Klee. This painting can arouse as much pity in me as any literary portrait of a wretched character. It is a warm, tender masterpiece which is impossible to describe in mere words. I can only urge you to see it if you ever have the chance.

There is a little moral to this essay (although I've strayed rather far from it.) I think it's up in the second paragraph. See it?

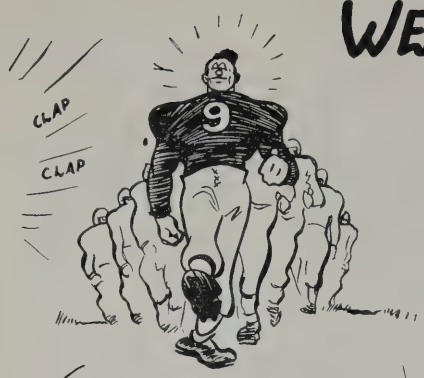
RICHARD HARRINGTON, '43

Teacher: "Now John, which month has 28 days in it?"
John (after a long pause): "They all have."

Teacher: "Jimmy, can you define the word ignorance?"
Jimmy: "Why—er—ignorance is when you don't know something—and somebody finds it out."

Roly: "Did the school play have a happy ending?"
Poly: "Sure! Everybody was glad when it was over."

WE DOOD IT!



SHADES OF TH' FLYING WEDGE! TH' TEAM AND HELMETS ARRIVED ON THE FIELD IN "V" FORMATION—•

MASSIVE JACK YILLAIAN SIMPLY RAN WILD DURING TH' GAME. HE TWICE STOLE THE BALL FROM TH' OPPOSITION AS WELL AS MAKING SOME MIGHTY VICOUS TACKLES!!

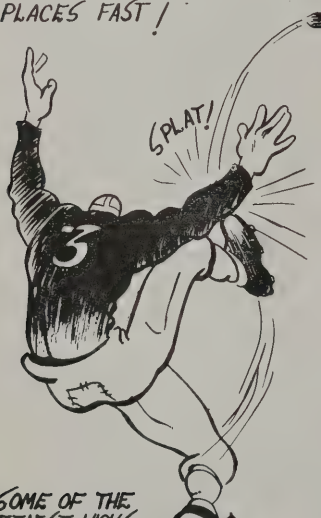
AN ALMOST CERTAIN ST. JAMES TOUCHDOWN PLAY WAS SMEARED BY BOB HOOKER BY HITTING A PASS RECIEVER WHO WAS IN TH' CLEAR AND ON HIS WAY TOWARD PAY DIRT!

WELL, IT CERTAINLY LOOKS AS IF TH' CAMBRIDGE 1942 TEAM IS READY TO TAKE ON ALL COMERS. TH' BOYS PUT ON A SWELL SHOW IN THE OPENER AND WITH A LITTLE SUPPORT FROM YOUSE STUDES ~ THEY SHOULD GO PLACES FAST!

ST. JAMES 0

YESSIR! WE DOOD IT! OUR POWERFUL RINDGE-LATIN COMBO SMASHED INTO THAT ST. JAMES CROWD AN' TOOK 'EM APART— IT'S TH' FIRST OPENER OUR BOYS HAVE WON FOR SEVERAL YEARS!!

AND THAT BEAUTIFUL REARDON-TO-DORIN PASSING EXHIBITION SURE WAS SUMPIN TO TALK ABOUT!



SOME OF THE NIFTIEST KICKS WE'VE SEEN IN A LONG TIME WERE ROLLED OUT BY BILLY DORIN ~ WHO PLAYED A MAGNIFICENT GAME, BY THE WAY—•

STAN BRINKERHOFF ALSO PREVENTED AN ALMOST SURE HAVERILL TALLY BY CRASHING THRU A THREE-MAN INTERFERANCE TO NAIL THE BALL-CARRIER!

BILLY REARDON-PER USUAL~ WAS TH' SPARKPLUG OF TH' TEAM. HE SCORED THE SECOND TOUCHDOWN AND THEN INTERCEPTED A PASS WHICH LED TO THE THIRD TALLY OF TH' GAME!

TomLEMMON '42

SPORTS

IN their first game, a combined team of Latin and Rindge athletes swamped a heavily favored aggregation from St. James High in Haverhill. The final score of 18 to 0 cannot begin to tell of the fine game played by the Cantabs. The hard charging backs, aided by a stalwart line, produced a touchdown early in the first quarter when Bill Doran of Rindge scored on a brilliant end run. Midway through the second quarter, Bill Reardon tallied after receiving a well-executed pass from Co-Captain Doran. With but four minutes left to play, the Doran to Reardon passing combination again clicked to give us our final touchdown. St. James never threatened seriously, although the eagerness of the Cambridge team cost them many yards in penalties.

Playing against the "cream of Connecticut" Latin lost a closely contested game to New Britain High. The New Britain juggernaut took advantage of the breaks in the game and rolled up their seventh victory against a game Cambridge team. New Britain scored once in the second and twice in the fourth quarter to end up on the victorious side of 19 to 0 score.

ALEC STEWART, '43.

THE STRONG CITY

by TAYLOR CALDWELL

Scribner's

MR. CALDWELL'S new book is not a disappointment. After he made such a sensational hit two years ago with "Dynasty of Death" and followed that with two more wonderful novels I expected this new story to be a let down. True, Mr. Caldwell's new novel hasn't the wide scope of his previous works, but it is still powerful. The setting is a steel mill town and it tells the life of a great steel manufacturer.

This subject is not a new one, but treated with Mr. Caldwell's touch, it becomes fresh. The mood of the story is drab and somber. Not one ray of sunshine or laughter is allowed to seep into its three hundred and some odd pages. I recommend it for its excellent style and its well drawn characters.

ROBERT GUEST, '43.

ALUMNI NEWS

GREETINGS, fellow students! Here we are back again with news of our former class-mates. We've got so much to tell you that we'll get started without further ado.

In looking around at the colleges, we find C. H. L. S. is well represented at Harvard. Enrolled there as freshmen are Francis Sullivan, Aaron Krute, Paul O'Rourke, Hugh Bartley, John Strathopoulos, George Guild, Mark Aronson, all of '42, and Larry Chvany, Marshal Slater, Pete Lazarkas, Louis Filios, Ray FitzGerald, Eppie Dowling, Charlie Herlihy, of '41. Julian Moynahan has taken a year off to work. Over at Radcliffe are Betty Morris, Helen Lozakas, Mary Cotter '42, Claudine Marone and Mary Jane Benton, '41, starting in as freshmen and Margie Larson, '42, transferring as a sophomore from St. Olaf's College in Minnesota. Jean McConnell '42 is at Simmons; Ann Cahill is at Emmanuel on scholarship. Marie Buckley is there also. Eva Shiffer '42 writes that she is enjoying Amherst, but hasn't much time between classes, assignments, and her work in the library. As you perhaps know by now, Edmund Traknis, Mary Ellen Sullivan, and Frank Gallagher are at Tech on scholarships. Rita Mooney '40 has decided she'd rather spend her Junior Year at B. U. than at Salem Normal.

Ruth A. Alex, Elizabeth A. O'Connell, Gladys E. Piercey, former students of C. H. L. S. are attending Bryant & Stratton.

William Holland '41 is in the ground crew of the Army Air Force. His new wife is the former Ann Whitten, also of '41. Charlotte Lennox and Arthur Supernard, now in the service are also married. Peggy Taft, '41, married her Harvard man. Barbara Stone's new hubby is an Ensign stationed at Harvard. Ensign Bob Macklin '37 of the Naval Air Force surprised his parents the other day by arriving home on a short leave. After being married a few brief weeks, soldier Bernie Spitzer '37 is leaving for overseas; his wife, the former Marguerite Bisson, '37, will return home from Pennsylvania where the couple were living. Larry Mahoney '39 and Teddy Belbin '41 left the other day for Chapel Hill training station in a "Tokio Express Squadron."

We would greatly appreciate it if you have news of interest concerning alumni if you would let us have it. That's all for now, folks.

MARGARET DROLETTE, '43.

WELCOME, FRESHMEN!

IN behalf of the teachers and upper class pupils, it is a pleasure to welcome you into membership in the High and Latin School. We know that we have what you are seeking in the way of preparation for later life—we trust that you will make the most of the opportunities which the school affords.

No other class has entered High School in such a period of world-wide unrest. You will be the first as a class to experience the changes which our educational system must undergo to meet the needs of a critical hour. Duties incident to the times may necessitate a complete change of your plans for the future. We feel sure that you and the rest of the pupils of the High and Latin School stand ready to make any sacrifice to meet these obligations to our country.

"Perhaps you have never thought what your country means. It is all that surrounds you, all that has brought up and fed you, all that you have loved! This ground that you see, these houses, these trees, those girls who go along there laughing—this is your country! The laws which protect you, the bread which pays for your work, the words you interchange with others, the joy and grief which come to you from the men and things among which you live—this is your country! The little room where you used to see your mother, the remembrances she has left you, the earth where she rests—this is your country! You see it, you breathe it, everywhere. Think to yourself, my son, of your rights and your duties, your affections and your wants, your past and your present blessings; write them all under a single name—and that name will be your country! We owe it all that we are; it is a question of love and of honesty. The member of a family who does not contribute his share of work, and of happiness fails in his duty, and is a bad kinsman; the member of a partnership who does not enrich it with all his might, with all his courage, and with all his heart, defrauds it of what belongs to it, and is a dishonest man. It is the same with him who enjoys the advantages of having a country, and does not accept the burdens of it; he forfeits his honor, and is a bad citizen."

The above quotation is from a little book published in France almost a hundred years ago. The sentiment expressed is from the lips of an old soldier, as he talks to his son. The message it conveys is particularly appropriate for all of us now.

T. F. Downey
Headmaster

TO THE CLASS OF 1946!

YOU are now part of the Cambridge High and Latin School. Yours is the responsibility of keeping high the standards of the school so that when you graduate, four years from now, you will be well prepared for the next important step in your lives; for college, office, nursing or any field you may choose to enter. You have made a fine start toward that goal by your willing obedience to the rules it is necessary to have in a school as large as ours, by your eagerness to participate in its activities, and by your patriotic response in purchasing war stamps and bonds. Patriotism is displayed not only by outward symbols. Now, more than ever, patriotism requires that you give yourself one hundred percent to your work in preparation for the time when you will carry on the task of reconstruction after the war. Keep the standards of your studies high. Success is never easy to attain. It comes only with steady effort, a determination to master each difficulty that presents itself, and a willingness to work to the best of your ability. Each grade which you now receive becomes a part of a permanent record which will always remain in the school files. Each grade affects your final rank on your graduation from this school. Elsewhere in the columns of the Review you will find information concerning the various prizes and scholarships which come to those who have excelled in the work of the different courses. The opportunity to share in these awards is open to all. Your teachers will be glad to help you before and after school if you are having difficulty in any subject. When you have problems which cannot be solved by your subject or home room teachers, because of lack of time or necessary information of your school or home life, your Master and Dean will be glad to assist you. Whatever the nature of your problem may be, we trust that you and your parents will not hesitate to seek our help.

John J. Sheehan
Assistant Headmaster

Hilda F. Russell
Dean of Freshman Girls

PRIZES FOR FRESHMEN

English—The Caroline Close Prize for excellence in English composition. Pupils obtaining a scholarship grade in English during the year are allowed to enter the competition.

Latin (The Hopkins' Prize)—A first and second prize for excellent scholarship in Latin.

Algebra (The Class of 1926 Prizes)—Pupils of excellence in class work are allowed to compete in writing examinations.

Prize Speaking (The Liberty Prize Speaking Medals)—There are two medals, one for a boy, and one for a girl. The winners are selected in a contest held for pupils each year. This contest is open to all pupils in the school.

A full list of prizes offered during the different years and at graduation will be printed in a later edition.

SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS OPEN TO FRESHMEN

DUE to lack of space, we will be unable to give full particulars concerning these organizations. We do give the names of the leaders of these organizations, who will be very happy to explain all conditions of the clubs to any interested freshman.

Girls' Athletic Association .... Miss Brown
Dramatic Club ..... Miss Hartigan
Debating Club ..... Miss O'Keefe
Chess Club ..... Mr. Sullivan
Sports (football, baseball, basketball and hockey ..... Mr. Foley
Music (glee club, chorus, orchestra and banjo club) ..... Miss Wait

Meet Your Pal

at the

"Y"

Cambridge Y. W. C. A.

7 Temple Street Cambridge, Mass,

FRESHMAN NOTES

WELCOME, fellow freshmen . . . We hope to hear all the interesting and amusing facts concerning you and your friends so that we may use them in this section . . . Only four marking periods this year . . . Joe Defeo, President of Room 120, plays the violin and has a very fine voice . . . We all miss the Texan twang of Monette Chaney who has moved from this city . . . George Clapp donated 105 keys during the drive . . . We were sorry to hear of the illness of Rosemarie Sparkes, Mary Totina, and Marjorie Whipper and hope they will be back by the time of publication . . . Helen Boudreau's brother is one of the football stars at Boston College, Helen also likes all sports . . . Robert DiComes is the secretary of Room 120, a member of the Chess Club, the Review agent in his home room, models in plastics and collects stamps. He also finds time for studying and expects to be on the Honor Roll . . . By the way, we all should strive to make the Honor Roll or Honorable Mention . . . Estelle Small, Doris Sullivan, and Eunice Thema sing in their church choir . . . Jeanne Buckley is said to be an expert bowler . . . Mary Ann Gonsalves and Geraldine Costa sang a duet a short time ago on a nation-wide radio hook-up. The girls have real harmony . . . Helen Collins and Rose Cormier are always together . . . In spite of its northern exposure, Room 128 goes in for gardening. There are Anna Rose, Jeanne and Lorraine Rose (twins), Hattie Rosev, Anna Rosie. Earle Rose(nberg), and Lily Root, while Violet Nicholas, Rose Maynard, Rosemary Harris, Rosemary Palazzi and Roselyn Maccini come in for classes . . . Roy Cooper has an ideal voice for public speaking. We expect he will be an outstanding debater in a few years . . . We are sorry that we had to drop our regular gym classes, but even freshmen have to make sacrifices in war times . . . It is rumored that Catherine D'Ambrosio is taking public speaking lessons . . . The Freshman Class has done remarkably well in buying war stamps and bonds. Let us try to top all the other classes for the remainder of the year . . . We hope *you* didn't get any of those failure slips . . . To show how fine our response is to any reasonable request, a few days after the government asked to have pennies circulated freely, Room 120 had over 2000, used to buy war stamps. Viola DeFrancisco brought in nine hundred (900),

Lorraine Cote eight hundred (800) and William Desmond two hundred and fifty (250). . . . Phyllis Reilly has several poems which she hopes to have published in later issues of this magazine. She made this issue . . . Rosemarie Lucente, a talented pianist, has been playing for the chorus . . . Paul Burke won honorable mention in an essay contest conducted in this city last year . . . Most of the girls in Room 231 survived the G. A. A. initiation and attended the barn dance which was a great success . . . Have you ever heard Latin with a southern drawl? You should visit Room 324 some morning . . . Mary Cristello and Lillian Day have entertained in their home room with their pleasing voices. . . . Treasurer Ina Couture is looking for an adding machine to help keep her accounts in order . . . Betty Grove, Lily Root, Robert DeComes, Herbert Wasserman, and Joan Fitzpatrick were members of the staff of the Longfellow School Paper last year . . . Lois Hanlon, Florence Kelly, and Beverly Cote are seldom away from each other.

Mary Aylward is a member of the Youth for Victory Organization for defense . . . Theresa Berger is always prepared to leave in a hurry. She wears her coat to all her classes . . . Jacqueline Crawford has tried to conceal the fact that she has a lovely voice . . . Denise Macleod and Eleanor Lepore have turned in some fine notes from Room 125 . . . Who is the boy who hands out lumps of sugar to the girls? . . . Earle Rosenberg and Thomas Smythe are members of the chess club . . . James Troy must be very studious, judging from the size of the dictionary that he takes to the History class . . . The boys of Room 119 must be poor politicians since all the home-room officers are girls.

We should like to have more notes from *every* home room. Let us make this section truly representative of the entire freshman class.

EDUCATION IN CAMBRIDGE IN 1942

IN 1942, as well as in 1715, Cambridge prided itself on its firm grip on the education of the nation. The Harvard campus still sprawled leisurely about its historic square, but its verdant lawns were the center of perpetual activity. Admiring high-schoolers, trudging school-ward on crisp autumn mornings, watched long, regular lines of khaki-clad naval officers, marching across Massachusetts Avenue, on their way to indoctrination classes. The war fever which had been mounting steadily for two years held teachers and pupils alike in its grasp. Air raid and Red Cross instruction supplemented regular school classes, and both youngsters and oldsters struggled with unwieldy needles in knitting classes. The teachers of the day were modern in method and doctrine, and the switch and ferrule had vanished as completely from Cambridge as the horn-book and one-room schoolhouse.

The High and Latin School presented a double countenance to the curious passerby. Like the principles of the school, itself, the architecture was balanced between the ancient and modern, as the school boasted a new, modernistic building in addition to its old, cramped quarters. Within the school-walls a multitude of classes were carried on, varying from Latin to typewriting, from Spanish to mathematics. The college preparatory students never really recognized the existence of the "commercialites" while they, in turn, snubbed the "collegiates" with equal hauteur.

The broad corridors were thronged with gayly colored sweaters and bristling whiffles. from eight until two. Frenzied freshmen dashed worriedly from class to class, viewing with amazement the sauntering seniors, whose main ambition in life seemed to center about the "hooking" of classes.

At noon, the cafeteria was invaded by a bustling mob of munching youngsters, lined up before the sandwich and ice cream counter in disorderly fashion. Here is was that gossiping groups congregated to criticize teacher and fellow-student alike. Neither friend nor foe was free from the attack of these waggling young tongues which bore no malice, but more than their share of venom.

The school of 1942 was no "Gehenna of blood and tears." Gone were severe and unjust rules. The social life of the student was linked with his school activities, for various dramatic, sport, and entertainment clubs flourished within the school, and the school-magazine staff labored as long over the copy as over their "arma verumque cano." Dancing, bowling, and swimming were enjoyed by the student body. Gone was the automobile of 1940; King Bicycle ruled in his stead. Homework assignments were regarded as necessary evils and dirty sport shoes as necessary equipment. All was youth, vigor, and hope in the midst of a world of turmoil in the education of 1942.

JUANITA ROOP, '43

THIS THING CALLED SWING

IN opening our swing session for the present year, I feel it is only fit to pay tribute to the many men who have given us so many hours of musical pleasure and are now on our far-flung battle field fighting for our liberty. Our most recent loss in the field of music is Glen Miller. His decision to enlist in the Army was a great financial sacrifice, for he was at the height of his popularity on records, the radio, and the motion picture screen. The last stage show which his band played in New York was just prior to his departure for Army Training Camp. It was cut short due to the feelings of the band members and vocalists who were sad at the thoughts of disbanding a great outfit which had worked together for so many years. Hats off to Glen Miller! A great musician and a great American—And now for some news from the music front . . . In Hollywood recently Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey, and Mickey Rooney met in a jam session. That must have been something to see and hear . . . Another jam session I would have liked to attend took place in New York. It was for the benefit of Army and included the combined bands of Jimmie Lunceford, Glen Gray, and Harry James . . . Speaking of Harry James, right now Harry is being acclaimed top band in the land. He has just completed a motion picture with Betty Grable and Carmen Miranda . . . Here are some tunes you should be humming in a few weeks; "A Touch of Texas," "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," "If I Cared A Little Bit Less," "There Will Never Be Another You" . . . Skip Nelson has gone back to his old boss, Chico Mark . . . The composer of the current hit tunes "Jingle Jangle Jingle", and "Praise The Lord and Pass The Ammunition," Frank Loesser, has joined the Air Corps . . . Congratulations to Benny Goodman on his recent performance with Arturo Toscanini. Benny was featured clarinetist and did a solo in "Rhapsody in Blue" among other compositions. He really did a fine job . . . There is a motion picture soon to be released which sounds like a miracle to music fans. It will include the bands of Henry Busse, Count Basie, Bob Crosby, Freddie Slack, and Duke Ellington . . . Recommended: The singing of Joan Merrill. Here is one singer who deserves all the praise that is heaped on her . . . Also recommended are these records to keep you dancing until we see you again: Tommy Dorsey's "There Are Such Things," Andrews Sisters' "Massachusetts," Dick Stabile's "Don't Leave Me," Jimmy Dorsey's "Brazil," Spike Jones' "Der Fuehrer's Face." See you next issue.

ROBERT GUEST, '43

FORECAST OF A NEW STAR

WHEN Dick Stabile's band played a recent Boston engagement he introduced a new member of his band, a young lad who played the guitar and sang. His name is Paul Warner, and he made a sensational hit with the audience by singing "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" and "Just As Though You Were Here." Seeing the possibility of a new star in the making, I decided to interview Mr. Warner. I tracked him down after a show and he turned out to be a regular fellow. He's a local boy and has been with the band for the past ten months. He stands about six feet and has brown wavy hair. We had a very interesting and diverting conversation. Into the picture came the feature trumpeter of the band, Jack Lambert, and then followed a conversation on the relative merits of different trumpeters, singers, and piano players. We were continually interrupted by a selection of relatives, friends, and general onlookers.

Out of this interview (I'm still wondering whether I should call it that or not) I managed to salvage a few bits of information. Besides what I have already given you, Paul (he is the kind of person to be called by his first name) likes to do band work. He doesn't like one night stands. He's still nervous when he steps before a theater audience, although he doesn't look it. He admires the singing of Frank Sinatra. He gets a kick out of ad-libbing on the stage. He showed me his first fan letter. It was from a high school student requesting an autograph and picture. He says he still gets a kick out of reading it. His favorite songs of the moment are "If I Cared A Little Bit Less," which he has just recorded, and "White Christmas."

Paul Warner is definitely a rising star. He is one of the nicest persons I've met in a long time. He's modest, unassuming, and a lot of fun.

Added note to the girls: He looks like Dennis Morgan.

ROBERT GUEST, '43

RIVER SONG

Peacefully, calmly, serenely, I quietly wend
my way
Mid yellow corn and ripening wheat, through
fields of drying hay;
I listen, I hear, I echo the rippling laugh of
the brook
As it joins my ranks on the plushy banks of
a shady woodland nook.
I slip, I slither, I quicker glide, gathering
speed as I flow;
O'er rock and rill and down the hill I faster
and faster go
Till the falls are reached, and over I leap
in a crashing, flashing spray,
Thrashing, smashing, breaking all that would
get in my way.
My rushing, racing waters turn the battered
old mill wheel,
While near by sits a truant boy with a fish-
ing rod and reel.
The miller waits for golden corn to be brought
to him to grind
And the truant, he waits for a nibbling bite
from a fish of any kind.
Then by the school whose old oak walls
have heard many a childish shout
Of hip hurray, thank goodness that school is
finally out—
Oh how gay I am, how free, how wild and
wide and wise,
As the blue of my waters blends with the
azure blue of the skies,
And ever on I sweep and swell to my far
off seaward goal
Till I join and blend my humble voice in the
ocean's roar and roll.

Phyllis Reilly, '46.

LIBYA AHEAD

THE flat, arid stretch of endless scrub lay glowing in frigid beauty; it was bleak, moonlit night on the Egyptian desert. Into this calm world of transient serenity swept the roaring might of the British tank force. Bristling monsters plowed heedlessly through the rough gravel and saltbush flats, piercing the silence of the uninhabited plain.

Leading the veteran desert brigade were the new American light tanks, roaring onward to their first taste of battle. Stretching a hundred long miles behind them were the armored cars, heavy tanks, and machine-gun conveyors of modern warfare, manned by scores of British lads, grim and hardy veterans of desert warfare. Tense was the air in early dawn as the mounting columns faced the Nazi might outside of Sidi Omar. The gruff hack of tank guns resounded in the chilly silence; the horizon glimmered with the streaky flashes of star shells. The battle had commenced.

Tank crews sat rigid, lurching toward the enemy machines, tiny silhouttes, lit only by occasional spitting flashes. Weaving onward through the pall of gun smoke, they sensed only the screaming of bursting shells, and the grunt of shifting gears.

Harsh daylight bathed the waste in the sweat of midday heat. Gun crews fired mechanically, their bodies gleaming in the blistering sunlight. Tanks zigzagged in and out of the front lines, loading shells and fresh gasoline with mounting tension. The Nazi line must be pierced!

Twilight, glaring with the crimson glow of burning tanks, settled over the battlefield. German and English dead alike lay freezing in the biting sand under the hazy mantle of smoke. Wounded gunners crawled painfully back to the lines to rejoin the fray. Thirty demolished German tanks lay blazing in the night air. Determination burned in the eyes of the exhausted Englishmen; they *must* rest for the renewed onslaught at dawn. The chief brigadier gazing beyond the enemy lines, into the unconquered wastes, murmured fiercely, "We'll make it. God grant us strength! *There's* Libya ahead!"

Juanita Roop, '43.

DURRELL CLUB NOTES

THE members of the Durrell Club have held their first meeting and have made plans for the coming school year. These plans include a series of discussions on vital topics of the day in which every member will take part. These discussions will range all the way from the most informal round-table discussion to a formal debate. The first discussion for this year will be on the question, "Should The Electoral College be Abolished?" The speakers will be William Donahue, affirmative, and John Conant, negative. The officers of the Durrell Club for this year are Eli Kaminsky, president, Walter Cremens, vice-president, and John Conant, treasurer.

Eli Kaminsky, '43.

What You Buy With WAR STAMPS

Aerial photographs are the eagle-eyes of the Army and Navy. The aerial camera helps record damage done to the enemy, shows up camouflaged positions which are invisible to the human eye and aids in the preparation of maps and charts. The film for an aerial photograph costs 25 cents.

Every time you buy a 25-cent War Stamp you are supplying your government with funds which may go to purchase additional film for aerial cameras. In total war, even the smallest contribution to the war effort is necessary, and the school boys and girls of America can get into the fight by lending their money to Uncle Sam through the regular purchase of War Stamps.

U. S. Treasury Department

G. A. A. REPORT

GREETINGS, fellow-members. This year the G. A. A. opened with a horrible initiation for the Freshmen in the gym on October 14 and a very impressive candlelight ceremony on October 16.

Our G. A. A. officers: President, Marjorie Kelley; Vice-President, Faith Webster; Secretary, Barbara Murphy, and the executive body which consists of Mary Alice Bigler, Barbara Cook, Frances Bolger and Mary Messinger have already shown us that they are fully capable of making this a banner year.

The outstanding sport at this time is the Tennis Tournament. It is under the direction of Mary Dillon. By the time you read this column the tennis team will have played against Somerville High. We all hope that they will be very successful.

The annual Freshman party took place in the gym on October 23. The guests were dressed as farmers and farmerettes. The entertainment was very good and consisted of the following:

Dorothy Sullivan	Song
Eileen Toohey	Recitation
Geraldine Garcia	Song
Jacqueline Doyle	Dance and Song
Marjorie Kelley	Accordion
Mary Alice Bigler, Barbara Cook, Frances Bolger, Mary Messinger	Song

The officers and Miss Brown wish to thank Miss Russell, Miss George, and Miss McLaughlin for being such gracious patronesses. The also want to thank the refreshment, door, decoration, and entertainment committees for their helpful co-operation. Without these committees the G. A. A. parties could not be successful.

Although it was a great disappointment to all of us, the G. A. A. canceled its formal because the officers realize that the older people know best.

Well, until the next time, good bye, friends.

MARY DILLON, '43.

GIRLS' SPORTS

TENNIS and basketball are now holding the spotlight.

Our tennis team will play Somerville on Wednesday, November 4. The team includes:

Virginia Ackerley	Frances Greene
Jane Thorne	Grace Graham

We certainly hope that they will be victorious.

The tennis doubles tournament has now reached the finals. The last match will be:

Mary Alice Bigler
Margaret Reynolds
vs.
Irene Pietrowiz
Betty Joaquin

We'll let you know the outcome in the next issue.

Basketball looks very promising and the class teams are diligently practicing each week in the gym under the careful direction of Miss Brown.

Anyone wishing to see our excellent Senior team may do so on Tuesday afternoons.

Until the next issue,

MARJORIE KELLEY, '43.

What You Buy With WAR STAMPS

When the American Expeditionary Force landed in Ireland recently newspapers reported the citizenry remarked at the similarity of the steel helmets worn by our boys with those worn by German troops. These steel hats are protection from shrapnel fragments and other light missiles. We need thousands of them for they are a regular issue to every American soldier.

A smart strap fastens under the chin and they are padded for comfort. One steel helmet costs $5 so every time you fill a $5 stamp book you are buying protection for an American soldier. The Schools at War program will show you how to do your bit for our armed forces through the regular purchase of War Savings Stamps.

U. S. Treasury Department

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

CURTAIN going up on the first Act of Dramatic Club notes for this year.

At our first meeting, plans were made for our annual picnic which was held October 3. The picnic was a great success and all enjoyed the weenie roast which was held later in the day. We were entertained by Jean Patterson, Deborah Edwards, and Catherine Cooper.

Plans were also made to produce a play at every meeting. The November play was "When You Marry the Navy." It was directed by Robert Guest with the following cast:

Mrs. Westcott ..... Cecile Geary
Mrs. De Forrestt ..... Pearl Balegno
Minnie ..... Gloria Smith
Mrs. Holloway .... Deborah Edwards
Mrs. Fife ..... Mary Broussard
Katherine ..... Jean Patterson
Jerry ..... Betty Boyce
Archie ..... Walter Cremens

Members of the Club paid a visit to the Tufts College Dramatic Club. The play Tufts presented was "Heaven Can Wait," and as always it was very entertaining and well done.

Now is the time to drop the curtain for intermission.

ROBERT GUEST, '43.

What You Buy With WAR STAMPS

Essential in the equipment of every Soldier, Sailor, Marine or Flyer is a first aid kit, consisting of bandages and antiseptics for instantaneous use. These materials are packed into a compact box and cost about $1.50 each.

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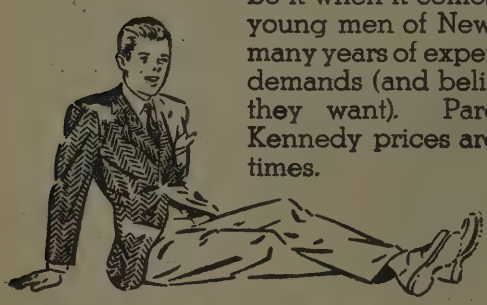

KENNEDY'S

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ecember

1942

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The Cambridge Review

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DECEMBER 1942

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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Merry

Christmas

THE SONS OF AMERICA

The sons of the foe are strong but oppressed;
Their spirit is gone; minds never at rest,
But our hearts are strong, (yet the battle's
not won),
And we shall not rest until peace is won!
For we are the sons of the rolling plain,
The rocky coast, the waving grain;
We are the sons of the highest hill,
The rushing river, the tiny rill;
We are the sons of the prairie brown,
The largest city, the smallest town;
We are the sons of courage and strength—
We are the sons of America!

RICHARD HARRINGTON, '43.

BUY A BOND TODAY

By FRANK SULLIVAN

Want to help your country's heroes?
Want to scotch the Nazi Neros?
Want to wing a brace of Zeros?
THEN BUY A BOND TODAY.

Want to multiply the troubles
Of von Bock and Joseph Goebbels;
Puncture Shicklegruber's bubbles?
THEN BUY A BOND TODAY.

Want to prove your vaunted zeal
For your Uncle Samuel's weal?
Want to make the Axis squeal?
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Want to help to keep 'em soaring?
Want to melt down Hermann Goering?
Want to bust the Axis war ring
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Consider Patriot John T. Squawk
Who takes it out in high-flown talk.
Patriotism via lips
Never did, nor will, build ships.
So, dig down, Squawk, and let your dollar
Be your anti-Axis holler.

Want to make the war end quicker?
Want to help make Rommel sicker?
Want to flutter Tojo's ticker?
THEN BUY A BOND TODAY.

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OUR PHYSICAL FITNESS PROGRAM

ANY nation when counting up its potential military resources, includes as a major item in this list the physical fitness of its manpower.

During the first few years of Hitler's growing power in Germany, physical education clubs, calisthenics classes, hiking societies, played an important role in the life of the youth of Germany. Thus was provided an excellent foundation on which was built the present day devastatingly powerful German army.

Awakening to the necessity for building up the physical condition of American youth, leaders all over the country instituted various programs to carry out this purpose.

The Cambridge School Committee, therefore, wisely decided to make gym a compulsory subject for all boys in the last three years of high school, in this way affecting those of us who are nearest to the draft age. There are some who argued that an increased athletic program would accomplish the same end; this is not true. The physical education program was established not primarily for those who take an active part in the school's sports set-up; it was designed to affect those who most need it.

In addition to the gym periods, there have been introduced into the day's program calisthenics for everyone, under the leadership of some especially trained leaders.

We find the curtailment of our home room period something of a trial and a hardship like the shortages of foodstuffs, oil, gasoline, and rubber, but we shall continue to adjust ourselves to such changes as are necessary for the successful prosecution of the war.

R. O'B.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas white, Christmas green,
Faces bright with Christmas sheen.
Christmas cheer upon the heart.
Holiday to Christ apart.
Christmas peace upon the soul,
Shout great bells with joyous toll.
Christmas candles' pure delight
Youthful hearts with wonder light.
Christmas, day of little bells,
Joyful tidings all retells.
Christmas, holy, gay reward,
Christmas, day of God.

EDWARD OSTER, '43.

CHRISTMAS ETERNAL

IT was Christmas Eve on Tremont Street. Wintry blasts swept down from Boston Common, whirling tiny sprays of tingling snow into the faces of bustling shoppers. Myriads of sparkling stars shone down from their icy depths, like twinkling, white lights on a great black Christmas tree. The old janitor fought his way through the merry crowds, scowling blackly at the cheery faces which thronged past him. He paused suddenly at Winter Street to catch his breath before he headed for Beacon Hill, and the duties awaiting him at the church.

A flock of cherry-nosed youngsters headed up toward Beacon Hill before him, singing carols in high-pitched tones which the rough wind caught up in its greedy grasp, and tossed back at the old man, as wavering echoes in the night air. He quickened his pace to keep step with the gay minstrels, but they had trudged to the summit of the dreary hill, and disappeared in the dark streets beyond, their faint chorus borne away in the north wind's roaring protest.

Panting, he drew up his coat collar to ward off the biting cold, and stood before the State House, gazing down at the Common, and the shopping district below it, steeped in black gloom.

"How different!" he murmured, "How different this Christmas Eve is from others I've known! No bright lights in the store-windows, no blazing Christmas tree in the Common, no boys at home to cheer my Christmas Day. This cursed war has stolen all of our Christmas! What is left of the real spirit of Christmas?"

A tiny figure scurried past him in the darkness, startling him from his reverie, and turning the corner in haste, he stumbled onward down the sloping hill into the poorer districts of crowded Boston. Shabby tenement houses leered at him from all sides, grimly greeting him with the dismal bleakness of poverty.

"How could children appreciate Christmas in hovels like those?" he thought, as he paused before the church, groping blindly for the latch. Suddenly he felt a gentle yet insistent tug at his coat, and turning abruptly, met a tiny face, brightly uplifted to his own.

"Mister, you dropped your glove in front of my house. I ran all the way to catch up to you!" she gasped, thrusting the precious find toward him.

This happy child had come from one of those dismal tenements? Impossible! Why should she smile so cheerily? Reaching for the glove, he tossed her a shiny coin from the depths of his pocket. Her face was radiant.

"Gee, a dime! Now I can buy mom a present. Oh, what a merry Christmas!"

She bounded away, a tiny shadow soon blanketed in the darkness. Strange, as he opened the door and passed into the dimly-lit church, he felt a bit of her joy arise within him and chuckled at her exultation, in spite of himself.

The little church, hushed in the silence of its vacant pews, radiated the glory of the Christ Child, whose image lay before the altar in a humble manger. The flood of overwhelming reverence which always filled the old man within the sanctity of the vacant church, cast forth his gloom, and swept it far out into the darkness.

His eyes turned toward the manger as he felt the presence of the divine Babe. Suddenly his queries were answered; he realized that war might roughly sweep away luxuries, common pleasures, even dear ones, but it could never destroy Christmas. The janitor bent his silvery head, and drank in the glory of the true spirit of Christmas. The Christ Child had spoken to him, revealing the eternal living spirit of Christmas in the hearts of children, for, there, kneeling in reverent prayer before the Manger, his face alight with fervent awe, was a tattered, little urchin, his towseled golden hair gleaming on the dim altar like the halo which our Lord wore on earth.

JUANITA ROOP, '43.

CHRISTMAS

'Tis Christmas. Yet—
In distant lands 'neath foreign sun,
No soldier boy lays down his gun,
The crosses stand in solemn state
Great carnage but to indicate.
While back home far from terror's reign
The Yuletide bells peal forth again
Peace on the earth, goodwill toward men.

FRANK TONKONOW, '43.

WE BELIEVE

QUICKLY, out of the sky, it came unexpectedly, devastatingly, raining death and destruction, that brutal raid on Pearl Harbor. Although we will always remember the treachery of the Japanese, we will still believe in right becoming victorious over wrong. Our boys in Hawaii fought gallantly; others came from east and west and south and north, to aid them in their valiant defense.

We, the freedom loving people of the earth, who pity the oppressed, must not let one democratic hand refuse the task which is before us. Our burden of war, at home, should be taken up without protest; it should be carried through with thankfulness in the thought that we are helping to free the world from slavery and oppression.

Neither should we fret over discomfort and sacrifice. Who are we to complain and plead forgiveness for weakness caused by love of ease? After all, the comfort which we must give up is so minute in comparison with lives, the lives our men gladly sacrificed in service to our cause.

Perhaps this Christmas more than at any other time we shall feel the nearness of the power of God. Last year we were still dazed and too remote from the reality of war to realize that God guides our soldiers. We were suffering from the first shock and outrage of Pearl Harbor; everything seemed black and hopeless. This year our perspective is somewhat clearer; our complacency has been jolted; we have suffered several defeats; and defeat, to a certain extent, is good for us; through it, character is developed and faith is strengthened.

In spite of temporary defeats, ultimate victory will be ours because we are fighting for right. For the most part the allies are God loving people, and the light of God is eternal. How can there be doubt of final freedom, even after the horrible beginning of the war on last December seventh, when we have our belief in God under whom, forever, virtue has won over sin?

Indeed, we who go on believing are fortunate; even in the face of disaster, we have our faith in God. The heroes of Pearl Harbor, and others like them, go on fighting for the freedom to sustain our beliefs.

"If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!"

John Greenleaf Whittier

SALLY GOULD, '43

MORE ON SURREALISM

IF you were ever curious enough to attend an exhibition of surrealist "art," you might run across a remarkable little masterpiece such as the following hypothetical gem. In the foreground of a huge desolate waste there stands a great oak tree. From one of the lower branches is suspended a telephone receiver, just waiting for somebody to come along, pick it up, and say "Hello" to whoever might be waiting on the other end of the line. Instead of roots this tree is balancing itself on a pair of human hands. You are altogether likely to see some such foolishness.

Now, study this scene carefully for five minutes or more. What? You can't make anything of it? Well, now, that's strange, because it's supposed to have some great significance. You don't see how it could have any? Neither do I! Yet, there are some people so humorous as to say that the creator of this masterpiece has the normal amount of wits about him, sufficient to warrant his having anything to tell anyone who understands his gem.

It's interesting to recall an article which appeared in a large evening newspaper a few years ago. It told of an art program that had been introduced into the state institutions for mental patients. Some of the work done by the inmates was, of course, childish, but some more of it, it was said, would make any surrealist grow green with envy. Now, if these unfortunate patients could produce such work, how far away from their mental level can any surrealist be?

ROBERT O'BRIEN, '43.

MODERN POETS

I ENJOY reading modern poetry. The strange cadences, unusual to one brought up on poets of the old school, appeal strongly to me. Free verse, which many modern poets employ, though deplored by some, seems to have something not found in the classic poets, like Byron and Tennyson. Sandburg's great poems about American industry demonstrate how such an unromantic thing as a factory can be described poetically. Rupert Brooke's beautiful melancholy fills me with awe. Hardy's bewildered writing is very thought-provoking; witness "The Man He Killed." William Butler Yeats, whose wistful, melodic poems have captured many an Irish heart, is, perhaps, my favorite. The lingering beauty and bewildering mysticism of his works delight me with their simple naturalness. A century or so from now, some of these poets will, I am sure, be placed with the immortals of literature.

RUTH LOONEY, '44.

CHRISTMAS, 1942

IN a few short weeks another Christmas will roll around to the people of America. This Christmas will be just about the same as ever, except that good cheer, festivities, and value of the gifts will perhaps be curtailed slightly because of war-time conditions. To many families in America this time will be a day for frolicking, for giving presents—actually an intra-family birthday and Thanksgiving day combined, so much so that the real significance of this 1942 Christmas will be drowned out in the rustle and crackle of wrapping paper and tinsle.

Yes, in just a little while, we in America will be celebrating another Christmas. I say "we in America" because our nation will be almost the only place on the world where this day will be observed as usual. Surely not in Greece, where a whole race is staring at the ugly face of starvation, nor in Poland, nor in France, can this Christmas be a happy occasion! It would be a good idea for us, here in America, to remember, as we are unwrapping our ten or twelve gifts, that on this very same planet, just a few thousand miles away, there are people to whom a loaf of bread would be veritable manna from heaven.

In the paintings of the old masters, no scene is more familiar than the kneeling of the adoring figures before that Bethlehem manger stall. Let us, the people of America, also spend this Christmas on our knees, not unwrapping presents, but giving silent and solemn thanks to a generous Providence that has given us the good things of life in such great measure.

THOMAS LEAMON, '43

MARS' CHRISTMAS LESSON

I DO not know if it is being hypocritical to say this or not, but I believe that war with its tragedy and horror has brought about some good. The good in this case is the turning of more and more people to God for help. For it is in wartime that we bring ourselves into closer contact with Him; whereas in days of peace we seem to drift away from strict adherence to religious precepts.

At Christmas time, the renewed zeal in our spiritual actions will be more obvious than ever. During this coming holiday season, the mirth and good cheer to which we have grown accustomed with the passing years will yield to prayer because our thoughts will be on war. This is as it should be. Let there be joy on the birthday of Christ but not so much of it that we forget the real purpose of a Christmas celebration. I am afraid that up to the present we have done this; we have thought too much about our pleasure and not enough about the significance of the feast.

This Christmas, with our minds preoccupied with war, it is only natural for us to spend the day thinking of a loved one far away, whom we hope God will protect. However, when the peace is restored, it would be well to keep in mind the lesson of this Christmas season and celebrate the future Christmas seasons with our attention divided equally between jubilance and supplication. The pagan Greeks, who knew nothing of Christmas, had a maxim, "Do everything in moderation," which maxim applies very aptly to the method of celebrating Christmas.

WALTER POWERS, '43

I COME FROM PENNSYLVANIA

ZIP! Zip!! Like motorists receiving a reprieve on gasoline rationing, students rushed past me. A swinging door snapped shut in my face, at the precise moment when my toe was stepped on, and my heel flopped under the onslaught of a destructive shoe.

At last I reached my class room—three minutes late!! "I—I got lost!" I blurted, as the teacher gave me a severe look and a tide of rising laughter flushed my face to a darker red. Was I so funny? As I dashed to my seat every eye was turned on me. Why hadn't I polished my shoes? Had my socks developed a hole, or horrors! was my bright slip flashing beneath my plain dark skirt?

Each class had been like this, all day a frantic scurry through the halls, my timid finger tapping shoulders, as I queried, "Where is Room —, please?" I always met with some such reply as, "Well, girlie, I'll tell youh," would flash a contestant for a chewing gum ad, "you tuhn to youh raht, go to the end of the hall, tuhn left, go down the staihs, and its the second room on you raht!" Then—snap! snap!! would go the chewing gum. "Got it?" she would question, smiling brightly. Sometimes my query would be greeted by a slow, suspicious stare, then a smile, and, "Oh! you're new here!" "And how!" I muttered to myself. Again it would be a half-hearted, "Ougana holjie baue!" from the side of a mouth.

But I consoled myself, it won't be like this every day.

Tuesday, full of hope and confidence, I breezed through my periods with not a care in the world. As I started to the cloakroom, a happy and serene person, I heard a deep voice rasp out, "Hey you! Blondie!! Blondie!!!" Turning, I met the amused gaze of a red-faced student.

What had I done? I soon discovered I had committed a serious breach of hall etiquette by passing in front of the most punctilious teacher in the corridor, instead of behind!!

Now, however, I consider myself a full-fledged New Englander, and look with a superior and knowing air on all new-comers, and, remembering your friendliness to me, I try to answer their questions accurately. Though I come from Pennsylvania, I've never met a grander bunch than you. Already I like Cambridge High and Latin!

PATTI REISGEN, '44.

SANTASON VOLUNTEERS

THE Claus family was engaged in a rather grave discussion. The latest edition of the Daily Pole Star had brought the news that men of the ages eighteen to twenty were to be drafted for military service. Santason wanted to join right away so that he could be sure of being in the ski troops, but his parents wanted him to stay home until called.

"But, Father," pleaded Santason, "you won't need my help this Christmas as much as usual. Look at the way toy production has been curtailed. And look at all the countries in Europe we can't even enter. Why shouldn't I volunteer so that some day you will again be able to travel all around the world every Christmas?"

"Well, son," replied Santa, "Maybe you're right after all. You know, I came from Europe. It saddens me to think that the very places where I was welcomed the most are now imposible for me to visit. All right, son, go and volunteer. May God be with you."

Having obtained his father's permission, Santason harnessed his swiftest reindeer and departed for Boston. Before setting out on his journey, he sent an air-mail, special delivery and registered letter to the recruiting office to inform the Army that he was coming. But so fast were the reindeer that he entered New England before his letter reached its destination. As Santason rode low over the city of Portland, he was surprised to find the city in complete darkness. His ear could distinguish the wailing of air-raid sirens. He switched on his radio. The announcer solemnly declared, "An unidentified plane has crossed the border. Turn all lights off immediately. We are now signing off."

"Why, I'm probably the unidentified plane," thought Santason. "I knew I shouldn't have painted the antlers of the reindeer with that phosphorescent paint. The watchers on the ground thought I was in a plane." The whirling of propellors interrupted his thoughts. The pursuit planes had come to investigate. Two of the planes drew alongside of the speeding sled. The beams of several lights were shining upon Santason. Then the planes flew away, the pilots apparently satisfied with their investigation. Santason was much relieved. He did not wish to be received in Boston by a volley of anti-aircraft shells. He proceeded at a slower rate because he did not wish to arrive before daybreak. Besides, he

was afraid that his letter would not reach there on time.

Upon entering Boston, he steered the reindeer towards Commonwealth Avenue where the Army Recruiting Office is situated. Leaving the reindeer and the sleigh in Braves Field, he walked the rest of the way.

He entered the Army Recruiting Office where he declared his wish to join the army. He passed the physical examination very easily. The physician who examined Santason told him that he was the best physical specimen ever to come into that office.

Then Santason was interviewed by one of the officers in charge of recruiting. He asked Santason what was his usual occupation. "Helping my father," replied Santason.

"What does your father do?" inquired the officer.

"Why, er—ahem, well, uh, why *my* father is Santa Claus!" blurted out Santason, somewhat taken aback at the officer's direct question.

The officer's face, however, lighted up with an unwonted expression of overpowering joy. "You're just the fellow we've been waiting for," he exclaimed. "You're going to see action all over the world, in New England, the South, the West, the Pacific, the Atlantic, Australia, Africa, and, I hope, even Europe. You will be the main factor in defeating the enemy."

"Sir, that's all very swell, but after all, isn't that a somewhat grandiloquent description of the activities of a buck private such as I?"

"Oh, I don't think so," replied the officer. "I think that you will soon find that I am right. At any rate, your place is *not* in the Army." Santason nearly turned a back somersault in his chair. Had the officer gone crazy? "Now don't misunderstand me," continued the officer, smiling at Santason's astonishment. "You have a gigantic job to do. This Christmas must be the greatest season of giving that we have ever known here. People will want to send gifts to boys in the service all the world over. And there are several organizations which are engaged in collecting gifts for servicemen. Moreover, there are many organizations raising funds for war relief and so forth. You have your work cut out for you.'"

"Oh, now I begin to understand," replied Santason, recovering somewhat from his surprise, "even Santa Claus, Incorporated, must go on a war-time basis. What do you, sir, suggest that I do right now?"

"Go right back to old Santa and report for active service," replied the officer.

ELI KAMINSKY, '43.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL

I

'Twas all in peace, that starry night
The world was blanketed in white,
While moonbeams danced on silvery snow
And gave the earth a crystal glow.

II

Then on that night, all quiet and clear,
A voice rang out so sweet and dear;
It merged upon the evening air,
An angel's own could not compare.

III

I listened in silence to that voice,
That song he carols of his choice.
I yearned not for the lad to see
My thoughts were wrapped in reverie.

IV

But then the voice, so soft and light
Was fading on the evening night.
I strained to catch his parting word
But he was gone; no more I heard.

VIRGINIA TURNER. '45

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Accardi, Dorothy
Anastos, William
Beswick, Leonard
Butler, Elizabeth
Campbell, Pearl
Cardillo, Sarah
Chin, Annie
Clark, June
Corey, Joseph
Davies, Frances
Deresky, Julia
Downward, Carol
Drolette, Margaret
Duperey, Lucille
Emello, Elizabeth
Fillios, Ethel
Finn, Isabelle
Fournier, Jeanne
Gelinas, Helen
Geller, Molly
Grigolonok, Nina
Hammond, Mary
Haskell, Jean
Holmes, Marie
Intinarelli, Rita
Jankowski, Sophie
Kaminsky, Eli
La Freniere, Leon
Loprete, Annette
Lydotes, Despina
McCabe, Richard
Menez, George
Mooney, Mary
Nedzweski, Lillian
Oster, Edward
Parris, Gwendolyn
Power, Walter
Quint, Frances
Roope, Juanita
Servello, Florence
Souza, Louise
Spinosa, Mary
Sutherland, Dorothea
Totino, Anthony
Weinberg, Charlotte
Young, Frances

ARTHUR vs. EUCLID

EVERY morning Arthur takes up his pencil and protractor, and fares forth to do battle with a ghost—the ghost of an ancient Greek who first conceived, with malice aforethought, that variety of mental anguish known as Geometry. Arthur is at a sad disadvantage in this battle, having only a not-too-dependable memory to pit against the wiles of the malignant Greek.

With all his heart Arthur envies his namesake of long ago, who had nothing more formidable with which to contend than dragons, robber barons, and such, which could be dealt with effectively with so simple an instrument as a sword.

On this particular morning, Arthur is snatched from a dreamy contemplation of the advantages of the days of Camelot by a voice calling his name, not an unpleasant voice really, but brisk and rather insistent.

"Arthur, go to the board and give us a full proof of that theorem."

(Innocently) "What theorem?"

"Why the one we were just discussing."

"Oh!" Arthur sees at once that the teacher is not going to be co-operative; he proceeds to the blackboard and stands before it, idly handling the chalk.

"Well? Draw the figure,—two parallel lines and a transversal."

Arthur is quick to seize this clue; with swift, sure strokes he sets down the figure. There is another pause.

"What are you trying to prove?"

Arthur starts to say truthfully, "I don't know" but realizing that that would be disastrous, he checks himself and tries evasion. "Well, these two lines are perpendicular . . ."

"What? Nonsense! They are parallel, so what about the interior angels?"

"Oh, they're equal."

And so, little by little, the proof comes out until finally the inevitable happens: the teacher refuses to supply the next statement. There is an awful silence in the room; a flush spreads over Arthur's face. Then he turns pale and his hands shake. Mercifully the period bell puts an end to his humiliation.

Another Geometry period is over; another battle comes to a close, and Arthur has a sneaking suspicion that the shade of Euclid is laughing up his sleeve.

WALTER S. CREMENS, '44.

WHITE CHRISTMAS

HOW I wish that I could turn the clock back a century to witness the manner in which our great-grandparents spent Christmas! I doubt if anyone does not regret that he has been born a century too late whenever he hears or reads about the old-fashioned Christmas.

Here is a father and his son, armed with hatchet and rope, all ready for a venture out into the woods to select the Christmas tree and the Yule log, which must be lighted with the brand of last year's log and kept burning throughout the night. Twilight, and then evening settle with a hush, and a new blanket of snow. Amid the cluster of neat, white cottages, we detect the tower of the village church, beacon of faith and hope, where tonight, the simple country folk, some walking, some riding in sleighs, flock to praise and rejoice in the birth of our Lord. The doors of the church are ajar, and through them shine a myriad of haloed candles casting a golden, mellow shimmer on the undulating mantles of newly fallen snow outside. The strains of *Ave Maria* and the jubilant *O Come, All Ye Faithful,* are sung by the devouted and pious parishioners. The choir resembles a band of apple-cheeked cherubim descended from heaven to make more ethereal the splendor of the scene; the ring of their clarion voices drift in perfect harmony beyond the chapel's stately portals through the clear night air. The joyous excitement and lilting laughter of children at home turns to hushed expectancy as they listen for the sound of sleigh-bells and their parents' return from church. The Christmas dinner consists of a steaming boar's head with the traditional apple stuck in its mouth, and embellished with holly twigs, the plum pudding glowing in flaming brandy, mince pie, and all the other fixings that constitute bad dreams, all carried in by her majesty, the mother of the household. After the feast, all the members of the family gather in the parlor to hear father read the age-old Christmas story from the familiar, dog-eared Chapter II in the Gospel of St. Luke in the family Bible. Then comes dancing and singing, the rolling back of rugs, the pushing aside of furniture in the parlor, gaily embellished with Christmas candles in nests of holly. Hourly the trumpeteers announce new arrivals on the coaches, which are literally stuffed with gay holiday guests and relatives, each one swamped with ostenta-

tiously decorated bundles and packages. The walls of the dwellings groan with merriment! Eager young swains lie in wait to seize the pretty blushing prey and claim them with a kiss under the mistletoe. Woe to the young pretty lass who happens to stroll beneath the inconspicuous sprig overhead! Next morning we hear footsteps dashing downstairs, and bursts of young laughing voices ring out when the youngsters, crouched beneath the Christmas tree, find that Santa has brought them what they've wanted!

All these things compose the Christmas I've always yearned to witness, be a part of. I wonder if the boy of that age felt as I do now? I wonder what *my* great-grandchildren will think in reading of our present, modern way of celebrating Christmas?

JOSEPH COREY, '43.

CHRISTMAS COMES TO A BARGAIN BASEMENT

HORDES of people in a swarming crowd are pushing and battling to reach one certain place. The atmosphere is filled with the voices of men and women locked in the raging throng; there is hardly room or air to breathe; the atmosphere is stifling—but all of this is not brought about by a strruggle to see a parade on the street, or an attempt to acquire the autograph of some famous celebrity, or an effort to reach a train in a subway station—no, my good friends, this is a bargain basement before Christmas!

Christmas, season of friendliness and good will, season of carols and Christmas trees, season of holly and wreaths, and season of gift giving and receiving, is the happiest and gayest time of the year with the hustle and bustle of preparing for the holiday, the laughing and joviality of all the people, and, oh yes, Christmas shopping.

All during the year, money is set aside for purchases of gifts for friends and families, but the work really begins when the gift buying is commenced. By far the most popular place for performing this labor of love is the bargain basement.

To the accompaniment of clanging cash registers, clinking coins, crackling paper, and all the other sound effects, the distraught salesgirls endeavor to cope with and cater to the needs of the customers. Miss Jones, salesgirl in the farthest corner of the basement, is having a difficult task trying to make the ladies understand that there really are no more silk stockings this year, while her friend, Miss Smith, who sells handbags, is vainly trying to convince a rather parsimonious client that genuine alligator bags cannot possibly be acquired at the immense sum of fifty-nine cents. Then, too, the girls employed at the perfume counter are having no mean share of trials and tribulations in dealing with their surprising number of male customers, all interested in pleasing their lady loves with the fragrant scents that may be bought. We can just imagine what a discordant symphony of odors we may encounter if the recipients of these presents should some day come together bathed in their respective gifts. What an aromatic fragrance!

To me, Hercules' labors, which were great tests of endurance and strength, seem like simple child's play in comparison to the gigantic and strength-taxing feat of shopping or selling in these temples of thrift, known as bargain basements.

FRIEDA PEARLSON, '43.

BOOK REVIEW

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE
by PRIVATE MARION HARGROVE
Henry Holt and Company

THIS is probably the funniest book ever written about the Army. Private Hargrove tells us how he first received an invitation from the President. He then takes the reader through his physical and into the United States Army. What Private Hargrove goes through is fast, furious, and funny; as a rookie he spent most of his life on K. P. duty, much to his discomfort and the reader's amusement.

The noted author and playwright Maxwell Anderson wrote a foreword to this book describing his first encounter with Private Hargrove. I may be mistaken, but I seem to have noticed a similarity between Mr. Anderson's portrayal of Private Hargrove and a character in Mr. Anderson's new play, "The Eve of St. Mark."

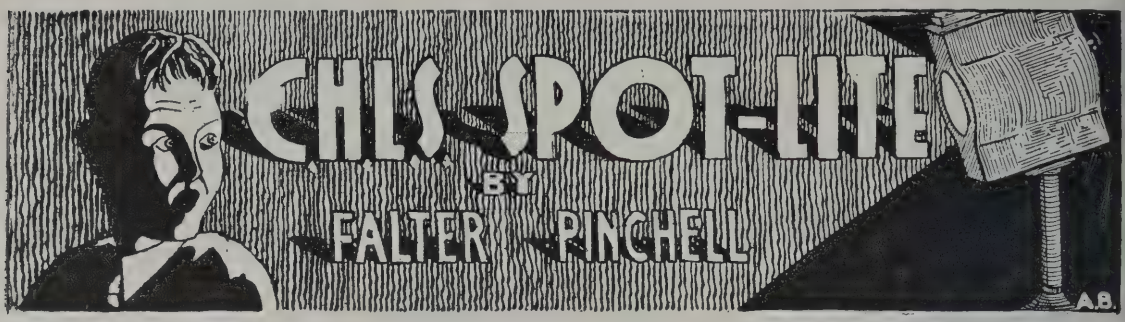
There is a rumor that Private Hargrove has just been promoted to be a corporal. After reading this book you will find it hard to believe.

ROBERT GUEST, '43.

NOT MUCH TROUBLE HERE!

HERE WE GO!
GOOD FER US!
DID SUMPIN' JUST FLY BY HERE?
BELMONT
TH' BOYS GOT OFF TO A POOR START~ PLAY HAD HARDLY BEGUN BEFORE TH' RED LIGHT BLINKED FOR BELMONT
BUT AFTER A LOT OF MID-ICE ACTION, FRED WHOLEY, ABLY ASSISTED BY JIM FELONY, MADE IT ONE-TO-ONE!
NEXT!
CULP
HIT 'EM AGAIN, I ALLUS SAYS
CAMBRIDGE
AND JUST ABOUT THIS TIME BILLY MAHER WAS SENT UP FOR A MINUTE-AND-A-HALF FOR TOO VIGEROUS BOARD-CHECKING!
CHLS RAH RAH
BELMONT
SHORTISH FRED WHOLEY DOOD O.K., TOO! HE PLAYED A SLAM-BANG, NEVER-SAY-DIE TYPE OF HOCKEY~
HELLO AGAIN, FANS. CHLS HOCKEY OPENED WITH A BIG BANG THIS YEAR~ FIRST GAME, CHLS 6~ BELMONT-1.
AND TH' CHEERING SECTION~! ONE OF TH' BIGGEST AND LOUDEST WE'VE SEEN IN YEARS! WHO SAYS WE'VE GOT NO SCHOOL SPIRIT?
HI SCORE
HO HUM!
CAMBRIDGE
17
CHEERS ALSO FOR BIG BILL REARDON, WHO CHALKED UP TWO~
HERE'S LAURELS TO BOB HEAVERN FOR A GREAT GAME! ~THREE TALLIES AND AN ASSIST IS A MIGHTY GOOD START TOWARD THE G.B.L. HIGH-SCORER TITLE!
OUR NIFTY GOALIE, DICK ERNEST MADE SOME PRETTY SPECTACULAR SAVES!

Tom LEHMON '43
AT TH' GARDENS



SPOTLITE

HI! For the second time *good* friends . . . Uncle Falter and his agent are in again. So don't go 'way for a while, will you? . . . Have you ever seen that smooth car Frances Green sports around? . . . I wonder if Jean Patterson realizes she attracts all the attention in 317 sixth period . . . Margie Kelly answers to the name "Queenie" . . . I wonder why a large gathering is always around Betty Green's locker? . . . What's this about Muriel Ellsworth and Purdue University? . . . Joe Guiney would rather struggle with Geometric figures than try to decipher Caesar . . . Virginia MacCauley enjoys her Latin Period very much . . . SCOOP ! ! ! Geri Nolan is known to her very intimate friends as "Tweetsie" . . . Jimmy Collins is trying to *cook* a junior classman's "goose" . . . Why is Joe Quinn so attached to Deering High? . . . By the way, we welcome to C. H. L. S. Betty Cook from the fore mentioned school . . . Ralph Darian is an aggressive football player as well as being a Latin Scholar . . . Marvin Modest had a difficult problem at Gym the other day when he had to carry "Fluff" LaFrenier . . . Eli Kaminsky and Juanita Roop are sporting E's received in English . . . Ed Oster is a very good authority on The Constitution . . . Mary Broussard informs me that Art Corey is the last to return to his home room every day . . . By the way, Art was a member of the rescue party from Cambridge at that awful disaster in Boston . . . Frank Tonkonow is preparing to enter Yale University . . . Wait until Vernon "Aubrey" Croft hears about that . . . Vern is a Harvard man . . . Alex Stewart is trying to convince us that Mary Alice Bigler has become a "Quiet Woman" . . . Little Johnny Cahill has a habit of reading letters of others . . . By the way, Barbara Murphy tells me that John will become a lieutenant when he enters the Army . . . Backaches have been plenteous since Physical Training has been adopted by the schools . . . Edna Layne is an expert at those Calisthetics . . . Lenny Bulger is in a stupor after Seventh Periods on Wednesdays . . . Who wouldn't be after being with Len Beswick for 30 minutes . . . Ask Theresa O'Leary to show you some of her artistic drawings . . . Peg Drolette proved her genius in Math by doing 15 extra trigonometry problems . . . This year's group of hall dwellers consists of Paul Morrison, Charlie Mains, Ed Hofferman, Ted Wadden, whilst on the female side we have Eleanor Regan, Peg Smith, Ally Boudreau . . . A very good friend of mine named Dooley would like his name in here . . . Sorry, Clarence, very little room . . . Lester Rogers, William Vanderburg, and Verna Buckley find Chemistry intriguing . . . Jeanne Fournier is known as "Miss 1 by one" while Chub Kelly fits the "Mr. 5 by 5" . . . Peg O'Brien has a lot of trouble on windy days . . . Virginia Reardon and Pat Conway make a point of being on time for English Class . . . John Benusis is giving Rhode Island the benefit of his brains . . . Lorraine Nolan is heartbroken over the recent Holy Cross and Boston College "Slaughter" . . . We miss Bucky Hooker's easy going ways—now that he is at Rindge . . . Dick Henry has a job (in those five words History is made) . . . Teddy Wadden and Shorty Morrison have all the makings of young millionaires . . . If Diana Kelty would only keep quiet during Study Periods. Pat Churchill is sporting a new ring (Where from, Pat?) . . . Bill Moriarty is responsible for the deathly stillness in 317. Theresa Downey thinks that man's greatest evil is hurrying. Elinor Murphy and her friends had quite a gay time with a "pupil" recently. . . . Evelyn Fitzpatrick is really a friend in need . . . George Griffin has joined the Army —Best of luck, George! . . . Hilda Carey is a very "Hard Woikin Goil" . . . Mary Alice Bigler takes the rubber shortage to heart—

she wears her rubber boots everywhere . . . Eva Bannier never wants to see $2.20 again . . . Vera Chvany and Bob Guest step into character in a play with the setting in an Insane Asylum . . . Ray Louf, a former Latinite, is now convalescing from wounds received in active duty with the Marines . . . Barbara Cleary is having adenoid trouble . . . Virginia Scott finds that green sweaters are the warmest on cold days . . . Those exercises are getting Betty Ryan down . . . Emma Doran had a wonderful time at the formal (and so into the night). Mary Broussard and Debby Edwards are working for the Red Cross as are many, many others . . . Margaret Tobin (Tommy's little sister) and Arlys Karlbaum are two very sweet sophs . . . Joe Agnetta is waiting patiently (?) for the basketball season . . . Virginia MacCauley has recently joined the Outing Club (after a lot of persuasion). Mary Hughes has a new nickname tacked on to her—"Postscript!" . . . Joanne Morris believes in staying on the right side of her teachers . . . Barbara Moore is known as "Madeline Carroll" to her more intimate friends . . . "Numbers" MacCarthy wears the worst hats on rainy days seen hereabouts . . . George Bruen wants any applicants for next year's Business Manager of the Review to see him at the office any lunch period . . . Would the tea doilies for the Luncheon Club please be sent to 227 in care of Stewart Shane . . . Ben Donohue thinks that the doors should be raised a few feet (gosh, it's hard on a guy) . . . Peggy Reynolds has a mania for brown Neccoes (much to the happy buyer's delight) . . . By the time the Spotlite is in print the Junior Class Officers will be chosen. "Many are running, but few are chosen." . . . Among those running are Franny Mulaney, Paul Haskell, and Walter Cremens for President, and an innumerable number for the other minor offices. Mary Prasinos could win a contest for the loveliest Junior hands down. At the rate Cliff Ruggles is going he will be president by 2001. Paul Hathaway is partial to elephants in any form—clubs, rings, etc. . . . Roz Kirk is very good-natured—she takes a lot of ribbing . . . Ann Farr thinks that "Nobody Loves Her" —need we say what we are thinking, Ann? . . . Jimmy Hurley has his eye on a lieutenancy in the Air Corps. (What about Chemistry, Jimmie?) The final male edition of the Sheehans in Latin School is David following Jack and Tommy . . . Ellie Marchand may be seen horseback riding any Sunday afternoon in Milton . . . What is this about Herbert Cronin and postponed history tests . . . At a recent formal, many "booful" Seniors were very much in evidence . . . There were Gloria Gregware, Elinor Reagan, Eleanor Reardon, Ann Lundquist, and many others. The Juniors had a following too, Marie Russell, Barbara Sheehan, and Cherry McConnell . . . Ruth Sandock recently received congratulations on an anniversary . . . Matty Good thinks the best part of a party is the food (ahem!) . . . Margie O'Connor has a mania for banging people's heads against the corridors walls . . . We always associate Barb Sheehan with the song Clementine, especially the part "Her shoes are number nines" . . . Ann Sullivan is always borrowing other people's pens . . . Jessie Burnett always sends the Review to boys in the service (now isn't that nice!) . . . Jean Nugent is doing a rushing business at her place of business . . . Bob Heavern will make a wonderful lawyer . . . Theresa Burns and Mary Dillon diligently (get the pun?) do the exercises in 209 . . . Clare Dube was sadly following her mater around Parent-Teachers' Night . . . There *were* many disappointments that night . . . Charlie Mains simply loves to meet new people (so friendly really!) . . . John Dwyer has the most beautiful red nose on cold days . . . Fern Williams always carries the Descant on "America the Beautiful" in Glee Club. Fern, by the way, has the very loveliest voice in the Glee Club . . . Barbara McSorley loves small fat children . . . Pat McCarthy is expecting a lovely Christmas present . . . Barbara McKinnon and Mart MacDonald are partners in crime (tch-tch) . . . Henry Servilas is a fresh air fiend much to the disgust of a fourth period class . . . Myra Ayre is a very sentimental person though she won't admit it . . . Marilyn Rose is frequently a referee in squabbles that take place in 6th period . . . Cathy Bolger owns a wonderful speaking voice . . . Alice Finnegan has wonderful times at Alumni Dances . . . Terry Dubuque has a lovely clasic face . . . Helen Vierney has a gay time now that her brothers are in the service—she wears their jackets . . . Every morning Helen Falvey faithfully waits for Eileen Fitzgerald who just as faithfully is ten minutes late . . . Glen Peck is another one of those "8:15 on the dot" waiters . . . Bob O'Brien finds it terribly hard to make the second bus every morning . . . Dorothy Harvey, Arthur Connoly, and Arthur Flink are constantly in an argument during a debate

class . . . Dick Fleming loves the song "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" while Joanne McConnell hates it . . . Many notables were seen at the B. C. and H. C. game; among them were Marion Looney, Alice Donovan, Pat Conway, Peg Hartz, and Virginia Reardon—they came there directly from the Junior Commando rally; Ginnie is the unit leader . . . Hilda Davis at this point must have her driver's license . . . The preference for songs at a nearby dairy seems to be for "White Christmas" . . . Well, friends (may I call you that now?), until we meet again, a Very Very Merry Christmas—and may your New Year be the happiest ever!!

EUGENE CALLENDER, '43
CARMELINE ROSE, '44

CHESS CLUB NOTES

THE Chess Club opened the present season by defeating Huntington Prep. seven to three. Games against Brookline and Roxbury Memorial had to be postponed and will be played off in February.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: George Perutz '43, president; Ernest Dzendolet '43, vice-president; Robert Brown '45, secretary; John Loofburrow '45, treasurer.

We hope to continue to play in the same manner as against Huntington Prep. and to compete for the championship of the Boston Interscholastic Chess League.

GEORGE PERUTZ, '43

C. H. L. S. SONG HITS

"Nobody Knows the Trouble I Have"
Studying Latin
"Daybreak" ..... Still Studying
"At Last" ..... I'm a Senior
"There Are Such Things" Unprepared Nights
"Mr. Five by Five" ..... Leon La Freniere
"I Had the Craziest Dream" . No Homework
"There's a Rendezvous I Keep"
English—Seventh Period
"O How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"
No Explanation Necessary
"Constantly" ..... Geniuses Study
"She'll Always Remember"
On Parent-Teachers Night

JOHN CAHILL, '43.

ALUMNI NEWS

CONGRATULATIONS to Claudine Marconi, '42; in the States only a year, now a freshman at Radcliffe, she is doing so well that she has been invited to attend the Phi Beta Kappa dinner, at which Mrs. Roosevelt will be initiated into this Chapter. While we're handing out orchids to Radcliffe girls, let's give one to Bernadette Drolette, '41 (ahem) who received a hundred dollar scholarship to defray her sophomore-year tuition.

On his coat, Art Bloomberg, '42, is sporting an emblem of his new school, Northeastern. John Stokes is a B. C. man now. Sylvia Pilch, '42, is going to Sargent and keeping up her good work in athletics. Jan Atkinson is a student at Jackson College. Mary White is at New Rochelle. Regis has Mary Frances Wadden, for a resident student. By the way, while we're on the subject of colleges, those Harvard boys, Pete Lazarkis, Al Lynch, and Larry Chvany, all of '41 were ushers at their team's games. We hear that Betty Quint, '39, is now a junior at Salem Norm—oops, I'm sorry, Betty; I mean Salem Teachers College.

Among recent naval aviation inductees were Charley Mallahan and William "Dutch" Johnson, '41, Charles Collins and Vittorio Boeri, '40, and John Reilly, '38; Army Sergeant, Bud Roope, '38, is an instructor in chemical warfare. Vinny Lovett, home recently on leave, looks so-o-o different with his Navy haircut. William Reardon, '40 and William Bartel, '39, are both in the army. Sidney Zang is a sergeant in the Army Air Force.

We have "inside info" that Eleanor Canty who graduated a few years ago, is engaged; as are Barbara Miles, '38 and Ensign Bob Macklin, '38 (to each other we mean!). Frances Mellerup, '40, who is now married and lives in Maine, recently became the mother of a baby girl. Her brother, Charley, also a graduate of C.H.L.S., is an ensign in the Naval Air Force. Marie Buckley, '42, has a part in a Christmas play to be presented at Emmanuel. Corinne Bingham, '41, was so enthusiastic about her work on a farm in Vermont last summer that she decided to continue working there instead of starting her sophomore year at Leslie's.

We hear too, by the way, that E. Richard Freniere, '40, is now doing cartoons for the *Cambridge Sun*. Congratulations, Dick!

MARGARET DROLETTE, '43

FRESHMAN NOTES

WAS your name on the Honor Roll or Honorable Mention? If not, try hard to have it there the next time. Congratulations to the successful ones . . . Marion Butt and Dorothy Brinkerhoff are frequently seen jitterbugging to the accompaniment of Rosemary Botello and Sandre Bonanno . . . How do you like those physical exercises. If you haven't heard Jacqueline Poscher talk French, you have missed something. "Jackie" formerly lived in France . . . Can you imagine Freshman girls suggesting that there should be a rationing of Latin boys because of the scarcity? . . . Lena DiClements and Mary DerBoghosian are very popular with the dancers . . . Morrine Buckley was a prize winner in an essay contest last year . . . Viola De Francisco hopes to become a commercial artist later on . . . Peggy Dynan is a basket-ball enthusiast . . . Robert DiComes had some birthday party . . . The girl in that red coat is Ruth Dilworth . . . Mary Conroy has many interesting stories of her trip to Ireland . . . Pauline McGillvary and Margaret McCarthy are known as the 8:29 girls . . . Douglas Crocket is an example of perpetual motion when it comes time to turn in Freshman notes. Keep up the good work . . . Pamela Merchant knows what real war-fare is. She was present at Pearl Harbor when the Japanese made their raid and has many breath-taking experiences to relate. Pamela speaks Hawaiian and knows how to do the native dances . . . Betty Dawe's brother John, an alumnus of this school, is with the Marines in the Solomons. . . .

Lillian Mikalosky and Rita Moise have entertained many times with their fine singing . . . Ray Cooper got only three E's on his report card . . . Mary Miles, president of 126, was seen entering Rindge the other day !!? . . . Marshall Goldberg always has a joke handy but it does not stop him from making the Honor Roll . . . At the time of this writing, the Freshman Class has led all other classes for the week in the buying of War Stamps and Bonds. Let us see if we can stay on top every week for the remainder of the year . . . The Goldberg twins, William and Bernard, cause their teachers a great deal of trouble, oh no, not discipline, but trying to tell them apart . . . Clifford Herman will get the nick-name "Speed" if he continues to rush those physical exercises . . . Helen Collins used to take elocution lessons. Why so bashful, Helen? . . . Mary DerBoghosian has two brothers in the military service . . . Richard Harrington *still* is a Boston College rooter . . . William Coveney has done a fine job with his committees in his home-room . . . Room 120 carries on its affairs like a veteran organization . . . Contrary to most, Robert Davies is in school very early every morning . . . To offset the boy who gave lumps of sugar to the girls, we have one who gives ounces of gasoline as a rare perfume . . . David Cotter is expected to be a Football Star before he graduates . . . Among the Freshman home rooms, the leader in the purchase of War Stamps and Bonds was Room 122, while Room 120 led in Review Subscriptions . . . We wish that all rooms would send in Freshman notes in the same degree as do Rooms 120 and 126 . . . Until the next time, keep studying, keep buying.

We wish all of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

HONOR ROLL—1946

Alexander, Frieda
Amon, Aline
Azadian, Dorothy
Bahadurian, Esther
Bahadurian, Irene
Baker, Gladys
Bianchi, Mary
Boscher, Jacqueline
Brawn, Marguerite
Brown, Barbara
Bruneau, Beverly
Callahan, Marie
Camelio, Elizabeth
Cooper, Roy
Culolias, Helen
Danserveau, Geraldine
Days, Lillian
DeFeo, M. Joseph
DiComes, Robert
Dooley, Dorothy
Enos, Mary
Fitzgerald, Theresa
Foley, Jean
Gomatos, Peter
Goldberg, Marshall
Goldberg, William
Hagstrom, Earl
Harrington, Richard
Hayes, James
Iwanska, Wanda
Joaquim, Betty
Johnson, Charlotte
Krohn, Edward
Karbaum, Barbara
Kelly, Thomas
Kibit, Jennie
Landry, Belle
Marathos, Catherine
MacMillen, Phyllis
McKinley, Elizabeth
Nicotera, Chiarina
Owirka, Mary
Palmissano, Lorraine
Ricchio, Joseph
Rosenberg, Earle
Rosie, Anne
Sargent, Edna
Scannell, Helen
Seelinger, Alice
Stinson, Dorothy
Toomajarian, Vasken
Voss, Darlene
Wadden, Eleanor
Wallace, Eleanor
Weisman, Ruth
Wilson, Elaine
Winn, John

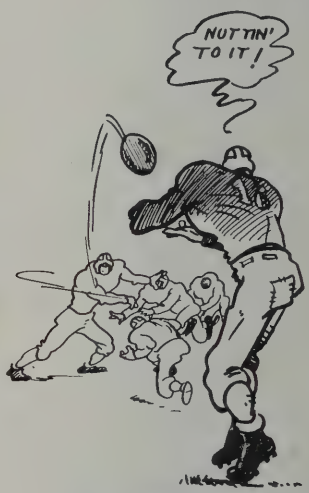
TURKEY DAY TRIUMPH

WELL, FOLKS, THIS FINAL GAME SURE WAS A PIPPEROO! NO SOONER HAD WE GOT INTO TH' PARK THAN THE BOYS SMASHED OVER FOR OUR FIRST SIX POINTS. RICHEY AYLWARD CONVERTED — CAMBRIDGE, 7 ~0

EVERY GAME WE'VE PLAYED, JOHNNY LEW HAS BEEN VERY MUCH ON TH' BALL AND THIS GAME WAS NO EXCEPTION. YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN SOME OF TH' TACKLES THAT BOY MADE !

THAT SMEAR PLAY ~ ONE OF MANY IN TH' GAME ~ ON A CAMBRIDGE RUN-BACK, WAS SPECTACULAR !

BOB VERRIER SHOWED 'EM HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE IN THAT LINE !



THAT REARDON-DORIN COMBINATION CLICKED MORE THAN ONCE. AT ONE TIME BILL R. GOT A SWELL PASS OFF FROM RIGHT IN TH' MIDDLE OF A BUNCH OF SOMERVILLE MEN ~

AND NOW WE TAKE TIME OUT TO THROW A FEW WELL ~ DESERVED ORCHIDS TO CHUCK DARLING. CAPTAIN-ELECT OF THE LATIN SCHOOL TEAM, HE HAS SHOWN SOME REMARKABLE TEAM SPIRIT AND HAS BEEN A GREAT PERFORMER ON TH' FIELD AT EVERY APPEARANCE IN TH' GAME. SO HERE'S A BIG HAND FOR CHUCK !

AND SO PASSES ANOTHER FOOTBALL SEASON. THIS YEAR TH' BOYS FINISHED UP IN A BLAZE OF GLORY. IN A ROUGH, TOUGH GAME OUT AT RUSSELL FIELD WE TOOK OUT SOMERVILLE TO TH' TUNE OF 13~0 !

BRINKERHOFF ON A FOOLISH GUY WHO THOUGHT HE COULD SCORE !

SHORTLY AFTER, MR. FIVE-BY-FIVE, JACK YILAIAN, NABBED A FUMBLE AND CHUCK DARLING, TH' MAN IN THE IRON MASK, PLUNGED OVER ~ MAKING IT 13~0 ~

Tom Lehmon '43
AT RUSSELL FIELD

SPORTS

WELL, the 1942 football season has come to a close, and with it, we hope, the last time that Latin will be forced to combine a sports team with Rindge. In spite of all the bad breaks, the coaches and players have given freely of their time, effort and energy; how pitiful that the students, their best friends, will not come to the games and support the team!

Despite the lack of support, Cambridge finished the season in a blaze of glory by holding Nashua, the New England high-school champs, to a meager fourteen points. No doubt, the absence of Captain Bill Doran hurt our team, but in spite of this, the Cantabs played a creditable game. Latin's lone touchdown came as the result of a blocked kick which Dick Aylward recovered in the end-zone; the conversion was successful, but the final whistle found Latin on the short end of a 14 to 7 score.

Against a scrappy Somerville team, Cambridge won their final game of the year. The brilliant play of Bill Reardon was the outstanding feature of this annual classic. Doran, Brinkerhoff, and Darling were the backfield stars, while all the linemen played a magnificent game to give Latin a 13 to 0 victory.

This year seems to be most promising for the hockey team. The first team is composed of Bob Heavern, Bill Reardon, and Fred Whouley in the line; Billy Maher and Charlie Boudreau on defense; and Richie Ernest, goalie. We students can help make this a successful year by attending the hockey games; an enthusiastic bunch of rooters can mean the difference between victory and defeat.

Here's best wishes for a Merry Christmas and successful season to the players on the hockey and basketball teams.

ALEX STEWART, '43

THE Durrell Club inaugurated its series of discussions for this year with an open forum on the question, "Should the Electoral College be abolished?" William Donahue made the speech in favor of abolishing the "College" and John Conant spoke in opposition to that proposal. After these two formal speeches, a general discussion was held in which each of the members enthusiastically took part.

In order to arouse the competitive spirit of the debators, we are going to form two debating teams, one consisting of Freshmen and Sophomores, the other of Juniors and Seniors, who will oppose each other in a series of debates on various topics. From these will be chosen the debators who will take part in the Annual Durrell Debate which will be held sometime in the spring. All students interested in debating or discussion should communicate with Miss O'Keefe. Try-outs for new members will be announced soon.

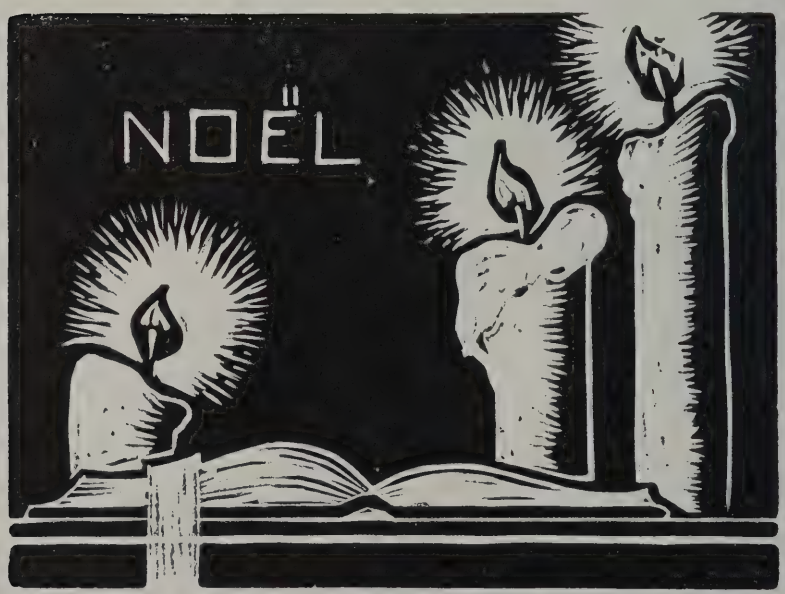
HONOR ROLL—1944

Babin, June
Belanger, Dolores
Cameron, Everett
Carlson, Barbara
Cooney, Frances
Coughlin, Mary
Cremens, Walter
Donato, Josephine
Dunn, Anna
Ferdinand, Thelma
Harris, Stanley
Haskell, Paul
Hawkes, Dorothy
Jones, Thurza
Kagan, Mildred
Kvetkas, Bertha
LeCorbieller, John
Markiewicz, Helen
Montana, Marie
Moro, Dorothy
O'Neil, John
Oppedisano, Julia
Ostro, Shirley
Parisi, Grace
Rose, Mary
Russell, Marie
Sandow, Marilyn
Silverman, Alberta
Sparks, Dorothy
Spence, Dorothy
Stokes, Eleanor
Sullivan, Ethel
Sullivan, James
Todd, Iris
Travers, Mary
Walters, Catherine
Wenskus, Ruth
Wheeler, Doris

THIS THING CALLED SWING

BACK on the beam again with some more of this thing called swing . . . Artie Shaw is organizing a band composed of all U. S. Navy men. Claude Thornhill and Sam Donahue are set to join it. When the band is completed, Artie wants to take it to Pearl Harbor as an entertainment troupe . . . Duke Ellington is at last preparing for his long postponed concert at Carnegie Hall . . . Mel Powell, the pianist, has just composed a tune entitled "Vignette to Veronica Lake" which features only those notes which can be seen with the left eye . . . The music world is saddened by the death of Ralph Rainger who wrote the music for such great tunes at "Blue Hawaii," "Faithful Forever," and the new hit "There Will Never Be Another You" . . . Gene Krupa has just signed a contract to appear in a new movie . . . Congratulations to Jimmy Dorsey whose new radio broadcast is aiding in enlistment for the Navy . . . Here are some new tunes to watch for: "Three Dreams Are One Too Many," "Can't Get Out Of This Mood," "Daddy's Letter," "A Poem Set to Music" . . . Kay Kyser's band is all set to go on tour abroad. They are going on an overseas jaunt to cheer the soldiers . . . The bands of Phil Harris, Ted Harris, and Clyde McCoy have all enlisted, completely, in the Armed Forces . . . The motion picture entitled "Stage Door Canteen" will feature four bands. They will be Benny Goodman, Guy Lombardo, Xavier Cugat and Kay Kyser . . . Johnny Long will also start a picture soon with Bud Abbott and Lou Costello . . . With this issue we shall start our yearly band poll. We want to select a King of Bandland and a Prince and Princess of Song. So send in your votes for your favorites. All you Miller, Dorsey, Krupa, Crosby, Elberle, Hutton, O'Connell and Forrest fans make your favorites the winner. We shall give you the standings in our next issue so turn in your vote early and give your favorite a head start . . . Here are some new discs to dance to until our next issue: Bob Crosby's "King Porter Stomp," Benny Goodman's "Six Flats Unfurnished," Dina Shore's "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home to," Glenn Miller's "Sleepy Town Train," Bing Crosby's "The Road to Morocco." Until our next issue, keep swinging!

ROBERT GUEST, '43.



BOSTON AND ALBANY DE LUXE

THE dismal coach I happen to be poured into is a grimy, dimly lit, stuffy affair, admitting of no air other than that saturated with coal dust, and filled to the very last uncomfortable seat. The very last? I take that back. A certain exhausted young buck private is selfishly occupying two—lengthwise, and after the manner of a piano accordion.

After vainly squirming and maneuvering about my limited quarters for a reasonably comfortable position, and finally serpentining myself into an unreasonably tortuous one, I notice that my fellow traveler by the window is becoming obviously annoyed by these various wriggles and corkscrews. I durst not stir 'til we are some odd miles from Worcester, our starting point.

The bald head of an elderly gentleman in front of me becomes the shiny object of my intent gaze. My eyes are drawn to it as if by magnetic impulse and irresistibly dwell upon the smooth, unembellished surface. Indeed it seems to be the cheeriest spot in the car, having captured and reflected in brilliant highlight the combined glow of several overhead lamps. For a moment I am engulfed by a wave of uneasiness as I wonder if the passenger behind me is examining my humble scalp with similar scrutiny, and self-consciously sink a few inches further into my seat.

A faint sound, akin to that of a muffled scream, announces that we are nearing Framingham. I suspect that is our whistle, as several people, acting on the same inference, or their own previous experience (I don't know which) are reaching for their coats and bags. The brakeman importantly pops into the further end of the coach and loudly informs us that the next station is "Aaaaarummmmpfh!" and pops out again, to roar the same nonsense into the next four cars. With a shriek of protesting brakes, the train slows, pauses momentarily, and lumbers on once more.

I become drowsy, and yawn, cavernously, taking no pains to conceal my torpid state. My fellow traveler by the window yawns about as discreetly, and I am next aware of several people in our immediate vicinity becoming affected and following suite. We are all, as a consequence, red-eyed.

Another asthmatic wheeze from the whistle and another incoherent hail from the brakeman herald our arrival at Newtonville. A heavy, sluggish, lethargic atmosphere pervades our car, and we are all nodding as our tired, puffing engine takes Huntington Station in its stride and rolls on to South Station, where, for the last time, the reluctant brakes scream their defiance, are subdued, and the panting engine breathes a final steamy sigh of relief and lapses into silence. We have arrived.

MARY ALICE BIGLER, '44.

INFORMATION PLEASE

LET'S play Information Please with Joel Ashly. Mr. Ashly is the new star find of the play "The Sun field" and will soon be on his way to Hollywood to grace the silver screen. Are you ready, Mr. Ashly?

Mr. Ashly: Ready.

Q. Where were you born?
A. Forest Hills, New York.
Q. How tall are you?
A. Six feet —
Q. Well!
A. Three inches.
Q. (after I got my breath) Have you always been this tall?
A. Oh no, only since I was fifteen.
Q. What have been some of your other professional shows?
A. "The American Way," "Of Mice and Men"—
Q. Do you like summer stock?
A. Very much.
Q. Have you done any other work besides acting?
A. A little. I've dug ditches, driven a truck, boxed—
Q. Well, you have kept yourself busy.
A. I was also a Marine.
Q. What are your hobbies?
A. Reading and drawing.
Q. Will you like working in pictures?
A. I hope so. I know I'll like the money to be made in pictures.
Q. Who are your favorite actor and actress?
A. Margaret Sullavan is my favorite actress and the late John Barrymore my favorite actor.
Q. Did you know Mr. Barrymore?
A. Yes. He was a great actor and a great person.
Q. Have you a favorite role?
A. I'd like to play Hamlet, but don't tell anybody.

I won't, Mr. Ashly, and thank you.

ROBERT GUEST, '43.

FINIS

A SMALL, frail man, in a military uniform, is seated in a huge chair behind a massive, polished desk. His elbows rest on the desk in front of him and his face is hidden in his hands. Behind him, in a niche in the wall, is a huge plaster swastika. The only light in the room comes through two large windows. The sun is almost down.

Slowly the man draws his hands away from his face; his eyes are bright and feverish. Moving as if in a trance, he twirls a small globe on the desk before him and stares at it. He catches glimpses of the various countries—England, Libya, Russia, the United States. The very names seem to mock him. In a passion he dashes the globe to the floor.

Suddenly he starts, as the sound of scattered shots reaches his ears. He listens intently for a moment, and a gleam of hope shows in his eyes, only to give way to despair. Then he hears the measured tread of booted feet in the corridor. In a frenzy, he throws himself down and beats on the floor with his clenched fists. He gnashes his teeth; his lips are flecked with foam.

The door opens and a tall soldier dressed in khaki stands over him. Slowly, with his arm upraised as if to ward off a blow, the little man gets to his feet. The tall soldier steps forward and snaps a pair of steel bracelets on his wrists. Then he leads him away.

As they go out of the room, the soldier slams the door shut behind them. The vibration disturbs the balance of the plaster swastika; it falls from its niche and is smashed into a hundred pieces.

The sun is down now. Slowly the dusk gathers in the room, and the scene is blotted out.

WALTER S. CREMENS, '44

THE VOICE OF DESTRUCTION

by HERMAN RAUSCHNING

Longmans, Green and Co.

"The Voice of Destruction" is practically a verbatim report of the author's private conversations with Hitler between 1932 and 1935. Eight years ago Hitler explained the tactics of the "New War" which astonished the allies, and mapped out his designs on America. Former confidants of Der Fuehrer don't usually get out of Germany alive, but Rauschning did. Thus his revelations of Hitler's personality and ideas are probably the most authentic on record.

ROBERT DICOMES, '46.

FAILURE OF A MISSION

by SIR NEVILLE HENDERSON

G. P. Putnam Sons

MOST of us will never forget the last weeks of August, 1939, when by radio and newspapers we followed Sir Neville Henderson's tragic efforts to keep peace in Europe. We know that war was declared, but not until now have we had a full explanation of why. Probably no one is in a better position to give adequate answers to our questions than Sir Neville Henderson. In "Failure of a Mission" he dramatically describes his experiences in Germany between May, 1937, and September, 1939, during which time he turned from friend to foe of the Nazi regime. With Rauschning's "Voices of Destruction," this historic document is indispensable to the understanding of pre-war Germany and its leader, Adolf Hitler.

ROBERT DICOMES, '46.

★ ★

What You Buy With

WAR STAMPS

★ ★

Essential in the equipment of every Soldier, Sailor, Marine or Flyer is a first aid kit, consisting of bandages and antiseptics for instantaneous use. These materials are packed into a compact box and cost about $1.50 each.

We need millions of these first aid kits for emergency treatment. They are also used by Red Cross workers, in field hospitals and wherever needed until hospital treatment may be obtained. Every student could buy one or more of these kits through purchase of War Stamps. The Schools At War program will show you how to buy Stamps regularly.

U. S. Treasury Department

GIRLS' SPORTS

HERE we are, back again to give you some data about our athletic femmes.

The inter-class basketball competition will begin on Tuesday, December 8, when the Seniors play a combined team of Sophomores and Juniors. We also have future games with Somerville and Watertown. Because of the scarcity of Sophomores and Juniors, a combined team was necessary. We have noticed that all the clubs are having the same difficulty in their shortage of members. This is undoubtedly due to war work.

The tennis doubles tournament has not been completed as yet!

Practice Puns:

Mary Kelly has been christened with a new nickname by her team-mates. I wonder what it is?

Don't let Alice Cooper's nose guard frighten you!

"Babe" Ford is following in sister Peggy's footsteps.

Theresa Burns plays forward and does the rhumba at the same time.

Elise "Dead Eye" Lane can't seem to miss a basket.

Our two guards, Mary Manning and Eleanor Verrill, were seen amusing themselves by moving lockers around in the locker room!

Congratulations to the Freshmen for their fine showing at practice.

So long for now and a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MARJORIE KELLEY, '43

G. A. A. REPORT

GREETINGS, fellow members! Here we are again bubbling over with enthusiasm, ready to bring you the latest news.

A few weeks ago the G.A.A. had a Bond Drive. The officers worked hard for a few days selling tags for nickel or more and were rewarded for their hard work by receiving enough money to buy a fifty dollar ($50) War Bond and seven dollars and a half ($7.50) in War Stamps. The officers wish to thank everyone who contributed to the bond.

One day in November, the G.A.A. had a walking hike. The girls had a brisk walk up to Belmont and back. We are all looking forward to having another one soon. It was under the direction of Mary Alice Bigler.

On December 18th, there will be a Christmas Party in the gym after school. A very impressive entertainment is being arranged for the party, with many Freshmen taking part. Santa Claus will also be there to give presents to all the guests. We hope that a lot of our members will come.

On behalf of Miss Brown, the officers, and myself I want to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

MARY DILLON, '43

OUTING CLUB

THE outing club is well on its way to another successful year. At its first meeting, the club elected the following officers:

President	Frances Bolger
Vice-President	Hilda Davis
Treasurer	Carmeline Rose
Secretary	Joanne McConnell

Since then the club has been very active. We climaxed four trips to Waltham with a trip to the Harvard Observatory in the Blue Hills. Cliff Ruggles and Dennis Cahill drove two cars which were crowded with boys and girls. All who went on this trip had a wonderful time and they gained some excellent exerience in mountaineering. The club hopes to make an over-night trip to New Hampshire in the near future. All members who are interested in skiing, skating, and tobogganing will have an excellent opportunity to enjoy these sports in New Hampshire.

Already this year the club has published its paper, "The Outing Club News" which tells about the club activities. This paper will be published bi-monthly and will be circulated about the school.

Although the club has thirty members, new members will be welcome. This seems to be an excellent chance for any who are interested in having a good time in the great out-of-doors. We meet every Friday in Room 130. Anyone interested in joining should attend one of these meetings.

JOHN CAHILL, '43

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

INTERMISSION is over and we ring up the curtain on Act II. At our Christmas meeting a Christmas play was presented. The play was "The Christmas Spirit," written by Robert Guest and directed by Mary Broussard with the following cast:

Jane	Marjorie McArthur
Betty	Violet Soloman
Rita	Virginia Lyons
Mary	Catherine Cooper
Theresa	Vera Chevany
Mr. McLaughlin	Howard Smolar
Mrs. McLaughlin	Catherine Bolger
Stranger	Walter Cremens

Plans were made for a theater party to see the popular play "Junior Miss."

The Dramatic Club again visited Tufts to see their production of "Wuthering Heights," which was very well done. The audience was quite thrilled by the performance of Heathcliff.

The Dramatic Club also visited Emerson College where they saw a modern version of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing." It was very enjoyable to see the famous characters of Beatrice and Benedict in modern clothes.

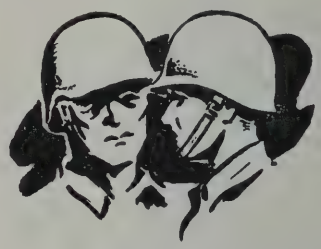
Lester Crowley, one of our ex-members is now in the Service. He enlisted in the Army Air Corps and is stationed at Shaw Field, South Carolina. Needless to say, we are very proud of him. The best of luck Lester and happy landings!

Until we meet again the Dramatic Club wishes you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

ROBERT GUEST, '43

What You Buy With WAR STAMPS

When the American Expeditionary Force landed in Ireland recently newspapers reported the citizenry remarked at the similarity of the steel helmets worn by our boys with those worn by German troops. These steel hats are protection from shrapnel fragments and other light missiles. We need thousands of them for they are a regular issue to every American soldier.



A smart strap fastens under the chin and they are padded for comfort. One steel helmet costs $5 so every time you fill a $5 stamp book you are buying protection for an American soldier. The Schools at War program will show you how to do your bit for our armed forces through the regular purchase of War Savings Stamps.

U. S. Treasury Department

HONOR ROLL—1945

Berman, Robert
Bettencourt, Dorothy
Bulger, Yvonne
Butler, Dorothy
Butler, Helen
Cellucci, Mary
Cherelli, Evelyn
Colburn, Marie
Corcoran, Ann
Crocker, Marian
Curtin, Rita
Davidson, Margaret
Doliber, Mary
Ford, Isabel
Frangione, Jennie
Frotianni, Gaetano
Gaipo, Dorothy
Hastings, Marie
Hayes, Marian
Herlihy, Mary
Kallman, James
Krikorian, Anne
Klopstock, William
Leary, Eileen
Levy, Lillian
Loofbourow, John
Lurio, Herbert
Marshall, Ruth
Maxwell, Theresa
Miskevitch, Sophia
McCusker, Elizabeth
McLocklin, Dorothy
McParlin, Joan
Owens, Marilyn
Perin, Diane
Puddister, Margaret
Santamaria, Joseph
Schlein, Herbert
Shine, Marilyn
Silva, Marie
Solomon, Violet
Sutherland, James
Touchette, Jean
Walker, Ann
West, Georgina
Zacharakis, Louis
Zacharchuk, Elizabeth
Zukas, Helen

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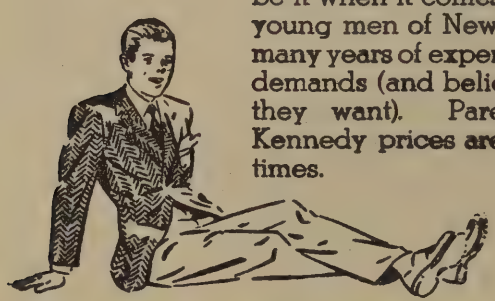

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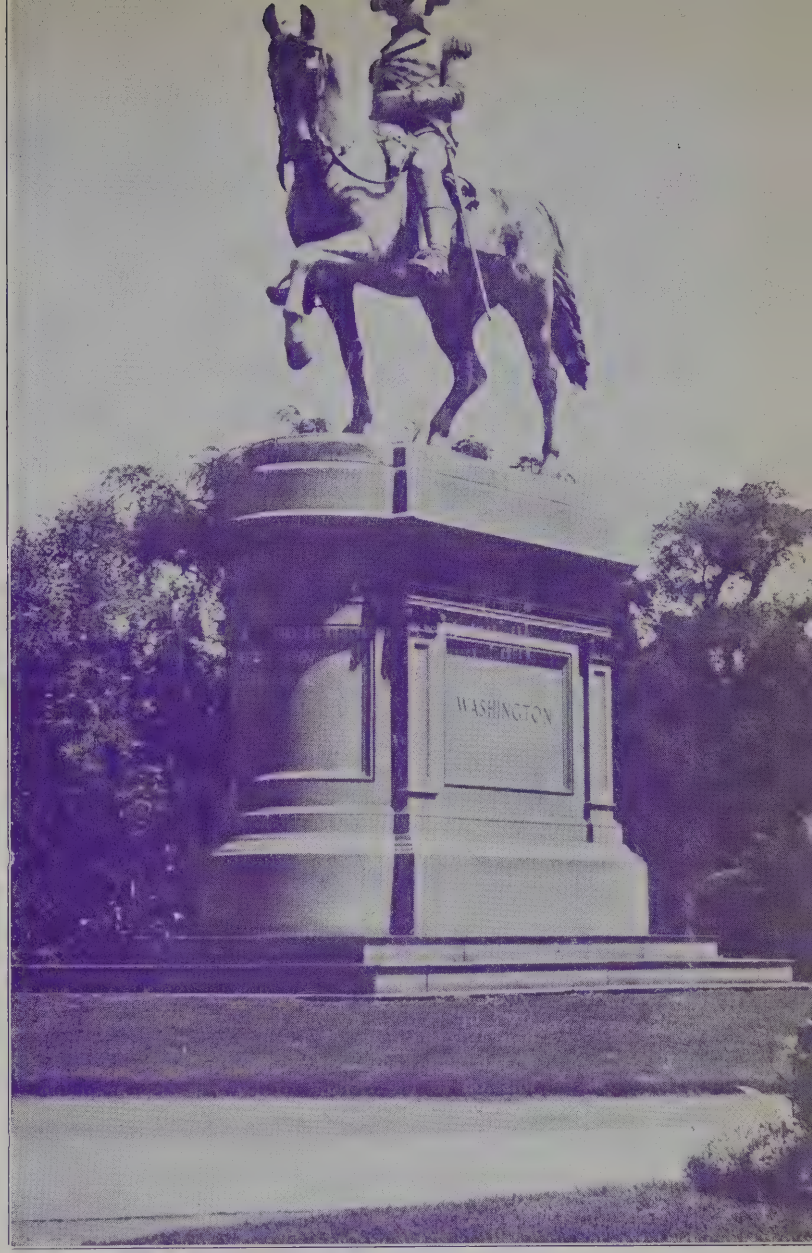

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Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

FEBRUARY 1943

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 56 NUMBER 3

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SCHOOL SPIRIT 1943

FOR many years past, the Senior Questionnaire has shown the No. 1 complaint of the graduating class to be the utter lack of any appreciable amount of school spirit.

Every year, at the beginning of each new sports season, an appeal is made to the students to give their wholehearted support to the school teams through a large attendance at the various athletic events. Invariably, this request falls on deaf ears. The lack of enthusiasm likewise includes all the other extra-curricular activities of the school. Attendance at debates and dramatic presentations is usually disappointingly poor.

This year, the first few hockey games saw comparatively large crowds attracted but, as the season progressed, the number of students present at these games dwindled to almost 0 (a new low in "school spirit") so that at the end of the season at the last two or three games, the Cambridge team came on the ice without so much as a single yell from the spectators. What a contrast this is with the ovation given by the Melrose fans to their team!!

The prospect of any immediate change in the attitude of the student body toward the deplorable state of their "school Spirit" is so dim as to be almost hopeless.

If any one of you has a helpful suggestion for the improvement of this situation, write it down on a piece of paper, drop it in the box outside the Review office and we'll say, "Thank You!"

R. O'B. '43

A REQUEST

A fireplace and the leaping flames,
A dog that romped about us,
A father's pipe and rattling paper,
A sweetheart's gentle smile and kiss;
Lest we forget those things so dear,
Won't you write us a letter?

It need not be long or impressive,
A few bits of everyday living,
A word to cherish on the march,
A memory to carry us o'er the batttle;
Lest we forget these things so dear,
Wont' you write us a letter?

ALICE COOPER '43

Winners of the Spelling Bee are as follows:

English I—Helen Scannell

English II—Everett Morrow

English III—James Finnigan

English IV—Frances Quint

EVEN OUR WORDS HAVE GONE TO WAR

WHAT distinguishes the present war from all others is the complete mobilization of all the resources of a fighting nation including its vocabulary. To-day newspapers and radio programs offer prizes for the best war slogans submitted and the speeches of statesmen are carefully searched for any epigrammatic phrase which can be magnified into a battle-cry. "Blood, sweat, and tears," "Keep 'em flying," and "V for victory," are examples of words that have gone to war.

It is true that words were used in the First World War. But at that time it seems that most statesmen appeared to mean what they said. The Germans did not hide their intentions. They shouted pugnaciously "Germany over all," and "Drive to the East." When Wilson said, "Make the world safe for democracy," he certainly did mean just that. And in those times if a man ever began to jabber about "capitalistic exploitation of the proletariat," everyone knew at once that he was indeed a Communist or at any rate somebody unpleasant.

But all that has changed. To-day the Germans talk glibly of "New Order in Europe." The Japanese blithely announce their plan for a "co-prosperity sphere in East Asia." There is not a single totalitarian country which does not proclaim itself more democratic than the so-called "pluto-democracies" of England and our country. General Franco, after denouncing Bolshevism, is very proud to announce that he has put an end to the capitalistic domination of Spain. Truly the proverbial man from Mars would have little to choose from among the statements issued by the warring nations. All of them are fighting for peace, prosperity, and security.

Our government has been trying hard to mobilize words to stop the Axis. The Vice-president has made many speeches in an endeavor to supply necessary words. Indeed, he has produced the phrase "Century of the common man" but that is somewhat ambiguous. What happens after the century is over? But surely there are more important things in this war than words. Let our words volunteer for action if they wish, but let us not try to draft them when they are unwilling.

ELI KAMINSKY '43

LA MARSEILLAISE

IT WAS a misty October evening in the year 1942 with the Germans still in control of France. Though the cruel and heartless Nazis tried in innumerable ways to suppress the flame of freedom in the hearts of Frenchmen, it still burned brightly as ever in the bosoms of many.

An old beggar, hunched and shivering, ambled along the streets of the slums of sleeping Paris, clutching his thin, ragged coat tighter about him. Under his left arm he carried a clumsy bundle; in his right a short, heavy cane which he tapped hollowly on the pavements as he walked. Glancing surreptitiously about, the old man, seeing nothing to disturb him, suddenly with a vigor unbelievable for his age, darted into a darkened stairway. Upon his giving a certain knock on the door, it was opened a trifle, and the man slipped in quickly. Inside there was a group of determined men sitting around the table poring over some maps of Paris. This group of men was part of the Underground, an organization of saboteurs with the design to hinder the New Order. It seemed that they had finished the plans for destroying an important railroad terminal in the center of Paris, but were awaiting the destructive implement for doing such a thing, a bomb which the new arrival had brought. Since this railroad center was heavily guarded, it was sure death to anyone doing this deed. As the men drew lots to see who would go, a silence as deathly as a tomb fell over them. The two fellows chosen by fate to go bid farewell to their comrades, lifted up the clumsy bundle, and departed.

It was the darkest hour, the hour before dawn and two dark shapes could be seen crawling toward the center of the terminal. Breathing heavily, the two men finally reached their destination. As they were about to ignite the fuse of the bomb, a shout in coarse German was heard. They had been discovered. Knowing that escape was impossible, one of the two drew a revolver from his pocket and shot straight at the bundle of destruction.

As the dawn came, the group of men, sitting tensely in their chairs in the cellar, heard the explosion and knew they had succeeded. With happiness and hope in their eyes they all, gazing heavenward, arose and sang the song closest to their hearts, the song of the French people, the song of freedom, hope and bravery—La Marseillaise.

PAUL PEARLSON '45

"PLUG-UGLY" BLITZKRIEG

SETTLING back in my broad armchair, I drowse to the lulling strains of a light concerto; smugly content, I prepare to spend a quiet evening by the radio. Suddenly, in the midst of my dreamy contentment, a harsh voice blasts out at me through the speaker, introducing a nasal chorus whining, "Soo-purr suds, Soo-pur suds, oh those suds with soo-purr doo!"

My reverie has flown to ethereal heights; seething with rage, I flip the squirming dial in a frenzied effort to escape this hackneyed plug. For a few short moments an engrossing commentator soothes my harried nerves with his vivid news analysis. Alas, my joy is too short-lived for there is a sudden awkward pause, and a bass growl roars forth from the speaker's depths. "Do your false teeth slip?" it queries. "If so, Dentlock will help you prevent that deep embarrassment."

With a sigh I send the dial spinning once more, and find myself in the midst of a stirring drama. Just as my interest has been aroused, a syrupy voice breaks into the midst of the tension demurely inquiring, "Do you inhale?" On and on it speeds, heaping on my tortured ears "the sworn records of eminent medical journals." By this time even my curiosity to follow the denouement of the drama can hold me no longer to this stuffy commercial.

Morosely resorting to a program of classical recordings, I relax to the soothing rhythm of "Martha" only to be jerked from my seat by a loud crash introducing a ukelele chorus, plugging the merits of Dawson's ale and beer. No sooner do I evade this ear-splitting refrain, than I am caught by a falsetto lament, "My husband refused to kiss me. I was so unhappy. Now Colgate's miracle-foam tooth-paste has made us just a pair of lovebirds."

Finally, after a few frantic jerks, I reach the temporary sanctity of a news broadcast. Imagine my horror to hear the solemn commentator pour forth in one mighty gust, "The Germans are retreating if you don't feel well wake up the flow of nature's vital digestive juices with Carter's Little Liver Pills."

My nerves are now so shattered, that as a last resort, I seek a comedy variety to restore my jolted sense of humor. Just as the first chuckle escapes my dry depths, the comedian's breezy quips are interrupted by the mournful wail of a fog-horn roaring "Bee-oh-Nothing is more dismal than Bee-oh!"

In utter despair, I turn off the dial and crawl to bed in exhaustion. A neighbor's radio sounds across the court; no longer do I offer resistance to the incessant "plug-uglies." Entirely vanquished, I waft myself to sleep to the lilting strains of "two little dewdrops sitting on a vine."

JUANITA ROOP '43

AN EVZONE'S ESCAPADE

PETER stood on the hilltop, a Greek boy only about thirteen, looking down at the enemy emplacements below and schemed how to avenge his homeland. Then with an aching heart, he turned and retraced his steps down the narrow mountain trail. In his memory was the beauty of the once free land of Greece, then grim reality revealed its ugly head in the form of these Nazis who had transformed this beautiful land into a living Hell. This once flourishing nation had been sacked and pillaged by its tyrannical conquerors. He realized that it was growing near his supper-time; therefore he turned into the yard of his modest home and washed up before going in to his meal. Just as the family was settling down to a meal of feta and bread, a knock on the door was heard. Peter jumped up and answered it. Over the threshold staggered a wounded Evzone. Peter leaped forward to his aid and helped him into the house where he was made comfortable. Peter ran out to his neighbor's home and got the doctor to come to his friend's side.

After having his wounds dressed, the Evzone spoke: "My name is Gregory Chaconas; I served under King George until he was forced to flee to Crete. I, with the rest of my platoon, was taken prisoner and held as hostage in a concentration camp for over a year. I escaped two nights ago and met a French Tuareg who gave me some information concerning Allied troop movement and orders from my superior officer. I need someone to help me. That is the reason that I stopped in here; will you help me? Much may depend on this night's work; will you help me?"

Peter nodded his head in consent because his eyes had become watery with joyous thought that here was the chance he had looked forward to. Here was his chance to try to help his country; he must do it; he would do it.

He asked when they were to start and Gregory replied, "Right now; come; let us hasten; the hour draws near."

When they were outdoors, Gregory then told Peter what he had refrained from saying in front of Peter's parents: that there was little chance they would come out of this escapade alive. "When we see two flares shot from an Allied destroyer, we are to set fire to the vineyards surrounding the arsenal. They are dry and should flame like tinder. Hurry!"

They crept by the sentry outside the yard and hastened to light a torch, preparatory to plunging it into the heap of brush they had collected. Up went the flares, two red messengers of attack. Gregory shouted and sprang forward, plunging the fiery brand into the brush pile; Peter, on the other side of the vineyard, had attacked the sentry; there was, therefore, nothing to stop the fire from consuming the arsenal. With a thunderous boom, the ammunition building exploded, shaking the ground upon which the two comrades stood, at a comparatively safe distance from the dump.

With misty eyes Peter looked up to the heavens above and murmured a silent prayer of thanksgiving. In his ears he could hear a voice saying, "You have done well by your parents, Peter, and are a credit to the cause for which you fight, that of peace and equality. God bless you!"

ROBERT DICOMES '46

Visitor: "And what is your name, my good man?"

Prisoner: 9668.

Visitor: But 9668 is not your real name!

Prisoner: No; it's just my pen name.

IN THE LAUGHTER OF A CHILD

RECENTLY I read an article in the Reader's Digest. It said that German soldiers in Occupied Holland were giving chocolate and goodies to the Dutch children in return for their laughter. Their laughing voices, transmitted over a microphone, showed the German people at home that the Dutch children loved having the Germans in Holland and that conditions were of the best between the two countries. The article said that all the children accepted the chocolate and laughed obligingly for the Reich's soldiers. However, I think something like this may have occurred.

One little Dutch boy, standing among the other children, refuses the chocolate. He has stubborn blue eyes and his blond hair is determinedly straight. He screams in childish tones, "I will not laugh for you. Neither for chocolate nor bread nor even meat!" He stamps his worn out sabot. The German soldiers simply tell him that, as he refuses to laugh, he will get no chocolate, and he lapses into sullen silence.

Katrina, Peter, Jacob, and Gretel and his other small friends gulp down their sweets delightedly, and perhaps one may hear a little genuine laughter. The sight is too much for his boyish heart. He shouts, "I will laugh! I will laugh! Only give me some chocolate!"

He runs up to the leader, grabs a handful of chocolate and begins to laugh into the microphone. He laughs and laughs. It is not the delighted laughter of a child, but bitter, strangely adult laughter. The soldiers are pleased, but the people listening at home are not pleased. They catch in that bitter note the defiance of a brave country trodden under the enemy heel. And cold shivers creep up their spines. They know that retribution and doom are near!

PEGGY REYNOLDS '44

"TO MAKE WAR IS TO ATTACK"

"TO MAKE war is to attack." That famous saying applies not only to wars fought on battlefields, but also to wars against shortages. The sooner we realize that fact, the easier it will be to win the war.

Today we do not worry about sugar. There is now enough for everyone. But not so very long ago this common sweetening agent was practically unobtainable. Some persons, indeed, did have a great deal stored away, but most of us did not hoard and so had to do without. However, as soon as sugar was rationed, it began to reappear on the grocer's shelves, and we were then able to purchase as before except for the formality of tearing out a rationing stamp.

That incident should have been a lesson to us. From it we could have drawn the conclusion that rationing is the only way to distribute a scarce commodity fairly and that the sooner a commodity is rationed the better. Our experience with coffee should have indicated the same thing. But apparently we still have not learned.

We know that there must be a shortage of meat and butter. But the government has not advanced beyond the persuasion stage. We are told that it would be very nice if we cooperated by buying less meat and butter and the meat shortage would be greatly alleviated if the butchers closed on Mondays. I suppose when butter will be shown to us as some golden yellow substance which we used to put on our bread and when half the horses of the country have been sacrificed, the government will then announce that new ration books are coming rapidly off the presses and will be ready in two months. From previous experience, the above nightmare is about what we could expect.

Now, understand that I do not blame the government for this unhappy situation. When the government does try to ration a commodity before it becomes scarce, then it is greeted with derision. The people almost rose up in arms against the first attempt to check the use of gasoline in the East. Even the belligerent Secretary Ickes had to give way to an angry Congress. In more recent times the anger of people in the Mid-west at gasoline rationing for the preservation of tires alarmed the government. Some political experts have gone so far as to say that the last election indicates that the people believe the government has been too tough in its rationing program. Whether that is true or not, the national government, rather than stir up popular resentment, has chosen, for the most part, to allow a shortage to grow and grow, until the necessity for rationing becomes apparent to everyone.

In view of all this, we must demonstrate to our government our readiness for equal sacrifice. Let us back up the remarkably courageous decision of the government to ration canned foods. Let us write to our Congressmen and tell them to reserve their politics for another day and to make the O. P. A. act more aggressively to prevent critical shortages, even if the head of the O. P. A. does not know how to handle Congress. "To make war is to attack;" to prevent shortages is to ration before the shortages occur.

ELI KAMINSKY '43

QUIZ PROGRAMS ON THE RADIO

ONE may increase his knowledge in many fields by merely turning on his radio any weekday, Sunday, or holiday to one of the hundreds of quiz programs.

In the beginning when the quiz program was still in its early stages, the contestants had only to answer civil questions in a civil manner. For example, success might depend on the answer to such a question as who was the president who succeeded Wilson? If they were blessed with knowledge, they were amply rewarded for their efforts. With the rapid increase in the popularity of the quiz program, however, this condition has been altered greatly, much to the dismay of level-headed, sensible people. Of course, to people who enjoy the sight of bloodshed, to those who thrill at another's danger, these new programs are a delight. Nowadays, wives battle their husbands, secretaries "get back" at their bosses, the Centerville Girl Scouts match wits with the Midville Boy Scouts, and children who should be reading Grimm's instead of Darwin, fight it out with some learned and esteemed professors who are utterly dumbfounded by the knowledge of the children. If you want to know what the Pachyderma are, or if you have an urge to find out how many feet the pseudocarp has, then by all means, listen in.

Recently, "something new has been added" to the quiz program. If one cannot answer his question, he must step out onto the sidewalk in front of the studio and propose to the first woman he sees, or perhaps criticize his wife's hat!

However, no longer do the sponsors reimburse the fortunate contestants with "hard money"; instead one may be the recipient of eight dozen ping-pong balls, a box of vitamins plus,, or a stick of shaving cream.

Yes, the modern quiz show has turned itself into a bloodless slaughter; it may be compared to the ancient gladiators of Rome who battled with spears and swords, although in a quiz program, there are no visible weapons. Such a contest, as one program so aptly says, is "a battle of wits."

ROLAND LAINE

ALUMNI NOTES

TO FIND an example of excellent spirit and wonderful patriotism, one need look no farther than Mrs. Rita Lund, formerly Rita Ehler '40. Only a few days after her marriage to Ensign Lund, she received the news that he was "missing," after the sinking of his ship. Instead of becoming downhearted and moping, Rita has joined the Waves to avenge her husband. Another recent Waves joiner is Henrietta Publicover.

Among the new diamond-flashes are Audrey Hawks, '40, and Esther McGloin '41. By the way, Esther's brother Frank recently joined the Navy. Edith Saint is engaged to Bob Hayden. Josephine Prebenson '42 is engaged to Paul Concannon.

Jean McHugh '42, is still enjoying herself training to become a nurse. William Mahoney, a former C. H. L. S. pupil, now an instructor in the Navy Air Force, was home recently on a short leave. Tom Lovett '41 is now a corporal studying at an Army Radio School in a college in Georgia. Mr. David Ronan, a former member of our faculty, is stationed at an army camp in Texas. Mrs. Win Holland, formerly Anne Whitten '41, has gone to live with her husband at Boise, Idaho, where Win is stationed. Johnny Brennan '38 and Armand Bogosian are now Ensigns. Johnny is stationed at Harvard. Machinists Mate Joseph Souza is now training at the Navy Pre-Flight School in Athens, Georgia. Mrs. Tom Mooney, formerly Frances Macklin, who attended C. H. L. S. a few years ago, has been living with her sailor husband at New Orleans; she plans to return home to Cambridge, however, when her husband is shipped out. Now in the Army are George Wallace '41, Jack Timmons '38 and George Mooney, whose brother, Jack, is a Private First Class in the Marine Corps. Ray Lychorn '41, now in the Navy, was home recently on leave. Sailor Vinny Lovett '41 spent Christmas with his family.

Now that colleges are accepting students at midyear, many of the boys who were P. G.'s have left us. Louis Theodore and Theodore Laskowsky are now at Harvard. By the way, we have just heard that Eleanor D. Pearlson '39, a graduate of B. U., is now serving as an Ensign in the Waves. Charles "Shortly" Hollisian, C. H. L. S. '36, now a radio operator in the Merchant Marine has been awarded the Maritime ribbon. His ship, in a convoy bound for Murmansk, Russia, was sunk by enemy dive bombers.

MARGARET DROLETTE '43

WHAT'S GOOD ON THE RADIO

LIKE the essays on Roger de Coverly, the radio has a twofold purpose, to instruct and to entertain. Some people are of the opinion that the radio has not fulfilled its purpose, that now its main plan to merely to advertise colorfully and widely.

Everyone likes to laugh. Any man who is gifted with a strong sense of humor prides himself greatly upon that fact. Most of man's inventions, the automobile, the train, the airplane, have been used, not only for business, but for pleasure. The radio is no exception. America's top-ranking comedians are heard at regular intervals over the air. Take, for example, Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Fred Allen, and Henry Aldrich. How limited would be our enjoyment of these "funny men" were it not for the radio!

Among radio's greatest services to the country particularly now, in time of war, are the news broadcasts given very frequently by such splendid commentators as Raymond Gram Swing and Lowell Thomas. In broadcasting operas and classic dramas, too, the radio has not failed us.

Of course, many people object to the so called "soap-operas," which entertain thousands of housewives daily. The tragedies of "Mary Marlin," of "Helen Trent," and of several more thrill some but bore others.

Although at times the radio may annoy us by too frequent advertising, it must be admitted that radio offers something of interest to everyone. To change by one word the wise thought of Abraham Lincoln, "you can please all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time but you can't please all of the people all of the time."

MARIE RUSSELL '44

BOOK REVIEW

The Skin of Our Teeth by Thornton Wilder
Harper and Brothers, Publishers

Since Mr. Wilder has deserted the field of the novel, he has turned to play writing. His new play, "The Skin of Our Teeth", has just been published in book form. It makes just as entertaining reading as any of his books.

The story is of the Antrobus family and their maid Sabina. It tells how mankind has survived by the skin of its teeth.

Mr. Wilder has again proved how versatile he is in his story telling. His "The Bridge of Sun Luis Rey" was different and won the Pulitzer Prize. His "Our Town" was different and won the Pulitzer Prize. This is certainly different and looks to me as if it might have a very good chance of winning another Pulitzer Prize for Mr. Wilder.

ROBERT GUEST '43

MY FRIEND ACROSS THE SEA

AFTER being asked by a friend whether I would be interested in writing to an English girl, I replied enthusiastically in the affirmative. What could be more appealing than beginning a friendship with a strange person in a strange country, a country then engaged in war?

My first letter was mailed in mid-May. Two months passed; I seemed to be waiting in vain. Finally, on July 17, my birthday, the first letter from Barbara arrived. It was one of the nicest birthday gifts I have ever received. It consisted of fourteen pages and a picture which convinced me that my new friend was an exceptional correspondent.

Barbara is seventeen, and lives in Sheffield, England. She has graduated from an Intermediate School, which corresponds to our high school, and has taken a year's course at Commercial college. This included typing, shorthand, bookkeeping, commercial arithmetic, geography, and French. Armed with these assets, Barbara started out to earn a living, and now works in an important steel company engaged in war work. Her official title is an assistant secretary's secretary.

Barbara's father was in the R. A. F. until very recently, when he was honorably discharged because of contracting a serious illness. However, to keep himself busy, he has joined the Home Guard. Although he is much safer at home, Barbara is a bit sorry, for she was very proud of him in his uniform.

Certain parts of these letters proved interesting to me, for conditions in England are quite different from conditions in America. For instance, on account of the Double Summer time the English were on in July, it was not yet dark at 11:30 P. M. Since our country was not yet at war, Barbara's revelation concerning rationing sounded amazing. Tea, sugar, butter, bacon, eggs, cheese, jams, milk, cereals, dried fruits, and clothes are rationed in England.

I particularly enjoyed her explanation concerning clothes rationing, and hope that our country will not be forced to resort to the system of coupons used in England. There are for the English sixty coupons to spend on clothes in about thirteen or fourteen months. A coat costs eighteen, a pair of stockings, two, and so on. At this rate, Barbara exclaims that she could use her own, her mother's and father's, and still want more. Petrol, English gasoline, is also rationed, so Barbara's father has been forced to put his car away for the duration.

Although Barbara is kept quite busy at school and work, she squeezes in some time to play tennis, her favorite summertime sport. She also enjoys bicycle riding, and walking through the beautiful English countryside which she so vividly describes. On most of those walks she is accompanied by her friend Margaret. Margaret and Barbara have been friends all of their lives and are constant companions. In fact they are inseparable; one is never seen without the other. Both girls have a great appreciation for music. They are not classical music fans, but go in for well known semi classics; they prefer dance music, sentimental, not swing.

Although Barbara is very careful not to include anything objectionable in her letters, the censor has taken a few things out. For example, she onetime explained how an air raid siren sounded and the number of blasts that were blown. Both these words were cut right out of the paper. Another time, she was explaining a certain horrible sight that she had seen in the city square. The censor evidently did not want me to know what that sight was; consequently, it too was removed.

The fact that it takes two months for my letters to reach England, and Barbara's approximately three weeks to reach here is a little disheartening. However, in wartime there is much more important transporting to be done; mere correspondence is secondary, so I must not complain.

Here is a paragraph from one of Barbara's letters, which I thought interesting enough to quote. She says, "It's funny, how we over here have a definite impression of Young America (gathered from the movies, of course). There are lots of pretty girls, cosmetics, and plenty of nice boys at school and dances, and the most terrific fun. I suppose that you have your idea of what Young Britain is like too. Well if it's anything like the way in which British schools are portrayed in American films, please don't believe it. The film producers seem to think that all the kids over here are frightfully 'posh' and all that sort of thing with plenty of 'cads' and 'Mater and Pater' thrown in, with a too, too delightful Oxford accent. I have yet to meet someone of that species. Believe me, we are all quite sane and normal."

I imagine that Barbara is quite sane and normal; in fact, is a typical English girl. I am quite proud to have her as a friend, and my greatest ambition is that we meet after the war. Of course, the welcome mat is displayed prominently at both of our homes, and perhaps someday my ambition will become a realization.

STEPHANIE LAPLACE '43

Boy: Have you heard that the Battle of Bunker Hill is going to be fought over again?

Girl: Why?

Boy: It wasn't fought on the level.

WORLD PEACE

"THERE is no such thing as an everlasting peace." These words contain stinging sarcasm for us now engaged in a titanic struggle for rights only twenty-odd years after "the war to end all wars." After the armistice in 1918, the peoples of the world in a vain endeavor to maintain peace, established a form of international government, called the League of Nations. The League was founded on the theory that every nation had responsibility in the management of world affairs. For example, if one nation showed signs of preparing for world conquest, the combined forces of the other nations would step in and curb such preparations. It was a good theory on paper, but when Germany launched her rearmament program in the thirties, the other countries were too engrossed in their own affairs to stop the Germans, or else no government wanted to send its soldiers into the Rhineland if it thought another government would send its own soldiers. Each wanted to let the other do the job. That instance makes it clear that the deficiency with the League lies in the fact that it has no power to make its members meet their obligations. We had an identical situation in America before the present Constitution was put into effect; the states were part of the Union but the Union had no power to collect taxes from the States. Therefore the existing form of government collapsed and a new Constitution had to be created. The world has now arrived at the same juncture which the various states reached in 1783. The Constitution of the League of Nations must be scrapped and a new one, similar to the United States Constitution be instituted. When this shall be done and the League be given power over its members, then the world will be nearer to everlasting peace than ever before.

Such a revolutionary idea will meet with great disapproval from the section of timid souls who never make any move unless it is "too little and too late." These people have influenced world affairs for some time, and have not managed too well. Now is the time for foresighted men with far-reaching ideas to assume leadership. They will support my belief that the nations of the world are becoming more closely related to one another. Don't the leading nations interchange ideas and culture for the benefit of all? This is directly opposite to conditions two hundred years ago when what belonged to one nation was kept and what belonged to another nation was taken. In the present day, Chinese scholars study in America and our students go abroad for their education. Our wise men think not only for America but for the welfare of the whole world. All these facts give strength to my idea of the League of Nations, and I hope to see the day when my idea or something similar is carried out. Then we shall speak of Russia and England not as foreign nations but as sister states.

WALTER POWERS '43

ON PICNICS

EVERY so often there arises in the breast of man a yearning for nature and the wide open spaces. When this desire manifests itself, some hardy souls shoulder a gun and tramp through the woods all day. Others prefer pitting wits against trout and bass in rushing streams and quiet lakes. The more conservative, who are, incidentally, in a considerable majority, simply go on a picnic.

Now on the face of it, a picnic seems a very simple thing. An amateur might be led to believe that one merely packs a lunch and heads for some pleasant spot, but every veteran picnicker knows better. First one must select a suitable day and a place agreeable to all concerned; next there is the problem of transportation (a major item in these days of rationing). Then one must arrange for some usually dependable person to forget a bottle-opener and for someone else to forget the mustard.

A proper picnic centers around the lunch. Certain customs and traditions govern this supposedly simple meal: for instance, pickles are an absolute necessity, as are a number of jars and bottles which are difficult to open due to someone's having forgotten the bottle-opener.

The cloth must always be spread on the grass, gypsy style, and preferably near an anthill. No red-blooded picnicker would think of using the rustic tables which are provided in most picnic grounds. They smack too much of civilization. However, portable radios are permissible.

To round out the whole, a minor injury, not too painful should befall one of the party; scratches and bruises don't count. Being stung by a bee or chased by a bull is rather mediocre, but falling into a handy brook or pond is considered the height of propriety and good taste.

For my own part, whenever I am tempted to set out on one of these mad ventures, I curl up in an easy chair with a good book until the temptation passes. I find this plan saves me a great deal of trouble and adds to my knowledge of current literature.

WALTER S. CREMENS '44

THE NIGHT

ONE by one the sounds below me in the house cease. A window is raised; a light clicks out, ushering in King Silence. Only the scratching of my pen disturbs his majesty. I rise and look out from my window into the Night. The stark trees, stripped by winter, stand out against the starless sky. From afar I hear the distant rumble of a trolley. In the farthest house visible to me I see a light; I wonder why that light glows, and I feel as a friend to the person for whom it burns. I see a heavy white quilt spread over all out doors, and breathe the pure cold air with pleasure. But I must go back to my work. Reluctantly, I return to my books. I work on.

Suddenly there is a whining at my door; I open it and my dog scampers into the room as if he were a puppy again. He looks at me, questioning me with his soft brown eyes. I pat him and bid him be still; he climbs up onto my bed and curls up at its foot. He sleeps, with one eye half-opened, watching me. The study lamp glares down on the paper, making fantastic shadows of my hand as I write. My brother tosses in his bed beside me, as if telling me to be done with my books and go to sleep. But I can only smile hopelessly and reach for another book. And the Night wears on.

RICHARD HARRINGTON '43

Mr. Kangaroo: "Where's the baby?"
Mrs. Kangaroo: "Good Heavens! My pocket's been picked!"

Polly "Don't you ever use tooth-paste?"
Peggy : "Why should I? None of my teeth are loose."

BEING ECONOMICAL

BEING economical is very much a matter of personal judgment: the same object that is superfluous to one person may be a necessity to another; I am sure that there are many people, who, if given a fountain-pen, would not know what to do with it. Once one has established what is necessary and what is superfluous, good economy consists in living without unimportant commodities in order that one should be able to have enough money to buy everything that is important.

Most people are badly trained in matters concerning economy from the time they are little children; at that time of their life, their guardians consider that buying chewing gum, and later "Coke" as something natural for their age, and do not realize that because people buy useless things when they are young they continue buying them when they are old.

Many people cannot afford to go to the Opera, although they claim they would like to, because they spend all their extra money on going to the "movies." To others, going to the Opera would be a thing they would not like to do anyway, so that it is right for them to see moving pictures. Economy depends very much on one's own evaluation of the things which are at one's disposal. It seems to me that everyone should make a list of all the things he can spend his money on, putting the ones he thinks are the most important at the top, and gradually going down to things he thinks are quite superfluous; it is with this list in mind that he will be able to live economically.

J. LE CORBEILLES

FAME IS THE SPUR

BEHIND every ideal, every profession, and seemingly unselfish hope, lurks the essence of man's yearning, fame. Although an artist paints because he is born with a sense of the beautiful, he also secretly wishes for adoration and success, making his activities mercenary at times. A priest, although desirous of helping others through his sermons, quite possibly hopes that he will be known as a great leader, and one who has swayed many to God's side. The same is true of authors, and lawyers, and members of every profession; that same desire to win fame by succeeding in the work which is most liked urges the world onward, creates competition, and crashes many a hope with its unfulfillment.

However, as often happens when a goal is set, in the striving to reach it, many of us keep our eyes so fanatically in its direction, that we batter down the more important things of life in an attempt to make the road straighter and quicker. After having reached the height of our career, and gained fame, we find that we have not much else, and look back on a broken shambles of spurned opportunities to live life. We find that we have used life as a tool to get only one phase of success and that fame is only the realization of a superficial, egotistical ambition. We have mounted the world, bridled with our dreams of recognition, and galloped over all the beauty of living in an effort to reach our destination. Too late we found that fame is a spur which leaves many scars on our soul.

DIANA-ELIZABETH KELTY '43

BUY DEFENSE STAMPS.

AN BONDS

WE WUZ ROBBED!

WELL... ALMOST!

YEAH ATTA BOY JOE

CO-CAPT. JOE AGNETTA WAS TH' LEADER IN POINTS FOR OUR PETS. HE TALLIED 9 POINTS ~ AN' WAS TERRIFIC THRU TH' WHOLE GAME ~ !

WITH

Paul Oleson WAS RUNNER-UP IN TH' SCORING DEPT. WITH 8 COUNTS TO HIS CREDIT ~ BESIDES SOME PRETTY NIFTY BALL-HANDLING TOO !

AND

'ABRA-CADABRA ALYWARD 'AT'S ME !

CO-CAPT. DICK ALYWARD MYSTIFIED TH' CROWD WITH SOME OF HIS SUPER-DUPER COURT TRICKS. THAT WOULD HAVE MADE HOUDINI JEALOUS !

LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP

30-27

Bob Lowry DIDN'T COME UP WITH ANYTHING SPECTACULAR. BUT CAME THRU IN STEADY STYLE...

GREMLINS

NEWTON

LATIN

It WAS NEWTON AND HER NEARLY PERFECT DEFENSE THAT TURNED THE TIDE. LATIN GAVE ITS ALL. WHICH WASN'T QUITE ENOUGH.

So HELP ME, OUR BOYS ALL-BUT DROPPED THEM IN FROM A LADDER BUT STILL TH' SHOTS WOULDN'T GO IN --- NOTE- RELIABLE SOURCES HOLD THE NOTED "GREMLINS" RESPONSIBLE...

Anchorico SUNK A COUPLE OF POINTS AN' DID HIS BIT TO HELP OUT .. IN A QUIET SORT OF A WAY !

PLUNK !

Paul Mahoney CAME UP WITH TH' DEFENSE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE GAME. TIME AN' TIME AGAIN, HE WAS TH' FLY IN TH' OINTMENT FOR NEWTON !

Paul Oleson CAME THRU ABOUT 3 SECONDS LATER TO BRING TH' SCORE A MITE BIT CLOSER.

But

Sabatino ALMOST SUNK ONE WIN TH' CLOSING SECS. BUT BARELY MISSED TH' RIM..

'AT'S MY EYE !

HALP !

LEGGO

WHERE'S 'DA BALL !

TWEET TWEET

TH' "REF"

TH' IRINDEE ~ WATERTOWN AFFAIR ~...

Yers Truely Bill Collins AT TH' GYM

PRESENTING RUPERT BARON

DURING this winter in Boston the very popular play *Junior Miss* was presented. I'd like to introduce you to one of its stars. He is Rupert Baron, who plays one of the suitors of the Junior Miss.

"How do you do, students of Cambridge High and Latin? I was born in Essex, England. I came to this country in 1938. I got my first start on the stage in repertory companies playing in everything from Shakespeare to Noel Coward. I played in *Hamlet* and I played Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

"This part in *Junior Miss* is my first real break on the American stage. Before this I did a little theater work in such shows as *East Lynne, Ah, Wilderness,* and *First Lady.* I think best of all your theaters in America I like summer stock.

"I've also done some radio programs in London and New York and here in Boston I have been appearing in a very popular mystery radio program.

"I have a lot of favorite recreations. I like horse back riding, tennis, swimming and especially dancing in the American manner. My favorite play is "Hay Fever" by Noel Coward and my favorite movie is *Gone With the Wind.* My favorite orchestra leader is Dave Rose. For music I like the *Piano Concerto* of Tschaikowsky and *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square.* My favorite actor is Gary Cooper and my favorite actress is Bette Davis.

"My most exciting experience happened in New York when I caught a thief and had to testify at his trial.

"The things I like about America are: California, where I'd like to live, the amazing Boston climate, and the West. Another thing that I'm pretty keen on is the American sense of humor. It is true that it far surpasses the British sense of humor, much as I hate to say it."

ROBERT GUEST '43

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

IT IS not often one has the pleasure of meeting a movie star, and to meet three seemed overwhelming. Through a casual acquaintance with Miss Peggy Ryan, then appearing in the musical "Meet the People," this event came about. After the show left Boston, I corresponded with Miss Ryan, who was then residing in Los Angeles, California. She returned to Boston recently, and I had the privilege and pleasure of escorting her about the city. Accompanying her on this return were two of her co-stars in such pictures as "Get Hep to Love" and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." They were Miss Gloria Jean and Mr. Donald O'Connor. One might think that these three youngsters would be rather snobbish and sophisticated, but the truth is exactly the opposite. One might walk into any schoolroom throughout this land of ours and select three students at random and not be able to choose three more likeable "kids."

Peggy is about eighteen years of age and has a mania for buying things. She is constantly kidding and has an abundance of excess energy from heaven knows where. She is an ardent dance fan and enjoys jitterbugging and roller-skating. She was born in Long Beach, California, on August 28, 1924—is about five feet three inches tall, and has brown hair. She has been dancing for fifteen and one-half years of her life.

There is a possibility of her returning to Boston in the very near future. Peggy remarked that the manager of one of the larger Boston theatres is attempting to put through a deal for her to appear with Donald. Her new picture, which she has just returned to Hollywood to make, is for Universal Studios and is as yet untitled.

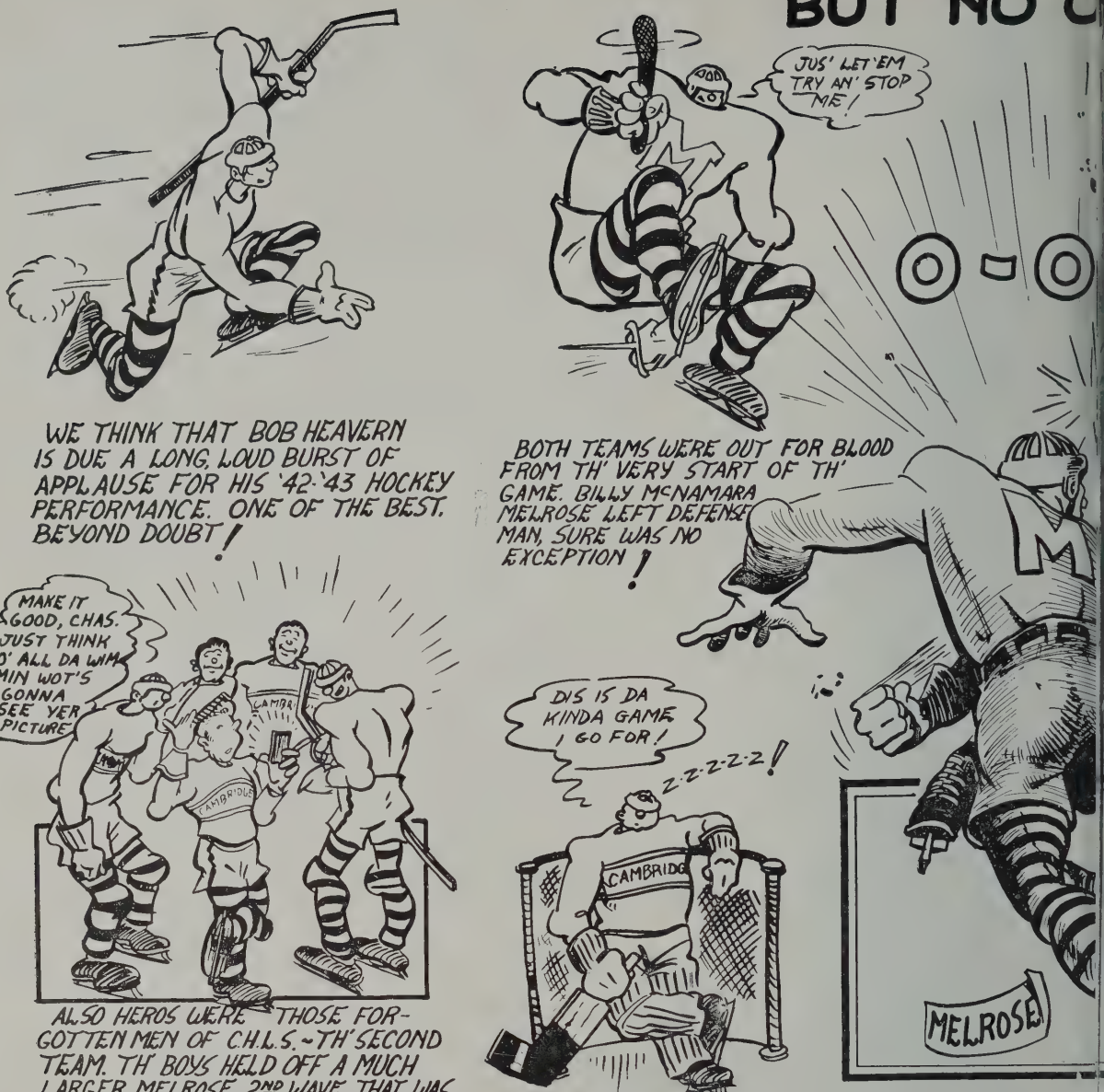
Having been in Boston before, she is no stranger in the town. She has often remarked, "I love Boston, but it is a bit cold."

HAROLD LIGHTMAN '43

C. H. L. S. SONG HITS

1. All I Need.....Some Good Marks
2. All Through The Night.....Doing Homework
3. Constantly .....Looking For Excuse
4. Dancing On A Dime.....In The Lunchroom
5. Daybreak .....Is At 2 P. M.
6. Dearly Beloved .....Vacations
7. Dreaming .....During Latin
8. Easy Street .....If I Pass
9. Forever .....Trying To Do Latin
10. Home Sweet Home .....Where I'd Rather Be
11. I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire
    In Chem. Lab.
12. If I Had My Way....I'd Skip That 7th Period
13. I'll Never Smile Again
    Until Reports Come Out
14. Imagination .....No Homework
15. Maybe .....I'll Study
16. Moonlight Becomes You
    When Coming to School
17. Night and Day .....Geniuses At Work
18. Song Of Freedom .....Graduation
19. This Is No Dream .....Exams
10. This Is Worth Fighting For
    Getting To Lunch Counter
21. You Were Never Lovelier
    C. H. L. S. After Graduation
22. Who Wouldn't Love You?
    If You Could Solve Math. Problems
23. Wishing .....I Knew the Answers

ETHEL FILLIOS '43


BUT NO C
JUS' LET 'EM TRY AN' STOP ME!
WE THINK THAT BOB HEAVERN IS DUE A LONG, LOUD BURST OF APPLAUSE FOR HIS '42-'43 HOCKEY PERFORMANCE. ONE OF THE BEST. BEYOND DOUBT!
BOTH TEAMS WERE OUT FOR BLOOD FROM TH' VERY START OF TH' GAME. BILLY McNAMARA MELROSE LEFT DEFENSE MAN, SURE WAS NO EXCEPTION!
MAKE IT GOOD, CHAS. JUST THINK O' ALL DA WIM MIN WOT'S GONNA SEE YER PICTURE
DIS IS DA KINDA GAME I GO FOR!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z!
CAMBRIDGE
MELROSE
ALSO HEROS WERE THOSE FORGOTTEN MEN OF C.H.L.S.-TH' SECOND TEAM. TH' BOYS HELD OFF A MUCH LARGER MELROSE 2ND WAVE THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE GOOD FOR 10 POINTS AT LEAST! P. HANLON, FITZGERALD, ZUBRINSKI, AND CHAS. LARSEN, ET. AL.
DICK ERNEST MADE SOME BEE-YEW-TI-FUL STOPS - BUT THANX TO THE EFFORTS OF 'BARBARA' REARDON AND OTHERS, NOT TOO MANY RED RAIDERS GOT WITHIN RANGE -

THE Cambridge Latin hockey team opened the season with a stirring 6 to 1 victory over Belmont. The first Latin goal came late in the opening period when Fred Wholey scored on a pass from team mate Jim Feloney. In the second period swifty Bob Heavern tallied two goals, both unassisted, and scarcely was the third period underway than Bob notched his third goal of the day on a perfectly-executed pass from Bill Reardon, who, just a minute later flashed the light for Latin's fifth marker. Jim Feloney, ably assisted by prexy Bill Reardon edged the puck by the Belmont goalie Dewire for the final score of the game.

Against a speedy Stoneham sextet, Latin lost its first game of the year 3 to 1. Cambridge was unable to stop Bill Doherty, who scored the first two Stoneham goals and set up the final marker for his team. Bill Reardon tallied Latin's only goal with an assist going to Bob Heavern. Although Latin dominated the playing, they were unable to score, due mainly to the remarkable saves of the Stoneham goalie.

In one of the fastest but roughest games ever witnessed by the schoolboys, the Cantabs suffered

T KILLED--!
I JUST LOVES RED LIGHTS!
TH' GAME WAS A KILLA-DILLA THRU TH' FIRST FRAME-NEVER IN MY LIFE HAVE I SEEN SUCH FAST 'N FURIOUS SKATING
RAZZLE-DAZZLE LOOKS GOOD ON ICE TOO!
THE SECOND TERM LEFT TH' CASH CUSTOMERS BREATHLESS AND NO KIDDING! BOTH TEAMS PLAYED LIKE CHAMPS-ER SUMPIN'!
-ER-A-FELLAS-NOW-UH-
'Doc' MOONEY (TH' REF)
--HERE COMES DA CHATTANOOGA CHOO-CHOO!
ULP!
TH' LID BLEW RIGHT OFF IN TH' 2ND PERIOD. BILL McNAMARA'S STICK AND BILLY MAHER'S FACE HAD A KINDA SUDDEN MEETING. BEFORE I COULD BLINK, BOTH SIDES WERE SLUGGING AWAY-
PUFF GASP!
NEEDLESS TO SAY, TH' BOYS ALL GOT MATCH PENALTIES. AFTER TH' BLOOD WAS MOPPED UP, TH' SECOND TEAMS TOOK OVER. THE GAME, A MORAL VICTORY FOR C.H.L.S., ENDED 0-0!

their second defeat of the season to Medford, the league champs by a 3 to 1 score. The famed Garrity brothers accounted for all the Medford goals, scoring the first goal in just nine seconds after the opening whistle. Latin's lone goal came in the third period when Jim Feloney flashed the red light on a neat pass from Fred Wholey. The refs handed out eight penalties for fighting, interference, and checking, but this was just a preliminary to the Melrose game.

Smarting from their previous defeat, the Cambridge Latin sextet triumphed over a strongly favored Arlington team by a single goal. Going into the third period with the score deadlocked, Fred Wholey passed to Bobby Heavern. Bob outskated the Arlington defense men, outwitted Ike Bevins, the Arlington goalie, and scored the lone marker of the game on a close-up shot. Shortly afterwards, Bill Maher and Jim Feloney were penalized for roughness, but the shrewd defensive play of Reardon and Heavern prevented Arlington from scoring, and preserved the shutout for goalie Dick Ernest who played a masterful game.

Latin lost a hard-fought game to her city rival,

Rindge, by the margin of three goals to two. Rindge opened the scoring in the first period when Andy Moulton passed to Bob Verrier, who fired the disc past goalie Dick Ernest. By the end of the second period, Rindge possessed a 3 to 0 lead and was set for an easy victory, but just thirteen seconds after the final period started Latin scored with scrappy Fred Wholey doing the honors. A perfect pass by Bill Reardon to Bob Heavern resulted in Latin's second and final goal of the game, which was a thriller to the more than 300 Latin rooters who attended.

Playing against a clever Newton sextet, the Cantabs dropped a close game by a 2 to 1 score. Jim Handy scored the first goal for Newton in sixteen seconds, but Latin came roaring back in the person of big Bill Reardon who scored a blazing thirty-footer on a pass from Bob Heavern. However, this was to no avail as Captain Joyal of Newton tallied midway through the third period to clinch the game for the boys from the Garden City.

Before a banner crowd of Latinites, the Cantabs tied with a fighting aggregation from Melrose. It was a game packed with thrills, spills, and penalties. The game started off in rather rough fashion, Latin's Bill Maher and Bill "Chubby" McNamara of Melrose waging an individual battle for supremacy in penalties. However, midway through the second period these two hardies started a fist fight on the ice; players of both teams piled in to fight it out, and as a result the referees banned all the regulars from the ice, whereupon the second teams battled for the remainder of the game, which wound up in a scoreless tie, neither team being able to score. The outstanding feature of the game from an athletic viewpoint was the sensational play of goaltender Dick Ernest, who repulsed one scoring threat after another to obtain his second shut-out of the year.

Latin lost a hard-fought game to a spirited Belmont team by a 4 to 2 score. Cambridge jumped away to an early lead when flashy Bob Heavern took a pass from Jim Feloney and fired the puck past the bewildered Belmont goalie for our first tally of the day. Soon afterwards the absence of big Bill Reardon became noticeable as Belmont continually broke through the Latin defense, racking up four goal-labelled shots on which Ernest didn't have a chance. The final Latin goal was made by Bob Heavern, again assisted by Jim Feloney.

Cambridge returned to the victory column by crushing Newton in a free-scoring game 7 to 4. Bill Reardon opened the scoring on a pass from Jim Feloney. Geary of Newton equalized a minute later, but Paul Hanlon broke the tie on a setup from Reardon. Amazing Bob Heavern scored the first of his three goals in 25 seconds of the second period and flashed the light again midway through the period. Jim Feloney closed the canto by scoring on a pass from the ever-present Bill Reardon. The third period found Feloney on a solo dash down the ice on which he drew the Newton goalie out of position and skillfully shot the disc into the net. Bob Heavern closed the scoring for Latin by notching his third goal of the day on a solo dash from the blue line. This was the highest scoring game in the league for this year and satisfied the desires of the students who like a fast-scoring contest.

Latin dropped their final game of the year to a rough Stoneham team 3 to 2. Cambridge completely outplayed Stoneham during the first two periods, jumping away to an early lead when Fitzgerald scored on a pass from Bob Heavern. Stoneham tied it up, but Latin broke the tie when Jim Feloney tallied on a neat pass from Bill Reardon. Late in the third period with the score deadlocked, two Stoneham players "rode into" the Latin goal knocking over goalie Dick Ernest; another Stoneham player kicked the puck into the net for what seemed to be an illegal goal, but in spite of the Latin protests the referee would not change his mind and, as a result, Latin wound up the season with a defeat.

ALEX STEWART '43

GIRLS' SPORTS

"SHOOT! Shoot!" "Get that basket!" "Guard your man!" These are only a few shouts that would greet your ears in the gym when basketball is in full swing.

The interclass games have nearly been completed with the following results:

Freshmen	10	Freshmen	19
Sophomores	5	Sophomores	4
Seniors	29	Seniors	28
Juniors	13	Juniors	8
Seniors	18	Freshmen	18
Freshmen	10	Seniors	16

The final game between the Freshmen and Seniors will be played February 10, in the gym. The winner will be class champion.

The varsity team played Arlington in our gym. Although Cambridge fought stubbornly, we were subdued by a strong, skillful Arlington team. The result Arlington 24—Cambridge 11. The starting lineup was: :

M. Manning	M. Kelly
E. Verrill	E. Lane
A. Cooper	T. Burns

Captains for this season have been elected as follows: :

Seniors—Mary Manning
Juniors—Mary Liakas (acting Capt.)
Sophomores—Ann Herlihy (acting Capt.)
Freshmen—Co-captains ..... {Peggy Dinan, Claire Rogers}

MARJORIE KELLEY '43

THIS THING CALLED SWING . . .

GATHER round while we have a little more of this thing called swing. . . . President Roosevelt has just appointed Benny Goodman as music co-ordinator under the Rockefeller Pan-American Committee. . . . Gracie Barrie has taken over the leadership of the band formerly led by her husband, Dick Stabile. Dick has enlisted in the armed forces. . . . Did you know that Nan Wynn, ex-Hal Kemp singer, was the one who is really doing the singing for Rita Hayworth in *"You Were Never Lovelier?"* . . . Congratulations to Duke Ellington on the success of his Carnegie and Symphony Hall concerts. Duke's playing was as brilliant as ever. He introduced his new composition *Black, Brown and Beige* and played a number of old favorites such as *Mood Indigo* and *Boy Meets Horn.* . . . Watch for Frank Sinatra's new program on the radio. . . . Tex Beneke has joined Horace Heidt's band. . . . Here are some future hits: *Could It Be You?, Saving Myself for Bill, Hey, Good-Lookin', Let's Get Lost* and *The Tulips Are Talking Tonight.* . . . Ray Eberle, former vocalist with Glenn Miller, has just been signed to a film contract. . . . Chief Petty Officer Artie Shaw and his Navy band are playing an engagement "somewhere in the Pacific". . . . Ray McKinley's band has joined the United States Marine Corps. . . . The top song for nineteen forty-two was Irving Berlin's *White Christmas.* . . . A year ago the music world was: talking about a fellow name Elmer Albrecht, an embalmer by profession, who had written a sensational song called *Elmer's Tune;* Ray McKinley was planning his new band; the most popular tune was *White Cliffs of Dover* followed by *Blues in the Night.* . . . Speaking of popularity, don't forget our band poll. At the present time Harry James is leading, followed by last year's winner, Glenn Miller. As our Prince and Princess of Song we have Bob Eberle and Helen O'Connell. Our poll will run until the next issue, so all you who haven't voted, send in your vote soon. . . . Here are some new records to dance to until we meet again; Tommy Dorsey's *That Old Black Magic,* Charlie Barnet's *Victory Walk,* Judy Garland's *On the Sunny Side of the Street,* Woody Herman's *Four or Five Times.*

ROBERT GUEST '43

DUKE ELLINGTON

DUKE ELLINGTON, genius of jazz from Washington, D. C., has played in Symphony Hall. It was a strange gathering for the austere old building. Negroes and whites in evening dress, college men wearing sport coats, young and old, all came to pay homage to this man and his orchestra. The Hall was packed. The fifteen men who form Ellingtonia strolled, smiling and immaculate in gray tuxedos, onto the stage, followed by the sixteenth member, the Duke himself, attired in a sharply pressed tail coat. The concert began and those assembled heard the music which is Ellington.

To understand this music one must go back to the pioneers of jazz. The place: A cabaret in New Orleans. The Time: 1916.

From the semi-darkness at the far end of a dimly let dancehall come trumpet notes, at times bold and ringing, then suddenly falling until barely audible against the shuffling of the almost motionless dancers; and finally rising clear and golden, driven by the unfailing rhythm of banjo and piano. The trumpet stops and the wail of a clarinet is heard, cutting through the shuffling like a knife, sharp and piercing; it drops quickly to low notes following in quick succession, and rises in a piercing shriek followed by the screaming trumpet. The music stops and a shiver seems to pass through the hall as though a great emotional strain has been lifted. The Negro trumpeter wipes the perspiration from his brow. The dancers shout hoarse approval and the music begins again. Yes, Duke comes from this and much like it, from St. Louis, from jam sessions, from New York, and from rent parties on Chicago's South Side.

The scene shifts to the Chicago of 1922. Crammed into a one-room apartment are a pianist, his piano and twenty people. They have come to help pay the rent of a fellow Negro in trouble. The crippled pianist who sits, his eyes shut, pounding a battered upright piano, has volunteered his services. He plays, his left hand beating a compelling rhythm, his right constantly developing new melodies. The gin flows freely here, for everybody has brought his own and there is plenty to go around. At times the pianist stops but only long enough to light a fresh cigarette or refill his empty glass. He starts again; the regularity of the beat is like perpetual motion. Night races on and finally joins itself to morning. It is only then that people start to leave. Even when the last person to depart reaches the street, the unfailing left hand can be heard through an open window.

This is the background Duke Ellington draws from. This is what makes his music more than a dance tune that dies within a month. From this base, he has built an organization and a musical style. Billy Strayhorn, his arranger, has been so greatly influenced by his boss that their music is almost identical; and there are Johnny Hodges and Ben Webster whose saxophones are as much a part of Ellingtonia as the Duke's piano. All this and a great deal more goes to make up the real, sincere music which is Ellington.

JAMES SILBERMAN '44

Tom Leamon '43
At Th' Garden —

HELLO, friends! We greet you just after marks have closed and we hope our column will not add to your sorrow too much . . .

Hilda Davis and Terry Dubuque are improving in their bowling from a 35 to a 40. Little Ann Sullivan is nowhere to be seen nowadays. Tommy Sheehan found himself lost on an "El" recently but what he wanted was a "Sti Twain." Barbara Morse, Doris Stratton, and Nancy Cass were serenading a certain person with "My Hero" and "Oh, Johnny" for an entire afternoon. We have heard it told that Dick McCabe is operating a *still* on the third floor. Ralph Dorian was a very unusual child (or so he says). Peg O'Brien is to be congratulated upon an offer from the Ice Capades to join the troupe. Is Bertha Kvetkas still disgusted with Arithmetic? Dot Nash is quite a girl on Roller Skates. Eleanor Carroll caused a sensation at a recent Hockey Game. Art Connaly and Charlie Larsen spent hours beautifying at Purdy's for year book pictures. ("Aw, Art; you have had the slickum long enough") Paul Erickson and Joe Agnetta were seen cruising around school in a wheel chair (huh?) Elinor Murphy and Virginia Reardon are going to write a book on their experiences, and they are just the girls to do it. Joe Sheehan has quite an interest in Harvard Square. Bob Heckman is frequently seen dashing through Harvard Square on Friday nights with a pile of records. Tommy Leamon is rarely seen without a portfolio. John Dwyer and Jimmy Hurley have more fun with stray Jeeps! Buzz Cullin gets attacks of amnesia now and then in the corridors. Verna Buckley plays with marked cards (put away them thar shootin' irons, partner; she just uses 'em for fortunes).

C. H. L. S. has a track star in Bill Braithwaite (ha-ha you thought I meant you, didn't you, Jim Collins? "Miss Harvard Square" is to be chosen again within a fortnight. We have many contestants—dark haired Roz Kirk, Barbara Sheehan, and Marian Looney, against fair haired Ann Lundquist, and Pat Conway. (Hmm—we wonder.) Have you seen Dick Fleming's sharp yellow tie with the dogs painted on it? Alan Bolsom is a genius in English. Stephanie La Place is going to have her pocket-book clasp fixed—(she had a little accident.) Franny Bolger looks quite chic in a riding outfit.

Gerri Nolan has a very becoming hair-do. Jean Faulkner braves the cold during lunch periods—Well, we are finally able to print election returns for the Juniors—Those elected are Franny Mulaney—President; Dick Aylward—Vice-President; Tommy Tobin—Treasurer; Hilda Carey—Secretary. Charie Mains and Teddy Wadden use Commando Tactics boarding buses in the morning. Arthur Cambell has the wanderlust in Glee Club. Pat Conway has a darling new hair-cut; one of the only cute "short" haircuts in existence. Would anyone who can distinguish between Emma Doran and Peggy Smith please step forward and be congratulated. Gloria Gregware finds no time to exhibit her culinary ability. We have had a special request for a reprint of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs with new characters—sooo—Paul "Doc" Ericson, Chub "Bashful" Kelly, Tom "Sleepy" Sheehan, Franny "Happy" Mulaney, Charlie "Sneezy" McElroy, and it seems that Dopey and Grumpy were hotly contested for; so we will use the best natured, Shorty "Dopey" Morrison, Bob "Grumpy" Brown. The Snow White will have to be voted on; so, girls, send in your votes. Marion Looney is a second Sarah Bernhardt. Eleanor Reagan and Barbara Supernard were early birds in having their pictures taken. Jean Buckley went skiing recently and now even her friends don't recognize her. The D. A. R. Citizenship Prize is keeping the Senior Girls in a dither. A certain 5th period Latin Class finds the period switched to 7th period. Alex Stewart's new nickname for himself is "Pin Head." Bob Guest has composed many songs and plays, but his newest is either "Burlesque in Brazil" or "Barbecue in Brazil"—we have forgotten. Joe Fougere thinks no day complete without a bass solo from himself. Bessie Amadon spent a weekend at Dartmouth recently (certainly was neat) Bill Maher has a pair of protective shoes that he wears to hockey games. Don Kurth's eyesight has improved due to a recent haircut. Barbara Sheehan

had quite a shock recently concerning the 19, but everything is fine again. Margie O'Connor has been appointed a member of the D. D. or the S. S. (intriguing—hey, what?) The Hockey Team this year was not first in the league, but was wonderful anyway. The team deserves a lot of credit—among these, Bill Reardon, captain, and Bob Heavern, Bill Maher, Jim Feloney, Fred Wholey, and Dick Ernest. There were, too, many loyal fans; Mary Messinger with a battered horn, Lester Rogers, Grace Fleming, Barbara Murphy, Barbara Pendleton, Peggy Reynolds, Mary Prasinos, and Barbara Johnson. Gloria Smith will go out of her way for an argument. George Perutz is engulfed in a wave of femininity every day, fifth period. Bob Brown has a pretty new nickname, "Crisco." Fran Kelly is interested in war; she studies nights about it. Ann Lundquist is going in for welding and riveting when she graduates. If John Jones and Nils Olson don't stop pestering their Uncle Falter—John Jones and Nils Olson will be no more. Where does Eric Walters get that flashy smile? Report Cards like Peg Reynold's and Marie Russell's are always a pleasure to look at. Antoinette Leonard's teddy bear coat is putting her friends in a constant state of apoplexy as to its source. Paul Haskell finds that forty-six lines of Latin a night tire his brain. Ginny Reardon is confident that 309 is the most popular Senior Homeroom. Jim Feloney (that he-man) was seen purring over a milk shake after school. Report Cards are out and with them came many wishful desires to visit relatives in California. Patti Riesgen has quite a vocabulary. We have quite a few luncheon groups— Freshman—Noreen Buckley, Jean and Joanne Rose, Margurite and Theresa Daley, and Ann Rosie—Lois Hanlon, Beverly Cote, Lillian Stack, Terry Hartz, Sara Talerico, Mary Lou Gallagher, and "Babe" Kelly. Barbara Cleary has quite an obsession where glasses are concerned, she juggles 'em. Joanne McConnell had her allowance slashed drastically—seems Joanne was a mere three hours late one night. Ruth Powers is always asking for a bobby pin—(There is a metal shortage, Ruth dear.) Dick Twoomey's lucky number is 25. A second period English class has spelling words for homework because of lack of punctuality. Virginia MacCauley always pays her debts, (that sounds familiar.) Paul Hanlon is quite attracted by Belmont. Virginia Scott has a certain piece of property that she is very careful of. Ruth Sandock is sure that punctuality doesn't pay. Barbie Rundlet has many hidden talents. John O'Brien can't do a thing nowadays—the War Department has his fingerprints. Phil Sidenberg looks like a waterfront character with his coat collar turned up. Flash!! Fluff Lafreniere wore a tie the other day—Another Flash! Jerry O'Brien didn't. Jimmy Russell is supposedly quite a Casanova (or had you heard?)

That's all for now—Be Good!

EUGENE CALLENDER '43
CARMELINE ROSE '44

G. A. A. REPORT

THE time has come again when I bring you the latest G. A. A. news.

On December 18 the G. A. A. held a Christmas party The party took place in the girl's gym which was decorated like an air raid shelter. The girls were ushered into the air raid shelter by three wardens. In the crowd there was a man carrying a Christmas tree and some ornaments. He decided that he would brighten up the shelter by putting up the tree and decorating it. Jean Patterson then took over and presented the following program:

Audrey Keane .....song and dance
A. Ricci .....guitar solo
Barbara Lutes .....tap dance
Betty Groove .....Indian comedy dance
Peggy Van Schaick .....tap dance
Barbara Lutes .....dance duet
Dorothy Stimson, Claire Rodgers .....sailor dance duet
Marguerite Chandler .....tap dance
Air wardens trio .....song

After the program was completed two wardens came in dragging Santa Claus who was played by Madeline Birmingham. Santa gave candy sticks to everyone and led them out of the gym after the all clear had been sounded. As they passed out of the shelter, Isabel Gudas played *Jingle Bells.*

Orchids to Jean Patterson and Madeline Birmingham for their wonderful work and many thanks to the other girls who participated in the program.

We are very sorry to report that we have lost two of our best officers.

Faith Webster has gone to a private school and Barbara Murphy has resigned in order to have more time for study.

On February the G. A. A. held their traditional boy-girl dance at which all enjoyed themselves very much. The girls danced to the music of Paul Donaghue's orchestra. We were very happy to have the following teachers with us as patronesses: Miss Bligh, Miss A. Hagerty, Miss Feeley, Miss Barry, Miss George, Miss Mae Laughlin, and Miss Brown.

By the next issue I will be able to tell you the names of the new officers.

Until the next time, Goodbye

MARY DILLON '43

FRESHMAN NOTES

IF at first you don't succeed, try, try again, but remember there are only two more marking periods —John Good, Clifford Herman, Thomas Kelly, and Thomas Harney were commended by the Red Cross for their splendid work in collecting books on the Saturday after the big storm. Nice going, Boys. Ruth Levy has turned in a collection of jokes which will be found elsewhere in the Review—David Cotter is the Assistant Manager of Basket Ball—If that boy who meows like a cat in different classes does not stop, he will find himself in serious difficulty—During recess in one home room, some of the pupils have to stand in the corner—June Nance pleases all with her Texas twang—Robert Sardillo has been very happy the last month and is always smiling—Irene Bahadurian and Marjorie Babcock compose many poems. Very good, we hear—James Agnetta doesn't wait until lunch period to eat. Be careful, James—The Hennesseys of Room 124 have daily conferences—Did you ever see Douglas Crocket when he wasn't pleasant and anxious to help everyone? Congratulations to the winners of the home room spelling bees. We hope one of them will go on to be the winner of the entire contest—Mary Hilderbrand had a slight accident on the ice—Catherine Curtiss, a late-comer to our school, received three E's on her report card, as did Ray Cooper, also of Room 120—Sebina D'Alba is greatly missed by us all who hope she will be back soon—Those who live across the street from the school should get here on time. Isn't that right, Janice Banks? Ina Couture and Eleanor Connors spend their recess periods writing notes for this section—Room 124 has a stamp rally every Monday—Christine Kokinakis doesn't have much luck riding her brother's bicycle—Pamela Hill tells many interesting stories about England from which country she recently came—Have you seen Betty Babineau's new green and white outfit?—The boys taking physical exercises in Room 119 hope to have competitive meets with the boys from other rooms. They feel that they could defeat the other boys easily—Late Flash! Helen Scannell, 106, was the leading speller of the entire Freshman Class. Frances Desmond, 120, was second and Georgia Anastas, 118, was third. Congratulations to you all, and may Helen bring back the first prize to our school—Robert Di Comes had two book reviews in the last issue of this magazine. That is a very unusual honor for a Freshman—Eleanor Lepore keeps us informed of the doings of Room 125—Antonia Hengiotis has a fine singing voice, as has Estell Small—We are happy to have Denise MacLeod back in school again, without her crutches —The girls in Room 125 have really been doing that "touching toes" exercise, fifty to one hundred times—A girl in Room 124 has a cat who walks to the bus stop with her every morning—There are some hard fought chess games in Room 122 every recess—Barvara Davis had a birthday party in the lunch room, song and all—James Tray has plenty of questions in the Ancient History class—It seems that the Freshman wait for the Review to be published to head the classes in buying war stamps and bonds. As the last copy went in, and again this week they are tops—Barbara Conguest and Betty Dawe are enthusiastic rooters at the hockey games—Helen Collins makes a fine leader in daily exercises, as do the girl leaders in Room 121—Margaret Coleman is very proud of her baby sister. Has she shown you the pictures yet?—Hugh Graham should make a fine military officer, judging from his crisp, concise orders in the physical exercises—Mary Der Boghosian's remarks are so misunderstood by her classmates in 120—You would think that rooms 122 and 123 were military reservations, there is so little news that comes from there—Jane Conquest, Ethel Davis, Betty Dawe, Lorraine Coté, and Helen Culolias have brothers serving this country all over the world, England, Newfoundland, the Solomons, this country and North Africa—The girls' basketball team beat the seniors—John Parades is on the first basket ball team, a fine accomplishment for a first year man—Sandra Bonanno has written several short stories—Nominated for the man-about-school, Joe DeFeo—Where you find Marjorie Amaroso, there you'll find Anna Andella—Margaret Balcomb is superstitious about picking up her dropped glove—Lorraine Barczykowska and Helen Baumer are great pals—Ina Couture doesn't like to be teased about her new hat—Gwendolyn Blood's bandana does a very good job of concealing her curlers—Marguerite Baileggets shows real speed getting to her locker and back after second period.

If you want to keep on having this column, this magazine, this school, this country, then keep buying war stamps and bonds.

HIPPOMENES ET ATALANTA

Hippomenes cum Atalanta cucurrit
Annis Graeciae antiquae.
Si eam superabit
Uxor eius erit.

Is victoriam habebit
Auxilio deae, Minervae.
Minerva pomas aureas dedit,
Itaque cursu Atalantam superavit.

By ROBERT DICOMES
Room 120 '46

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL

Alexander, Frieda
Amon, Aline
Aslanian, Veronica
Azadian, Dorothy
Bahadurian, Esther
Bahadurian, Irene
Baker, Gladys
Belbin, Laura
Bianchi, Mary
Braithwaite, Virginia
Bruneau, Beverly
Callahan, Marie
Camelio, Elizabeth
Cooper, Roy
Culolias, Helen
Curtiss, Catherine
DeFeo, M. Joseph
DiComes, Robert
Dooley, Dorothy
Fitzgerald, Theresa
Foley, Jean
Fratianni, Rose
Goldberg, Marshall
Gomatos, Peter
Guzelian, Ann
Hekimian, Alice
Herman, Clifford
Iwansko, Wanda
Johnson, Charlotte
Karbaum, Barbara
Kibit, Jennie
Krohn, Edward
MacMillan, Phyllis
Marathas, Catherine
Martin, Carmen
McDonnell, Dorothy
Merchant, Pamela
Most, David
Nicotera, Chiarina
Pullan, Marilyn
Reisgen, Caryl
Root, Lily
Rosie, Anne
Sargent, Edna
Scannell, Helen
Seelinger, Alice
Sparaco, Robert
Stinson, Dorothy
Strowman, Louis
Tierney, Regina
Wadden, Eleanor
Wallace, Eleanor
Walters, Beverly
Wasserman, Herbert
Weisman, Ruth
Wilson, Elaine
Winn, John
Zeles, Alfreda

EXCHANGES

WHITTIER MISCELLANY
Friends School
Wilmington, Delaware

If the "Whittier Miscellany" is any indication, Friends School is certainly on a war-time basis. We were particularly impressed by your timely and patriotic editorial. We also liked James Adams' "Comments Department." The cuts illustrating the stories were very effective. Although we usually add a "but" here, we find ourselves unable to suggest any improvements in your well-balanced magazine.

THE STUDENT'S PEN
Pittsfield High School
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

The first thing to capture our attention in "The Student's Pen" was the "Who's Who" department with a photograph and brief biography of the various shining lights of Pittsfield High. We liked it very much indeed, but we would like to see a few more literary contributions from the student body. We noticed a very impressive war-bond sale total modestly tucked away in the corner of one page. By the way, what is a Tri-Hi-Y Club?

THE basketball team opened the season by defeating a tricky Waltham quintet 31 to 24. Ancherico and Aylward were the Latin stars accounting for twenty points out of Latin's total score.

Playing against a fast Arlington team, Latin won their second straight, 31 to 18. Joe Agnetta, who scored 14 points for Latin was the outstanding athlete, although the whole team played brilliantly. The Latin seconds beat the Arlington second team 24 to 14.

An overconfident Latin team lost their first game of the season to an aggressive Watertown squad by five points, 38 to 33. Joe Agnetta was the shining light for Latin scoring twenty of the points.

An inspired Latin team sparked by Co.-Capts. Joe Agnetta and Dick Aylward outclassed a snappy Rindge quintet for a 31 to 23 victory. Agnetta who scored twelve points, was the offensive star, while Aylward and Bud Mahoney played a fine defensive game.

Latin trimmed an inexperienced Brookline team by the score of 39 to 19. The Cantabs literally ran amuck, everybody taking part in the scoring. Dick Aylward and Paul Haskell were the standouts for a Cambridge team that finally showed its hidden scoring power.

Against a more-experienced quintet from Newton, our boys suffered defeat. By the end of the first quarter Newton possessed a 17 to 0 lead. In spite of the brilliant play of Joe Agnetta, who scored 18 points, Latin was unable to overcome the seventeen-point deficit and succumbed to the boys from the Garden City, 42 to 31.

Playing one of the best games of the year Latin defeated the Red and Blue of Somerville High 35 to 34. Co-Capts. Aylward and Agnetta were the stars of this close contest, scoring 25 of our points.

Another victory was the result of our game with Arlington in which Paul Olsen and Joe Agnetta were the standouts for Latin. Playing in his first game, Olsen scored twelve points, while Agnetta accounted for 18. The Latin seconds beat the Arlington second team 22 to 12.

Cambridge avenged its previous defeat at the hands of Watertown by a 29 to 27 victory. The only good feature of the game was the ability of the boys to come from behind to win their third straight.

Before a large crowd of Latinites at the Rindge gym, Latin tasted defeat at the hands of Newton by the scanty margin of 3 points. This victory clinched for Newton the title of the Suburban League in which Latin finished second. Aylward, Olsen and Agnetta played brilliantly for Latin in a hard-luck game.

ALEX STEWART '43

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Accardi, Dorothy
Anastos, William
Benson, Ida
Beswick, Leonard
Butler, Elizabeth
Campbell, Pearl
Cardillo, Sarah
Chin, Annie
Christo, Helen
Clark, June
Collins, Eleanor
Davies, Frances
Downward, Carol
Drolette, Margaret
Emello, Elizabeth
Fillios, Ethel
Finn, Isabelle
Fournier, Jeanne
Geary, Cecilia
Geller, Molly
Greenstein, Marion
Hammond, Mary
Haskell, Jean
Holmes, Marie
Intinarelli, Rita
Jankowski, Sophie
Kaminsky, Eli
Keith, Carolyn
La Freniere, Leon
Loprete, Annette
Lydotes, Despina
Lyons, Mary
Messina, Mary
McCabe, Richard
Mooney, Mary
Narekiewicz, Mary
Nedzweski, Lillian
O'Brien, Robert
Palmacci, Ilia
Power, Walter
Quint, Frances
Roope, Jaunita
Servello, Florence
Shore, Marcia
Souza, Louise
Spinosa, Mary
Stern, Rosalind
Swartz, Marilyn
Sutherland, Dorothea
Tonkonow, Frank
Voutritsa, Marguerita
Weinberg, Charlotte
Winkler, Elizabeth

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

Andrews, Marjorie
Anechiarico, Edward
Azarowicz, Jane
Boissonneau, Miriam
Cameron, Everett
Cooney, Frances
Cooper, Catherine
Cremens, Walter
Donato, Josephine
Gatto, Mary
Harris, Stanley
Haskell, Paul
Hawkes, Dorothy
Jensen, Ethel
Ostro, Shirley
Reynolds, Peggy
Rundlett, Barbara
Russell, Marie
Salvato, Nancy
Saverso, Catherine
Silverman, Alberta
Sparks, Dorothy
Kennedy, Patricia
Kvetkas, Bertha
Landau, Marilyn
Le Corbeiller, John
Lewis, Mark
Levine, Estelle
Linskey, Mary
Lothiar, Rosemary
Markiewicz, Helen
McDonnell, Lois
Montana, Marie
Ohan, Berji
O'Leary, Jean
Oppedisano, Julia
Spence, Dorothy
Sullivan, Ethel
Sullivan, James
Traveis, Ann
Travers, Mary
Trocki, Josephine
Walters, Catherine
Wenskus, Ruth

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL

Amon, Albert
Berman, Robert
Bettencourt, Dorothy
Butler, Helen
Cherelli, Evelyn
Chipman, Mary
Colburn, Marie
Condon, Marie
Conley, Claire
Corcoran, Ann
Corocoran, Helen
Costa, Lorraine
Crocker, Marion
Curtin, Rita
Darveris, Virginia
D'Aveni, Therese
Dinan, Dorothy
Doliber, Mary A.
Eddy, Mary
Faria, Leona
Ford, Isabel
Frangione, Jennie
Hallahan, Virginia
Harrington, John H.
Hastings, Marie
Heller, Sidney
Herlihy, Mary E.
Kallman, James
Klopstock, William
Krikerian, Ann
Leary, Eileen
Levy, Lillian
Loofbourow, John
Lurio, Herbert
MacDonald, Shirley
Madore, Thomas
Marshall, Ruth
Maxwell, Theresa
McCusker, Elizabeth
McDonald, Robert
McMenimen, Mary
Murray, Dorothy
Nikas, Virginia
O'Rourke, Louise
Owens, Merlyn
Paradis, Helen
Perin, Diane
Pimental, Olga
Puddister, Margaret
Roseman, Leonard
Schlein, Herbert
Shine, Marilyn
Silberman, James
Smolar, Howard
Solomon, Violet
Sullivan, Lois
Sutherland, James
Talanian, Louise
Taylor, Winifred
Touchette, Jean
Walker, Ann
Zacharakis, Louis
Zacharchuk, Elizabeth
Zukas, Helen

CHESS CLUB NOTES

AFTER beating Huntington Prep. twice, we upset the league leader, Boston Latin, by a 3:2 score. However, we were less successful in our next two games. We lost to both Roxbury Memorial and Brookline by an identical score, 2:3.

As a consequence of these two losses we are now 7 points behind Boston Latin, and with Boston Latin having one more game to play than we have, our chances of overtaking them are very slim.

Nevertheless, we are hoping for the best, and even if we do end up in second place, it will mean a great improvement over our last year's standing in the league.

GEORGE PERUTZ '43

Joe: Why do you carry a tooth brush on your lapel?

Mike: That's my class pin; I was graduated from Colgate!

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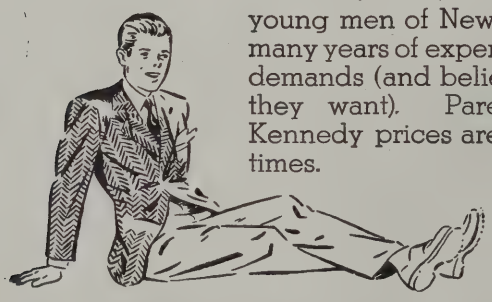

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"When Johnny Comes Marching Home"

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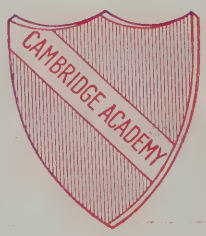

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
APRIL 1943

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 56 NUMBER 4

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Editorial

WELL, April is here. Browning would like to be in England; so would the people taking the College Boards. Anything is preferable to school, even a dull old movie at the Uni. Leaning out of windows has become the favorite sport. The air is warm and sweet as it blows through the room. Fellows and girls look at each other with a queer light in their eyes; the young man's fancy is turning. Thoughts about the Reception chase each other through our minds: Will anybody be using the car that night? Will I be able to have it? Will there be any gas in it?

Even the teachers seem to be affected; they look blankly out of the window as some student recites monotonously; perhaps, they think, I'll give them a study period. No one pays any attention to the reader; it's all right; he doesn't either. Half the listeners have their hands over their eyes as if shading them; actually, the eyes are closed and the students are snoozing.

Outside all is still, the sun smiles lazily down at the earth. The sky is clear blue; God's in His heaven; all's right with the world.

FREEDOM — U. S. A. STYLE

WHAT do you mean by freedom? Well, it's all around you; you can see it, you run across it every second of the day. It's the corner drugstore, the "Ice Cream Shop," the old gentleman in the park, the "Joneses." It's your church on Sunday, an occasional new hat, a movie, a coke, perhaps a weekend trip. It's your school, with its joys and sorrow, its football, proms and exams. It's soda pop, hot dogs, and the "Beloved Bums." It's the Bob Browns and the Suzie Smiths who can enjoy these simple pleasures without fear. It's the "taken for granted" things in life.

That's one kind of freedom, the kind of freedom that we high schoolers perhaps know best. But to Mom freedom is arguing with the grocer over prices or haggling for the best cuts of meat. It's Dad down at the Barber Shop with Mr. O'Toole, Mr. Cohen, and Mr. Schmidt, running the war over a pooltable after work. It's Big Brother Joe's car even though it's falling apart, it's big sister Sue's studying to be a nurse 'cause *she* wants to. It's Aunt Bertha's "Well! When I was a girl . . . . ;" it's Uncle Mike's pipe and paper. In other words, it's America — Our Way of Life.

Freedom is the man on the farm, the fellow in the factory, the grocer, the doctor, the teacher, the tailor, the bow-legged sailor, all what they are because that's what *they* want to be, not what someone else wants. It's their way of life. Let's just say another word for freedom is happiness.

CONNIE FAY, '44.

THE NEED FOR IMMEDIATE POST-WAR PLANNING

THE necessity for planning post-war reconstruction now, even when victory seems so far off, cannot be over-emphasized, if we are to avoid the unhappy aftermath of the last war. At the end of that conflict, many farseeing individuals warned us against the evils of isolation and urged us to take an active part in world politics. However, we ignored this advice and unwittingly planted the seed of discontent which gradually grew into the present world wide conflict.

That these mistakes may not be repeated, it is necessary to plan a world in whose politics we shall take an active part; this, however, we must not plan alone, but with the advice and assistance of all our Allies, and with consideration for all the people of the world. If we choose to ignore any one of our Allies, we shall, as many leading statesmen have pointed out, find ourselves, in a few years, involved in a conflict much more terrible than the one in which we are now engaged. With our Allies, besides, we share the responsibilities of creating a new world democracy, in which all men shall have the rights and privileges enjoyed by people living in all free countries.

This task of reconstruction certainly is not an easy one; it must be carried out in both the physical and moral senses. We must rebuild cities destroyed by war, that they may thrive again; new methods of communication must be planned, so that we may never again lose touch with the world or with one another. The people in the countries ruled by our enemies must be educated to the ideals of democracy so that they or at least their children, may be able to take their rightful places in the world. We must make new laws to bind all the people of the world together, and to prevent men like Hitler from ever having the opportunity to enslave entire populations and even the whole world.

Obviouslvy this task of reconstructing the world is not one which can be properly accomplished within a few days. It must be carefully and painstakingly planned, with every nation considered. It is, therefore, necessary to start our planning now, so that we shall not have fought in vain, and that we shall never again have to take part in another world war.

FRANCES QUINT, '43.

REVIEW SENIOR QUESTIONNAIRE

AFTER the long job of counting was over, the results of the Senior Questionnaire were finally tabulated by the weary workers. Seniors have the most fun—dancing; when they turn to sports, swimming is the favorite. At the movies, the ideal picture would have Alan Ladd, favorite actor, opposite Bette Davis, favorite actress. At home after the show, Temple Bailey is the author most likely to be read. On the radio we like Bob Hope best, with the ol' 920 Club a close second. The faculty impresses students most.

Most jiving is done with schmaltz horn-man Harry James. Sweet-stuff kids go for G. Lombardo, with Andre Kostelanetz a scant one point behind. Favorite periodical (that's what you read in study periods) is compact Reader's Digest in which we like to read about our outstanding world personality, F. D. R. When we gripe, we gripe most about the lunch periods: food, time, and conditions. The old faithful, school spirit, pops up again as what we need most at C. H. L. S.

Turning to the Seniors themselves, we find that charming Peggy O'Brien is the most popular girl, with petite Pat Churchill close behind. Most popular boy is Bill Reardon. The fellows would like prettiest girl Marion Looney's picture most, whereas the female contingent of C. H. L. S. think most handsome is Charlie Mains. For the best dressed couple, we have sharpies Bob Haven and Gloria Gregware. Margy Kelley is best all-around girl athlete. Best boy athlete is Prexy Bill Reardon. Gene Callender predicted rightly in the last Spotlite, saying best natured student is Shorty Morrison. Student with the most brilliant repartee (wittiest student to you, Modest) is Virginia Reardon. Dramatic Club Prexy Bob Guest is best boy dancer, Jane Gayton, best girl dancer. Girl most likely to succeed is Juanita Roop with Pat Churchill second. Eli Kaminsky rates the honor of the boy most likely to succeed. And that concludes our glimpse at the public and private lives of the Seniors of C. H. L. S. Many thanks to Bob O'Brien, Gene Callender, Marv Modest, Frank Tonkonow, Roland Laine, Ann Lundquist, and Peg O'Brien, who helped tabulate the votes.

RICK HARRINGTON, '43.

DURING THE NIGHT WATCH

ALL was calm and peaceful aboard a gigantic boat in the South Pacific. The black depths of the ocean glistened mysteriously under the moon's bewitching magic. A young sailor, Bill Smith, pacing to and fro on his lonely watch, thought wistfully of home. Visions of his mother's kindly figure moving about her daily tasks floated entrancingly in his head and he fancied he could smell the delicious odors emanating from the cheery kitchen . . .

The stentorian call of his mate on the deck below woke him abruptly from his reverie. After answering in the same tone, he resumed his monotonous marching.

Suddenly he stiffened, his alert nerves tensed for action. Faintly, but unmistakably, the low, menacing drone of enemy planes came to his ears The youth, versed for just such an emergency, shouted orders to his subordinates and executed orders issued to him.

In the next few hours, all was a confusion of sound. Huge shells ripped into the ship from the enemy bombers above, while the enormous guns of the American ship sent death and destruction incessantly. These sounds mingled to form a terrible, thunderous background for blazing planes describing huge fiery arcs in the black sky before crashing into the sea. Men's agonized, dying screams added a new note of grimness to the awful picture.

Bill, his soul sick and wrenched with horror, steeled himself to go on. When Dick the gunner, his best friend, was wounded, Bill took his gun. With an inborn desire for justice adding fuel to the deep, unceasing cry for revenge, he aimed with a deadly aim and steady, firm hand. . . .

Then, at last, it was over; the foe vanquished; at last, dawn was here; the night watch finished.

WINIFRED TAYLOR, '45.

SUPER HONOR ROLL

First Honors

Downward, Carol

Anastos, William
Barbuto, Elena
Benson, Ida
Cardillo, Sarah
Chaulk, Dorothy
Chin, Annie
Christo, Helen
Corey, Joseph
Deresky, Julia
Drolette, Margaret
Duperey, Lucille
Emello, Elizabeth
Geller, Molly
Holmes, Marie
Jankowski, Sophie
Kaminsky, Eli
Kelty, Diana
La Freniere, Leon
Lydotes, Despina
Lyons, Mary
McCabe, Richard
Menez, George
Messina, Mary
Mooney, Mary
Morazzi, Olga
O'Brien, Robert
Oster, Edward
Palmacci, Ilia
Powers, Walter
Quint, Frances
Roach, Mary
Roop, Juanita
Souza, Louise
Spinosa, Mary
Sutherland, Dorothy
Verrill, Eleanor

TELEVISION COMES INTO MY HOME

MY home is not what it used to be; television has arrived to raise havoc with the customs of our household. The little screen sitting on top of the friendly old family radio, that innocent looking white screen, has caused a revolution.

In the good old days, before the arrival of this monster, it had been my custom every Friday or Saturday evening to forget my worldly troubles and tramp off to the neighborhood theatre to spend an enjoyable evening with the girl across the street, or perhaps with the new girl who moved in next door. Now, however, all is different. The picture playing at the neighborhood theatre either has been portrayed already on the television screen, or is being portrayed the night on which I wish to go to the movies. When I make my weekly Friday and Saturday night appeal for funds to my mother, I receive the answer "But, Frank, there is no sense wasting money; you've already seen the picture on the television screen," or "The picture is being shown tonight on the television screen. Why don't you ask Harriet over here and spend the evening with us?" So, I ask Harriet over and we spend the evening under the close scrutiny of the actors and the members of my family. Now, I ask you, is that the way for a person to forget his worldly troubles?

This isn't the only complaint I have against television, however. I used to take great delight, in pre-television days, in listening to the sports news while eating my supper. Hearing of the sporting exploits of the day seemed to relax me and increase my appetite. When I heard that the Red Sox were in first place or that they had defeated the Yankees, it made me feel better and I'd reach for another helping of meat. All this, now, is but a pleasant memory. The family disliked the way the sports announcer would glance up from his papers and stare at them while they were eating, so it was decreed that only music could be played during dining hours.

My last complaint against television is this: occasionally, I finish the arduous toils known as homework early enough to sit down by the radio, turn on some sweet music, and relax before retiring. At these times, now, when I turn on the sweet music and open my eyes, there is the shining face of a vocalist, disturbing my reverie.

In closing my tale of woe, I want to give some advice. If television hasn't already come into your home, thank the fates and then set about to prepare a defense against the arrival of this monster.

FRANK TONKONOW, '43.

OLD AND NEW WORLD SCHOOLS

The bell rings in some German or Austrian school. The teacher enters the class room. Everybody jumps up and stands at attention, stiff and erect. The teacher nods condescendingly and everybody sits down. Immediately the actual class work begins, without any delay or personal word, matter-of-factly and efficiently. There is a deep and wide rift between pupil and teacher, the same rift that dominates the social life of most of the European nations, two classes, the teacher with all the power and the pupil who considers the teacher a dangerous enemy. There is a great deal of fear in Austrian schools, and a continuous day-of-judgment atmosphere prevails; in order to counterbalance this tension, the children constantly try to outsmart the teacher.

Before I go on, I might say here that this account is only a description of a prewar Austrian school. At the present time, with 14-year-old boys at the front, such schools probably do not exist.

The bell rings every forty-five minutes with a 10-minute pause between every two periods. In this manner, five to six periods a day, Austrian children are fed knowledge and more knowledge. There are very few extra-curricular activities, no school paper, dances, clubs, etc. The teacher is not interested in forming the student's personality, or teaching him that people have to learn to tolerate each other and to respect each other, but in giving him a sound academic background in various fields. I think, however, that in this one endeavor our schools in Austria did a superb job. When a pupil leaves school at eighteen, he does not only have an excellent and extensive knowledge in various fields, such as in science, mathematics, history, literature, and foreign languages, but has also — and that is a definite advantage — acquired an ability to do his own research work and to co-ordinate the knowledge gained in various fields. If a student enters a Universiy at eighteen, he is on his own, with four months vacation and eight months school, and completely able to build up his own course of studies, and to develop himself without any pressure from the school.

This to my mind is the one great asset of the Austrian schools, but is it worth the price? That Hitlerism was immediately accepted and hailed by the students of the German and Austrian Universities is almost the best proof that this type of schooling is not ideal.

Now let's look at an American school. If we are really honest about it, we look upon our school without fear and consider it fun. The teacher is a friend, and consequently we are not afraid to ex-

press our own thoughts and are free to voice our opinion and even criticism. We meet our teachers in outside activities, and parents take an active part in forming the program, thereby helping to knit a closer tie between school and home. A spirit of co-operation prevails.

America is the country of practical democracy, personal initiative, and social mobility. The school system expresses these ideas. First of all, schools here are free, whereas in Austria there are only a few schools which do not require the payment of fees. These are schools for students who do not plan on higher learning, or whose parents cannot afford such education. These pupils go to school only until they are 16 years old, and both the social and intellectual level is of course low. The high schools, therefore, comprise a definite middle class atmosphere. There are, of course, scholarships as well as graded fees which are adjusted to the income of the particular family. This, however instills a certain class consciousness in the students that should be avoided. Pupils, by the way, have to buy all their books and utensils.

As to the personal initiative, the students here have much more choice in selecting their curriculum. We had hardly any say in our program, and had to go through a course of study, completely mapped out and utterly inelastic. For instance, under normal circumstances, I would absolutely have to take the following subjects in Austria this year: Physics, Chemistry, French, English, German, Mathematics, Religion, History, Geography, Drawing, and Gym. Greek and Latin could be substituted for French and English. It must, however, be understood that all of these subjects are taken either two or three periods a week. Perhaps it will also interest you to know that in Austria on Saturdays, students have to go to school like any other day of the week. Home Rooms and study periods do not exist. When one meets a teacher in the corridor, one has to snap the feet together and stand erect. One stays in the same classroom all day and the teachers are the ones that go from one room to another. These are just a few things with which you are not acquainted.

Another very striking difference between the Austrian and American school is that the study of religion is banned from American schools and parents are free to send their children to a Sunday School of their own choice. In Germany and in Austria we used to have religious education for all pupils right in school. The great disadvantage of this system is that it splits the class into religious differences at a time when they are not able to comprehend tolerance at all.

I really can't tell you how much I prefer the American school system, because I firmly believe that it will always be more important to educate people to live as human beings than to educate them to become living encyclopedias.

GEORGE PERUTZ, '43

PLACITUM

A SLIGHTLY built, middle-aged man we know was standing before the counter of his neighborhood druggist, seemingly to buy a tube of toothpaste. To his neighbors, he was known to be a typical citizen of Oakville, who took the commuters' train (since the war they call 'em forums) at 8:33, bought war bonds, and sent his children scurrying to the Chestnut Street Public School each morning. He was just an average man, who scanned the headlines of the Morning Bugle over his rapidly cooling Postum, listened to the radio every night, and perused magazines with pleasure. However, there was something oddly off key here. As he leaned heavily on the counter, he spoke earnestly, in a hoarse, harried tone. We sidled idly over and apppeared deeply engrossed in surveying a gaudy display of Miraclo Dandruff Remover, and this is what we heard:

"Look, McGillicuddy, have you anywhere in stock a tube of plain, ordinary, old-fashioned tooth paste, whose sole purpose is to get a fellow's teeth clean? Mind you, I am not looking for a remarkable dentifrice whose 'active penetrating lather' does everything from sweetening my breath to bringing out a natural luster that I never knew I had before, and probably never will have. I don't want my unassuming molars to become the apple of every lady's eye, or make like beacons—every time I venture to part by humble lips. What care I, if Loretta Young, among countless other Hollywood stars uses Calox, the miracle of delicacy? Why should I crave the cool, clean tang with which the Pepsodent announcer bids me to imbue my mouth? It has never been my life's ambition to achieve an Ipana smile. And furthermore," he roared (and for a moment our silent wonder at the numberless virtues of Miraclo Dandruff Remover was interrupted, as we glanced his way) "don't give me any powdered stuff; it tastes like soap!"

As Mr. Average Man quietly left the store, the richer by one small bag of salt which McGillicuddy had so understandingly proferred, we turned all he had said over in our mind. Yes, he certainly had been right, advertising does get on one's nerves—never pays, anyway. . . .

Oh, yes—I bought the Miraclo!

MARY ALICE BIGLER, '44

ALSO SHOWING . . .

IN these days, when the moving pictures are almost the only source of entertainment, and the screen is filled with sneering, stupid or sadistic Nazis, one of the brightest spots in any recreation-hungry person's life is the animated cartoon. One never sees the title of the animated cartoon emblazoned on the marquees, but only in tiny print under the subtitle "Also Showing" on the theatre page. What a relief it is, after shuddering for two hours to the accompaniment of curses, corpses, stilettos and saboteurs, to hear the lilting strain of a Disney score, and see Mickey Mouse —brass-buttoned fore and aft flash gaily on the screen. What sighs of pleasure and relief arise from the haggard audience to greet the kaliedoscope of color that is a silly symphony! Never can one hear such a collection of belly-laughs as is heard coming from a full house watching Donald Duck swagger and boast his way across the screen.

Why do people enjoy these features so much? In the first place, they are an escape from the realities and struggles of a war-time world. These crazy comics are an embodiment of the man-on-the street yearning for humor, fun, and relaxation. The lovable yet absolutely grotesque creatures that gambol before the audience form such a contrast to the grim realistic world waiting outside the theatre that we lose oureslves in the cartoon, revel in it, and love it.

Another feature of the animated cartoon is the beauty that can be expressed in it. Notice, sometimes, the background of the Disney or Fletcher "shorts." Notice how the ravishingly subtle colors, the composition and contours accentuate the mood the artist wishes o convey. "Snow White" was a masterpiece of beautiful background and coloring combined with moods. Who can ever forget the wild fury of the chase of the Witch, or the tender beauty of Snow White's burial by the dwarfs? It was scenes such as these that lifted "Snow White" out of the "also showing" category into the main feature. In my opinion, the theatres would do well to subordinate their so-called feature attractions and advertise and glamorize the good old animated cartoon!

THOMAS LEAMAN, '43.

PRODIGY OF NIPPON

ORDINARILY zero would signify nothing, but in these menacing times, zero stands for something, something slender, powerful as a bird which needed only a puff of wind to take it into the azure skies. But this bird is deadly, ten thousand times more deadly than Naure's deadliest. If ever a person is lined in the gun sights of the enemy pilot, Zero stands for sudden death. The Mitsubishi aircraft works of Japan produce a deadly type of plane. Its name is Zero!

In the misty mountains of the Aleutian Islands, a Zero was recently captured intact, crated and shipped to the San Diego Naval Air Station to be examined by the Navy's foremost experts. When this prodigy of Nippon was uncrated and inspected, naval men drew their breaths in amazement at their first close glimpse of that fabled plane of the East. Wild tales of the Zero's performance had been coming back with monotonous regularity from fliers who had met it in battle. The Zero was found to be constructed like a fine watch. From its nose to its tail there was not one superfluous rivet on the Zero. So simple is this plane and so cunningly is it fitted together that it took days for naval mechanics to find all of the Zero's parts.

The most amazing thing about the Zero is the way it was built. Instead of constructing a fuselage and wings separately and then joining them together in American fashion, the Japanese have fashioned the fuselage and wings in one piece. This makes for great structural strength and is a decided advantage in close swift maneuvers. In the air, the Zero has tremendous climbing speed and extreme maneuverability. This makes it a wonderful plane in dog fights. But for all its amazing qualities, in the far wastes of the Pacific, red suns glowing wickedly on the shining fuselage, the Zero has met its match in the fighter planes of the United States.

LEONARD A. BESWICK, '43.

SILVER LINING

AT last our month of planning was to have its fulfillment. The day had come, a perfect day, late in spring; the sky was the color of cornflowers, the air mellow and inviting. Up at dawn, after an hour of hustle and bustle spent in dressing in comfortable clothes for our fishing expedition, packing delicious sandwiches deep in our baskets amidst giant thermos bottles, we bade farewell to the noise and grime of the city and sped off on our bicycles for one glorious day of fun and adventure.

The site we had chosen couldn't be more picturesque. Sweet-smelling pine trees formed a cool pathway as we happily went our merry way to our destination. Suddenly we came upon our ideal spot, and had to blink our eyes because its sparkling brilliance was in such contrast with the dark mysteriousness of the forest. The laughing sun beamed down upon a great expanse of verdant glade and formed a mist of gold over the area. A huge lake was set like a cup in the center of this wonderland and the calm serenity of its azure

waters lapped peacefully and invitingly at the rocky shore as if saying "Come in; come in." Chirping birds were excitedly telling one another about their winter adventures, and a furry squirrel scampered quickly about at the edge of the deep forest hunting for shiny brown nuts.

After greedily devouring our tasty lunch, we cleaned away the littered debris, for we did not wish to mar the perfection of this spot in any way. We hurriedly made our way to the lake, eager to start, and setting out in the two hand-made boats we found at the shore, we prepared our lines with the squirming bait which we hoped would lure the unsuspecting fish. As we set our lines in the clear depth of the glistening water, many of us wished that this was a prelude to our going into the exhilarating lake, not realizing our wish would soon be fulfilled.

After an hour and a half of unsuccessful fishing, we decided that it was just an unlucky day for us inexperienced fishermen, so we sat back idly while a blanket of laziness drifted over most of us. Out of this calmness a scream pierced the air, uttered by one ambitious girl who had felt a sharp tug at her line. Taken by complete surprise, we all jumped with a start, causing the fragile craft to overturn, taking us with it. Having struggled for a few seconds, the skillful swimmers gathering their wits, assisted the helpless to the shore.

The excitement ceased, and two of the party came to the conclusion that this was an opportune time to catch up on sleep, so they stretched out on a smooth grassy knoll and slumbered while the more vigorous group thought it best to sing. As twilight began to fade to keep its rendezvous with night, we left our symphonic haven to go back to the ever-moving jazz tempo of the city.

CLAIR CAROL CONLEY, '44.

EXCERPTS FROM DIARY KEPT BY PERRY POLINSKY — SUMMER 1942

1st day: Midnight: joined Convoy Command several miles off Canadian east coast. Received orders from leading vessel to fall in between two British Destroyers. Watch ended at 4 A. M. About 2 P. M. back on duty in radio shack. Everything peaceful as can be expected. Getting green around the gills and don't feel much like working. Having a terrific time; this seasickness is getting me down.

2nd day: Davy Jones playing havoc with my stomach. Think the world is coming to an end. Spent half the day in sick bay.

3rd day: O. K.

4th day: Off duty: playing nurse maid to a few of the 26 U. S. Cavalry horses on board. Everything O. K.

5th day: Locators picked up submarine motors 2 A. M. this morning. All men to general quarters. Destroyers drop depth charges every 100 yards. Everybody on board tense. 6 P. M. Subs scared off, no casualties. Continue on predetermined course.

Arrived in Icelandic port several days later, unloaded cargo. I'm transferred to shore station. After 11 days I'm back on board a cargo-tanker homeward bound.

3rd day out: Emergency drill 9 A. M. Everything O. K. 2 P. M. Below deck repairing burned out generator armature. Call to general quarters. Unidentified plane picked up on locators. Plane sighted coming in amidship. Skipper announces it's enemy. "AA's" open fire. Ship on zig-zag course. Plane dives at about 60° angle, amidship. "AA's" putting up a terrific barrage. I'm scared stiff. Torpedo dropped about 100 yards amidship. Plane comes in fast strafing deck with machine gun fire. Quartermaster swings ship abruptly to starboard. Torpedo strikes 2 points off starboard bow. Terrific explosion. Sharp pain in my left leg. Bleeding like a stuck pig. Call to radio op. He can't hear me; radio room door closed and Ac-Acs making a terrific din. Tied tourniquet on leg, felt weak. Lost consciousness. Came to in sick bay. Doc sewing me up.

5th day: Doc doesn't like the looks of my leg. Scared of blood poisoning. Radioed Coast Guard Cutter. Midafternoon I was transferred to cutter.

Several days later:

I'm in a relief hospital in St. Johns, Newfoundland. Feel much better. Fellow beside me is young Scotch boy about 23 years old. He was torpedoed in midAtlantic. He received burns on hands and face and a shrapnel wound in his abdomen.

3rd day: I'm O. K. Toddy (the young Scotch sailor) is an inspiration. No matter how much in pain he still keeps joking. I guess he'll pull through all right.

5th day: I'll never forget Toddy as long as I live. You see previous to his joining the Canadian Merchant Marine, Toddy lost the sight of his left eye and four fingers on his right hand at—Dunkirk.

Ted: I woke up last night and had a feeling my watch was gone.

Tom: Well, was it?

Ted: No, but it was going!

ON GETTING READY TO STUDY

THERE are many advantages in getting one's homework done in the afternoon. For this reason, I generally rush home from school with every good intention of getting it done by six o'clock. However, I cannot simply sit down and begin. I must get ready to begin. Here are some of the problems involved in getting ready.

First, I must get out of sight and sound of a radio. If one is near, I have to play it. My fingers seem to be drawn to the tiny disc by some unseen magnet. This is very difficult because the radio rests on the desk at which I study. One finger moves to open *Twelfth Night;* the other, to turn the little button. Finally, in desperation, I yank the cord from its socket, seize the radio, and throw it with a mighty heave onto the bed in the next room. So far I have not missed.

My next problem is Mimi, our French Bulldog. The balmy March weather invites her out. She goes out. A sudden shower approaches, forcing her to take refuge in the house. The weather clears, and Mimi is up and out again. Then she is in again. Of course I am elected to receive and dismiss Her Highness. This, of course, interferes with studying. She spends the rest of the afternoon in the cellar.

Thirdly, I must have the correct implements at hand. Pencils must be sharpened, rulers found, and the broken compass mended. In performing the feat of mending a disabled compass, I light upon my brother's slide-rule, a fascinating object. Soon I am engrossed in finding the square root of two billion, five hundred million, two hundred six thousand, seven hundred and ten. Whew! Eventually, I tear myself away from the sliderule, and dash enthusiastically upstairs to begin my homework.

When, at last, armed with pencil and paper, and seated at my desk, I open my algebra book, preparatory to wrestling with example eleven, the hardest of the lot, six o'clock and the telephone sound simultaneously.

PEGGY REYNOLDS, '44.

AN AIR RAID SEEN FROM THE SKIES

AS the British "Manchesters" roared over the serene blue waters of the English Channel, their crews were not cheerfully urging their planes on. The "Manchesters" were flying at top speed, it is true, but the hearts of these men were in no hurry to end the lives of people like themselves in everything but their desire for war. But, they must kill or be killed.

Approaching the French Coast, the bomber pilots one by one dropped in a shallow dive to 2500 feet. Then, as their targets came into view, command of these planes was transferred to the bombardiers. When the latter, having allowed for drift, finally got the cross-hairs on the target, they signaled the pilots to hold the planes steady and then the man of weak heart wished he were at home.

As the bombardier in the lead plane presses the bomb toggle, his plane, lightened of some of its eight tons of bombs, seems to leap high in the air. As the first stick of bombs goes shrieking through the skies, the air becomes alive with bursting "ack-ack" fire and flying shrapnel. After the first bombs hit, the action becomes too thick and fast to describe happenings in their due order, for now, bombardiers are firing at will, and wherever they see fit.

Upon the explosions of the first bombs, a fountain of debris seems to come up to greet the British. Little figures are seen scrambling for shelters or doorways. Some of these are stopped short as though hit by shrapnel; others are lifted bodily into the air by the concussion of a nearby explosion. A gusher of burning black oil reaching hundreds of feet into the air tells the story of a bombed gasoline depot. A cruiser trying to steam away from this scene of carnage is blasted until it is a smoking, battered, blazing hulk lying on its side, surrounded by burning oil and gasoline, and with its personnel tumbling into the blazing inferno. Ignoring the "Fock-Wulfe 190's", the "Messerschmitts," and the "Heinkels," the "Manchesters" which have survived the battle turn towards the flying field which is located in the suburban district of the burned out city. With the personnel bombs and the incendiaries which remain, the "Manchesters" almost scoop the field out of the earth. An anti-aircraft crew is lifted bodily with its weapon and then dropped, crushed, broken, lifeless figures. Of the hangars, charred, broken skeletons remain. The field and runways, bombed to prevent further use, resemble, from the air, a Chinese checker board.

Their destructive work completed, the pilots turn for home, not at ease in their souls, but grateful that another of Hitler's stepping stones into England has been washed free and tumbled away by the stream of British Aircraft.

WILLIAM ANASTOS '43

THE HELP AND HINDRANCE OF THE BAN ON AUTOMOBILE DRIVING

WHEN any event occurs which disrupts to any great degree the lives of society, it is much easier to point out the hindrances than the aids. Such is the case of the ban on automobile driving. The difficulties are more glaring; the good points lie almost hidden and ignored.

America's main inconvenience in the auto ban is caused by the spreading of the population throughout a fifty-mile belt around industrial areas. For the past fifteen years real estate dealers have been promoting developments within an hour's run from the city. As the efficiency of cars has increased, the distance from home to office has done likewise. Summer and week-end camps have gone even farther from the city. Naturally living far from work without a car has brought about many changes in the life of the suburban resident. Many of these inconveniences have brought a few benefits, though.

In olden times the late-riser had to run for his train or bus. If he were wise, he learned to go to bed earlier and thus not be tardy in the morning. The brisk walk to the station gave him a little exercise and fresh air before sitting down at a desk for the remainder of the day. The car commuter was deprived even of this small health conditioner and very often threatened his own and other lives by not having quite recovered from the party of the previous night.

A carless person must plan farther in advance than the driver. No longer can the housewife hop into the car five minutes before meal-time to run down to the grocer for some trivial item she neglected to order. Meal planning becomes more difficult but grandmother at canning time did her meal-planning for the winter and following spring.

Social life has reverted to the family and neighborhood circle. In automobile times people maintained relations with their former neighbors in the mother city and with those who had moved to neighboring communities. Inter-state visits were no rarity. The gasoline ban brought an increase in the sale of games; more time was available for the care of home and grounds. Friends were made of neighbors whose names would not even have been known in normal times.

Most serious hindrance has been the loss of time and money. Train schedules do not fit the irregular working hours of war workers. Railroad fares even at 2½c per mile count up at two trips a day. Despite the upkeep of a car, these costs are soon wiped out, since gasoline is relatively inexpensive. Perhaps the most heart-breaking expense is that of leaving a well-kept country home on which taxes must still be paid for an unsatisfactory, crowded city apartment at a high rent.

RICHARD MCCABE, '43

A LESSON IN PROPAGANDA

THOUGH it may seem harsh to say so, yet there are incidents and episodes in the war which brings a chuckle now and then. One of these is the episode of the Russo-Finnish War which began in 1939. When Russia invaded Finland, our daily papers sprang to the defense of helpless Finland. That country was pictured as a courageous David resisting an overpowering Goliath, and Americans quickly and naturally sympathized with the smaller fellow, Finland. Finnish Relief societies arose, and whenever the Finns managed to win a battle, there was rejoicing in our hearts and three-inch headlines in our papers. Perhaps our sympathy for this nation came from the factual knowledge that the Finns were the only Europeans who had paid us their World War I debts; but it is more reasonable to account for it with the accepted fact that we are a nation which likes to see the bigger fellow beaten. Our newspaper organizations know this, and therefore, in order to increase publication, they filled their pages with glowing accounts of Finnish bravery and heroism. The magazines also published articles describing the Finnish people fighting for their homes.

Suddenly an unforeseen thing happened; Hitler invaded Russia. Overnight the Finns found themselves allied to Germany, and we were thrown on Russia's side. This situation placed the newspapers in a difficult position, for they could no longer laud the Finnish courage at the expense of Russian prestige. Gradually the news from that front dwindled until now it is very difficult to find any mention of Finland in the news. Consequently the man in the street has forgotten all about the land to which he once contributed cash. Today's newspaper acclaims the virtues of the Russian fighting man.

This, I fear, is a rather crude example, yet it does show how easily public opinion can be bandied to and fro. Constant reiteration of a statement, true or false, will, in time, convince the public masses and gain their support. Did we not think the Finns were great fighters once? Now, however, that we are on Russia's side, we hear of heroism and courage in the Russian ranks. Surely they could not fight heroically against the Germans and stupidly against the Finns. No, it is only that the newspapers have changed their tune. Thus even here in America, we have been victims of the propaganda of an institution protectd by the Constitution. That, in itself, is not too bad; but we must be more careful lest we fall victim to foreign propaganda machines. That would be tragedy!

WALTER POWER, '43.

Diner: Do you serve crabs here?
Waiter: We serve anyone—sit down.

AFTER A LONG WINTER

THERE is not a boy or girl of my acquaintance, I believe, who does not enjoy winter to its full extent. Nevertheless, I know not one who is unhappy at the thought and feeling of spring.

The first signs of spring start even before the flowers begin to bloom. The snow flies no more —indeed it covers the streets with mud as it melts—and one no longer listens eagerly, if in vain, for the no school signals because of the intense cold. In our house, we start to hold family meetings to decide what to plant in our flower and victory gardens.

Then of course, the cheerful songs of the birds sound every morning; the robin appears; and the world begins to take on that newly washed, clean look. What rejoicing goes on as Louise notices the first daffodils and Carol spies the season's first blue jay! Mother then begins her spring housecleaning and Dad is rarely seen, except at mealtimes, because he is so absorbed in his gardening.

But it is not only in the sprouting grass and green covered trees that a change is felt. It is also in people. Sad to say, I begin neglecting my homework in order to take a hike or bike ride of an afternoon. Carol, training to be a harpist, has to be almost chained down in order to be made to practice her lessons. Spring weather certainly makes a person changeable! One moment the least exertion is tiring and the next moment, the most difficult task is not hard enough.

Yes, it is the same every year. Winter is ever so much fun, (while it lasts) with its sledding and snowing, but what would we ever do without the blessed spring? And what an enjoyable sensation is that of good old "spring fever!"

RUTH COLEMAN, '44.

DANGER SIGNALS

I THINK that everyday life might safely be termed a series of actions strung out between signals. I wake up to a signal, the alarm clock, come to school on a trolley run on signals, change classes, have lunch, and go home on signals. And in a like manner practically anyone depends on signals. Probably the most important signals are the warning, or danger signals.

From early childhood man depends on danger signals. When playnig games, and after all, games fill the life of a normal child, there are all sorts of danger signals. For instance in playing hide-and-go-seek, there is always someone who, having reached "home" first, shouts warnings to the others. "Red" perhaps means danger! while "orange" means, "it's all right to come now!" and "blue" means "get back, get back!"

The schoolboy has his danger signals too. A low whistle may warn the noisy scholar that teacher has come into sight. How often, unfortunately, these signals come too late! The most unwanted signal of all, for the schoolboy, is the dismal failure slip, carrying its unpleasant message of the disaster about to strike.

The worldly grownup, too, is not without his danger signals. Consider the hundreds of times Mrs. Jones has kicked her husband's shins under the bridge table as a warning of what she plans to say to him when they return home. The sound of a motorcycle and a sudden police whistle warns the driver that he's passed one red light too many. Many a rationed motorist would probably welcome that sound back into existence if it means that he could once more drive without one eye on the coupon book.

There is today a new danger signal, which has foreshadowed disaster to many a child, schoolboy, and grownup. In fact from the danger it warns of no age is exempt. That signal is, of course, the air raid siren. May it never be sounded in earnest in America!

MARIE RUSSELL, '44.

G. A. A. REPORT

GREETINGS, friends, I am here once more to bring you the latest G. A. A. news.

First of all, I want to congratulate our new officers, who are Mary Messinger, the new vice-president-treasurer, and Isabel Ford and Barbara Rundlet, the new executive officers. I know that we can count on them to be as successful as their predecessors in running the affairs of the club.

On Friday, March 19, the Alumnae Game was held in the gym. Former G. A. A. girls, both married and single, as far back as 1936, were present. We were also happy to have with us two former G. A. A. presidents.

As I sit writing this report, I can hear in my mind girls saying, "Who wants to go to dances in the afternoon?" and "I am sorry I joined the G. A. A. this year." These statements are unjustified. The G. A. A. being a patriotic club and wanting to comply with the wishes of the School Committee has not been able to hold any night parties, but it has tried to have as many good times for you girls as possible. I hope you will understand and try to be patient. Let's all forget about the things we haven't had and go to the annual G. A. A. picnic. It will be held on June 5, at Miss Brown's home at Kendal Greene. The day will be planned so that everyone will have a good time. There will be the usual scavenger hunt and play by the officers. We hope that all our members will be present.

I find that I have given you all the news for this issue, so until next time, good-bye!

MARY DILLON, '43.

THE SCENTS OF NATURE

IN spring, the wan earth throws aside her dull cloak for a gay gown of brilliant hues. All nature glorifies this rousing beauty. Before the white of winter has fled the ground, rich maple sap rouses the drowsy air. Thousands of nature's joyous children brew the light perfume which, tossed into the breezes by tiny hands, drifts to human senses, ushering in the spring. The first aroma tingling the nostrils in the light atmosphere springs from the flooding sap of the willow and poplar trees. Myriads of tiny flowers in woody recesses and garden squares combine nodding heads to diffuse a sweet, heady scent in the gentle west wind, a scent inspiring the poet in man from the dawn of time. Green grass, shoving tender sprouts above the rich, black earth lends a prosaic quality to the aroma of spring, a substantial quality to stir the breast of the most commonplace of men.

Spring holds the spirit of man in a gentle grasp. Green leaves stretch out to the sun; tiny buds burst into huge sweet-scented flowers, and fruits; the soft breezes carry seeds from garden to plot. The odor of spring is intoxicating in late May with the drowsy incense of flowering orchards. Linden trees burst into bloom with a sweetness unrivalled by their sisters of the goregous gowns. Lilacs send heavy, rich perfume drifting over broad city streets and country lanes.

Suddenly the odor gains substance; the true fragrance of the lush summer season arises from the strong scent of new-mown hay. A thousand flowers yield to the scythe with the sweet-scented clover and her tall companions, the grasses and herbs. Daisies and black-eyed susans dance in wild rhythm in the spicy exhilaration of the summer field.

The bright beauty, fall, has no scents sweet enough to rival those of her younger sister-seasons. Her scent is the substantial odor of the grain harvest and of fully-ripened vegetation. Nature rings out her last full notes on the golden harp of ripened grain. Her wind instruments are scattered, the flowing sap, the wandering pollen, the stirring grass, the rousing flowers. With one vain effort fall throws the glowing scent of long-gathered honey on the thinning air, and pervades the woods with the sharp odor of crisp pine needles.

Capricious nature throws a glorious mantle over fall's shoulders and wafts her children to sleep with tender care. She has yet one pleasure for man, enjoyment of the acrid odor of withered autumnal leaves, flowing like incense to the roof of heaven. The first snow blankets the scenes of nature's youth, and plunges the world into the staid sterility of hoary winter, yet buried beneath the stiff earth are the odors of her youth for all time to come.

JUANITA ROOP, '43.

PISCICULTURE AND I

PISCICULTURE had always held a fascination for me, a fascination not shared by my well-meaning and far-seeing mother. For weeks I had been trying to persuade her to allow me to have even one tiny aquarium, but all in vain. I used every argument I could think of to justify my case. Mother held firm. She didn't want me to "clutter up" the house with a lot of "bowls of water" filled with fish. I then realized that I would have to be subtle about the whole affair. Somehow I would "insinuate" the aquarium, and the paraphernalia which goes with it, into the house.

My first step was to drop the subject and let everyone forget about it. Then, one fine day, I went to the aquarium store, bought an aquarium and some plants, and returned somewhat gingerly to my home. I told my mother that I was starting a water garden and that the aquarium would be very decorative. She eyed me suspiciously, but said nothing. She must have given up then. Next I added some small baby guppies and as nothing was said, I decided that the field was clear and the opposition had either given up or fled. From that time I invested my entire capital and income in my experiments. I acquired a new aquarium every two weeks, either purchased by myself or donated by one of my colleagues. I bought all kinds, shapes, varieties, and sizes of fish until there were seven aquariums on my table in the south window. I would breed one fish with another and so on to get one specimen which would be ideal.

Then my mother took an interest in the fish and decided that an aquarium with a select variety of fish could be decorative and attractive if put where people could see it. Now there is one aquarium in the living room which my mother says adds to the room, while the others lie empty and collecting dust on my closet shelf.

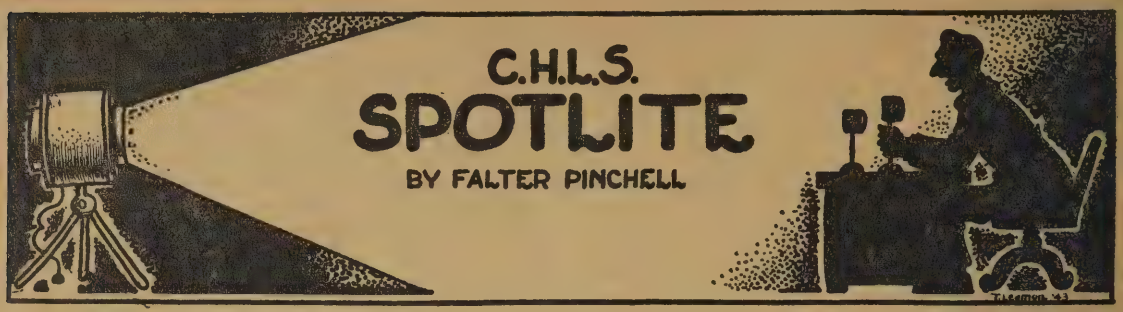
RAYMOND GENT, '43.

Mabel: "You really should wear a hat when you go out riding, Esther."

Esther: "But Mabel, I am! It's on the other side of my head."

Master: : What is water, Tommy?

Tommy: Water, Sir? It's a colorless liquid which turns very black the minute you put your



AFTERNOON, folks—Here we are again shining the spotlight here and there . . .

Chuck Darling has a little car that takes a lot of punishment—teeth marks and everything . . . Eleanor Reardon forgets just where the Sahara Desert happens to be. Barb Cleary and Christine Clemens are two Medford Hockey Team fans (Who isn't—except Barbie Rundlet?) Cecelia Drolette is such a sweet child. Ann Farr has a terrible time staying awake mornings. Bids are now acceptable to end Glen Peck's misery. The Miss Harvard Square Contest was won by lovely Marian Looney with Lorraine Nolan her runner up. Aster Colin is a smooth dancer. Franny Kelly is contemplating a nervous breakdown. Pat Conway was toasted at her early morning birthday party with tomato juice. Bob Heavern has quite a following—(so have we, but it's generally when we have food!) Barbara Morse finds standing room only outside 309. Peggy Smith carries the exercises right through fifth period. Ann Sullivan wants everyone to know that she isn't little. A second period English class is a Mr. Anthony problem clinic—(and what problems, sob, sob—) Peg O'Brien is busier than a bee lately, dashing here and there for the yearbook. Eleanor Carroll is due for a bit of oratory—Eleanor Murphy and a few quiet friends were whooping it up at a nearby eatery (it all started with a chocolate pie with whipped cream and green frosting). Regina Tierney is the cleverest sophomore, on the Honor Roll all the time. Ann Lundquist waltzes around with a gleam in here eye waiting for April 17. Ann Herlihy is another one of those twenty-nine-minutes-past marathon runners. Tommy Sheehan is always disgustingly happy. Lester Rogers had a major catastrophe between Cambridge and Washington. The song that seems to fit Barbara Sheehan best is "Who wouldn't love you?" Room 230 is establishing a record for buying stamps—for three weeks in succession, *everyone* in the room has bought—good going, 230—how about the rest of us? Guess what! Paul Hanlon is a soda jerker (a bromo with every coke and the sundaes—well!) Ruth Powers and Evelyn Fitzpatrick prove to be problem children fifth periods. Arthur Flink found his match in Robert Loring, who can outtalk him. "Life is so peaceful in the country" so poor little John Skahan is moving there (gosh *we* need a little peace from report cards and such) Joanne McConnell is taking an active interest in bonds. Senor Eugene Patner murders the Spanish language. Wherever does Ed Lafferty spend most of his second periods.—Someone let a few whiffle cases loose recently; the painful sufferers, Charlie Mains, Joe Sheehan, and Fran Mulaney—Ted Wadden has such a "divine" time dancing at the Bradford—Virginia Reardon has a place of business at long last. That well known song "Smoke gets in your eyes" has been changed to "Pie gets in your eyes" and Marge O'Connor should know. . . . The Senior Class poem was submitted by Edward Oster while George Perutz composed the Class song. The drawings are to be done by Thomas Leamon, William Collins, Ruth Doyle, Diana Kelty, and Arthur Corey. It promises to be an entertaining yearbook to say the least—so be sure to buy yours. Barbara Sullivan is an aunt; her cat had kittens. Ruth Sandock had her hair cut—Vera Chvany has a reputation for being a chatterbox. Three years ago M. Virginia Lyons went out for Spotlite and hasn't been heard from since. Bob Brown, that well-known man about town, is in the Ski Troops. Roz Kirk had a terrific shock recently when she met up with a huge mouse in a dark hall. Marian Gilmore has insomnia, he can never sleep—(sarcasm). James Finnegan is Public Enemy No. 1. At a supper dance of recent import Gloria Gregware was head of the Refreshment Committee—the food was marvelous, the indigestion better. Bess Amadon abhors Thursday afternoon dates. Mary Alice Bigler used to write plays. Bill Reardon is with the Braves in Connecticut and seems to be doing wonderfully (Everyone here is very proud of him) Herbie Smith cant' exist on two bottles of milk daily (gosh, he might get undernourished) Francis Donovan is always the gentleman (well, almost always).

Many of C. H. L. S.'s sons were home on leave recently; among these were Matty Good, Cut Coutomous, Stan Hollis and Charlie Billings. Mary

Curtin and Alice Finnegan are inseparable pals—John Harrington pulls around a little cart at Fogg museum (we would use one for our Spotlite notes). Buzz Cullin and Paul Hathaway were two wearers of the green on St. Patrick's day. Carla Baratelli has a secret meeting place at the end of second. Mary "Giggles" Coughlin has fits of hysteria during lunch period. Some rather lucky person is receiving fan mail in 129. Joe McKenna depends upon second period to keep him alive days. Betty Davison, Lois Pettingilo, Betty Weber, and Thelma Goodwin are all officers in a dancing club called the "Hep Cats Society." Alice Armstrong has a passion for moron jokes. Barbara Murphy has been moving around in a veritable daze these days. Richard Westaway is joining the R. C. A. F. Ah, exercises; there is nothing quite like them. . . . Margie Kelly likes them but it takes all types of people to make a world. Fran Greene is off automobiles for life (you can't trust them). Many darling pictures are zooming around. It's hard to pick the best with Marion Looney, Barbara Morse, Eleanor Reagan, and Peggy Smith in the running . . .

Well, that's all for now, you happy people—and a happy Easter!

EUGENE CALLENDER, '43.

CARMELINE ROSE, '44.

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Third Marking Period 1942-1943

FIRST HONORS

Anastos, William
Avery, Elizabeth
Beswick, Leonard
Bowler, Josephine
Butler, Elizabeth
Callender, Jean
Chin, Annie
Christo, Helen
Clark, June
Deresky, Julia
Downward, Carol
Drolette, Margaret
Duperey, Lucille
Emello, Elizabeth
Fillios, Ethel
Gent, Raymond
Grigolonok, Nina
Hammond, Mary
Holmes, Marie
Hyatt, Marion
Intinarelli, Rita
Kagan, Frances
Kaminsky, Eli
Keith, Carolyn
Loprete, Annette
Lydotes, Despina
Lyons, Mary
Matulewicz, Loretta
McCabe, Richard
Mooney, Mary
Nash, Dorothy
Power, Walter
Quint, Frances
Roop, Juanita
Servello, Florence
Souza, Louise
Spinosa, Mary
Sutherland, Dorothea
Swartz, Marilyn
Tonkonow, Frank
Winkler, Elizabeth
Wood, Eleanor

A TYPICAL "SOAP OPERA"

THE time is just fifteen seconds before 10:00 a.m. on any week day morning and the place is a broadcasting room at one of our Coast to Coast networks. An over-enthusiastic announcer waits for the signal "on the air." Then suddenly we hear . . .

"Good morning, happy housewives! Once again the makers of Pink Pills for Pale People bring you another heart-rending episode in the life story of Pamela Parker, Girl Reporter. But before we resume this throbbing drama, how many of you are called anemic by your friends? Does your complexion have that sallow, pasty look? Do you scare people when they look at your deathly white face? Well, cease worrying, good ladies; just buy a bottle of Pink Pills for Pale People and you will look alive again.

But now on with our story. You will remember that we left Pamela in a desperate situation. She is trapped in the cellar of an old warehouse with a bomb due to go off any minute. Is she frightened? Yes, of course she is! Her editor may fire her for not getting her story in on time! We hear the spies driving away in their car and Pamela saying, "Oh, dear!"

Will Pamela escape? Will that bomb go off? Will the editor fire Pamela? Will the spies make a successful getaway? Tune in tomorrow and find out the answers to these stirring questions. Tune in and discover how Pamela Parker, Girl Reporter copes with this horrible predicament she finds herself in. And in the meantime, don't forget; you need not look emaciated, just take Pink Pills for Pale People."

JEAN PATTERSON, '43.

BOOK REVIEW

THE HUMAN COMEDY by William Saroyan
Harcourt

This is William Saroyan's first novel. Mr. Saroyan, up to now, has been noted for his short stories, plays, and essays. The novel concerns itself with the Macauley family and in particular the son, Homer Macauley, who is a messenger boy. Besides Homer, the family consists of Mrs. Macauley, Homer's sister, his little brother, and his big brother, who has gone to war.

Some of Mr. Saroyan's most beautiful writing has gone into this book and some of his poorest, too. If you are a regular reader of Saroyan, the characters will all be familiar to you. If you are not a regular reader of Saroyan, then perhaps you had better make the acquaintance of his characters right away.

ROBERT GUEST, '43.

ALUMNI NEWS

THE first thing we want to do is correct a typographical error which appeared in our last column. A line or two of our "original manuscript" seems to have gotten lost somewhere in the shuffle of being printed. We were mentioning a few of our P. G.'s who had been accepted at college. It should have read: Louise Theodore and Theodore Kaleanos have been accepted at B. C.; William Katsinis and Stanly Laskowsky at Harvard.

Whew! We're glad that's over with. Now we can get started on more recent news. Doctor James J. Macklin, Jr., '30, leaves April 9, for a first lieutenancy in the Army Medical Corps. His wife is the former Helen Flanders, who also graduated from C. H. L. S. Among our alumnae who are now in the service are Ensign Eleanor Rowe and Betty Sugarman '37, a graduate of Suffolk University. Both of these girls are in the Waves; Agnes Goldberg '39 is in the Waacs. Recently appointed 2nd lieutenant in the Army Air Force are Walter Selfridge and Dennis George. Leon William Ford, '41, has entered the Army Air Force Classification Center at Nashville. Robert J. Roth, who graduated a few years ago, has been promoted to Staff Sergeant in the Army Air Force at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

Among the recent newly-weds are Kay Mahoney, '40, and Madelyn Ann Rose, '37. Madelyn graduated from Lasell Junior College in '40, and from Framingham College in '42.

Marshall Andelman '27, M. I. T., '31, B. U. Law School, '34, and Harry Donaldson are both lieutenants in the Chemical Warfare Service; George McCauley, '42, has joined the Army Air Corps and is stationed at Atlantic City, New Jersey; Norman Davis is with the Naval Air Force at Pensacola, Florida. Now in the Army are Michael Bahadorian, Harry Oster, and Ray Fitzgerald, all of '41. Mike is with the signal corps stationed at Boston Latin; Ray is a ski trooper; Harry is studying meteorology at Bowdoin College. Alfred Young, Jr., who graduated a few years ago, is an Army Signal Corpsman stationed in New Jersey. John G. Spadaro, '42, has been accepted as apprentice seaman and after his eighteenth birthday will become a naval aviation cadet. The Red Cross Blood Bank recently received a donation from Phyllis Gilman. Phyl, who graduated in '41, is a sophomore at B. U.

MARGARET DROLETTE, '43.

GIRLS' SPORTS

SPRING is here and with spring comes the end of the basketball season and the beginning of baseball. As basketball comes to a close, many fond memories remain with us.

The Senior Basketball Team won the Inter-Class Championship by defeating the Freshmen in the last league game 17 to 3.

Each member of the Championship Team was presented with a beautiful silver basketball by our Headmaster, Mr. Downey. The following girls won the basketballs: Capt. Mary Manning, Theresa Burns, Betty Cook, Alice Cooper, Mary Kelley, Elise Lane, and Eleanor Verrill.

On March 7 in our gym, Cambridge played host to an aggressive Somerville team. Trailing at the half, we came back to win. The final score was Cambridge—22, Somerville—20.

March 19 was highlighted by the Alumnae game, played in the gym. Many graduates and former G. A. A. officers and members came back to their Alma Mater. The graduates proved too strong for our team with the score being as follows: Alumnae—16, Latin—11. Second Alumnae—5, Second Latin Team—1. The refereeing was capably done by Virginia Ackerley and the cheering section was led by Frances Bolger and Mary Alice Bigler.

Baseball has started and will continue every Wednesday and Thursday afternoons under the direction of Miss Brown. Candidates are always welcome.

Swimming is held every Thursday evening at the Y. M. C. A., the girls receiving valuable instructions in life saving and diving. Until the next issue!

MARJORIE KELLEY, '43.

OUTING CLUB

BECAUSE of the severity of the winter, the members of the outing club were forced to curtail their plans for an extensive outdoor program during the winter. However, with the advent of spring, the club has begun a program of outdoor activities. Bicycle trips, picnics, hikes are among the various outings planned by the club. Already the club has been on two trips: a bird walk along the Charles, and a hike to Waltham.

The club is making a drive for new members; anyone who is interested in joining this club should see Miss McCarthy, club chaperon, in Room 203, or come to Room 130 on Friday at 2 o'clock. Freshmen and sophomores are especially welcome.

The club is planning a VICTORY BOOK CAMPAIGN for the boys in the service, to be conducted throughout the school in the near future. I am sure that the whole school will respond generously to this campaign.

P. S. There is no shortage of GEOMETRIES or CAESARS.

JOHN CAHILL, '43.

AGAINST THE AXIS

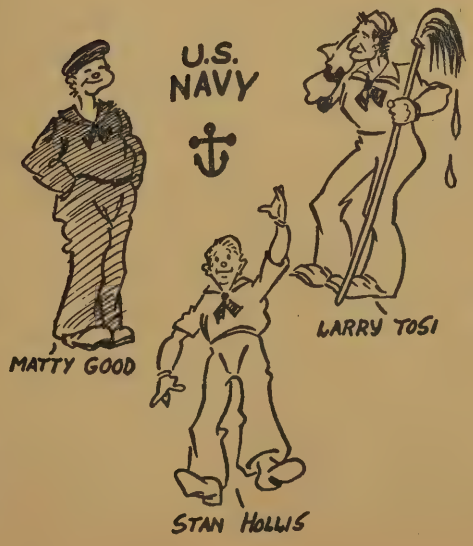
N MEMORY OF FORMER
UPILS OF THIS SCHOOL
HO HAVE BEEN LISTED
S MISSING OR KILLED IN
HEIR COUNTRY'S SERVICE~

TINE WAR SERVICE IS BEING
ONE BY ROSEMARY RYAN
D CLAIRE MASSE. THEY MAKE
SURGICAL DRESSINGS AT
H' RED CROSS DAILEY~

' POLINSKY LEFT JUST THE
R DAY FOR MARINE BOOT
. AFTER TRAINING HE WILL
E A STAFF SARGEANT'S
TH :-! NOT BAD, HUH?

RECENT GRAD RAY FITZ
WHOSE CARTOONS ADORNED
THIS PAGE, IS NOW HOOFING IT
IN TH' GOOD OLD ARMY.

THIS MONTH'S CARTOON IS DEDI-
CATED TO THE PUPILS OF C.H.L.S
WHO ARE ACTIVELY ENGAGED IN
HITTING TH' AXIS-RATS RIGHT
WHERE IT HURTS MOST !



THERE HAVE BEEN A LARGE
NUMBER OF BOYS GO INTO THE
AIR CORPS. J. PACHECO HAS AL-
READY GONE - WHILE AL LEAVITT,
GEORGE BRUEN, AND BILL COL-
LINS ARE HOPEFULLY WAITING....

AS YET WE HAVE HAD NO
NEWS OF ANY WAACS, WAVES,
OR LADY MARINES FROM THIS
SCHOOL.... AS YET....

BIG, RED-HEAD DICK WESTAWAY
HAS RECENTLY LEFT SCHOOL
TO FLY FOR THE CANADIAN
AIR-FORCE !

DAY-DREAMING

DAY-DREAMING can be either profound, instructive, and effectual, or idle, restful, and non profitable. From day-dreaming, ideas are formed. Without ideas, this world would not progress, and man would be little more than animal. Chemists, artists, writers, musicians, and inventors would be extinct. The chemist or inventor usually builds his castles following a logical, systematic, blue-print pattern, one thought the offspring of another; he usually assimilates his ideas and applies to them facts and theories already known. His day-dreaming progresses along a direct, straightforward succession of cold facts until he arrives at some finding or conclusion, which may lead to nothing, but more often is the embryo of a new compound or invention.

On the other hand, the poet day-dreams to heights unattainable by common man. He soars into a world all his own, full of mystery, beauty, and splendor. With the magic wand of Poesy, he can transform the most prosaic and commonplace into gems of beauty.

But one does not have to be an artist or a chemist to indulge in day-dreaming. It can be drudgery or a refreshing delight, according to one's moods and fancies. There are those who dream in clouds of worry, dread, and gloom, and those whose dreams are care free, soothing, and sometimes amusing. Day-dreamers can by typed. There are introverts who fence their thoughts about themselves and play leading roles in their own thought dramas. This type wonders, "What has he (or she) got that I haven't got?" Extroverts find delight in turning their thoughts outside of themselves. There are pessimistic and optimistic dreamers, sentimental and practical, sneering and respecting. In short, as long as man possesses a mind and a few spare moments, he will always have his day-dreams.

JOSEPH COREY, '43.

LIFE IN 2043

IN donning the robe of a seer and telling how the man of tomorrow will live, one may make limitless predictions without any hope of seeing them fulfilled. However, Mr. Citizen one hundred years hence will live a decidedly different life from ours.

He wakes up at about ten o'clock. Realizing that his day's work is great, at least two full hours, he takes a capsule of wake producer. In a few seconds he is fully aroused.

It has been a cold night. He pushes a button to lower the windows, gives another push and the room is warm. With a snap of his fingers off come the bed clothes, weighing only a few grams and made of fiber. He throws his pajamas into the wastebasket, for cellulose textiles are cheaper than the laundry. In his shower he is covered by a liquid which removes all dirt and dries in a few seconds. He rinses his mouth with a tasteless solution which removes all foreign matter (teeth not included). He has never seen a toothbrush except in a museum. He squeezes a few drops of liquid, rubs his face, and presto, his beard is no longer!

He sits down to a hearty breakfast of three capsules and a glass of water and, while he eats, reads a paper, beyond the power of human description. For diversion after his ward days' work he may take a rocket trip to Mars, where scientists have introduced water, or to Venus, which has been given a synthetic atmosphere. Or he may visit friends by television.

Mr. 2043 will not fear war, pestilence, or famine. Defense warfare developments will have completely neutralized offense weapons; cancer, tuberculosis, diabetes, and the common cold will have been eliminated; and man will be able to exist indefinitely at any age he chooses. However, the space of one hundred years is to us irrelevant, because we shall not have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Citizen of 2043.

ALEX STEWART, '43.

SPORTS

NOW that the baseball season is underway, you have an opportunity to get out and see High and Latin in action.

Coach Sonny Foley's first team will probably be comprised of Bill McLaughlin at first, Bob Heavern and Sabatino as the keystone combination, with third baseman Richie Ernest covering the hot corner. Catcher Dick Aylward will receive the pitching slants of curve-ball Jim Bloomquist, Bob Mulhern, and Anicherico. Jim Feloney and Nil Olsen are fixtures in the outfield with five or six hopefuls battling for Bill Reardon's berth; incidentally, prexy Bill, who signed with the Braves, is now at Hartford and doing well.

With this team on the field and the Latin rooters in the stands, we can certainly expect the Cantabs to finish at the top of the Suburban league.

This season's track team completed a successful year by placing in the State Meet and The Seaboard Carnival. Captain Joe McDavitt in the hurdles, Henry Petrow in the dashes, and Billy Braithwaite in the distance events were the outstanding athletes. To Coach Murphy goes the credit for molding such a fine team, and with so many younger fellows out for track, great things can be predicted for next year.

ALEX STEWART, '43.

THE SYMBOLS

WHILE searching for a misplaced sock in the drawers of an old bureau, I uprooted a large collection of Mother's class pictures. I gleefully transported my prey to the nearest comfortable chair, anticipating the pleasurable entertainment of laughing at the stiff expressions and poses of the portraits; somehow, though, I found my plans, as usual, going awry, for as I noticed the little captions and signatures, some scrawling, others mincing, across the sedate corners, my imagination uncurled its dormant figure and bent itself once more to the dreamy task of whisking me off into visions of the past.

I saw before me Mother, bedecked in lace choker, and enormous hair bow, asking her friends for their pictures, and standing ready with her own as an exchange, while they proudly creased their young brows to think up "a good one" to hand down to an ungrateful posterity. Shy boys were wavering hopefully around, like moths drawn to arc-lights, now approaching boldly, now withdrawing, to trace abstractedly in the throes of embarrassment the cracks in the floor with scuffed high-top shoes. Bold boys were audaciously flourishing leaky pens in search of more autograph books to sign, to ensure the immortality of their names.

As I was visualizing such a scene, I tried to animate the many faces gazing from out the mottled frames, into what I thought each would have done. The boy with the large, curly mouth, and the belligerent "I won't smile" stare, had winked boldly as the "swap" had taken place; the girl with the cornflower head drooping over the slender stem of neck, had smiled wanly, as if the end of her youth had come, and she were trying to memorize its dying days.

Over each face was cast the shadow of his future, even now the past. A chill ran through me as I realized that when those pictures were snapped, all of the students were on an equal footing as to their own patterns of life, to choose the right design. Since I had heard Mother mention them in their later years, I felt that none of them had succeeded in carrying out their young hopes. What would be the future of those who were starting out now? Would the boy voted most likely to succeed meet the fate, in a different form, of the unruly-haird genius who became a shoe salesman instead of an author? Would they all dissolve into the dullness of life, letting their bright, young hopes grow stale and dim? With a shudder of innate pessimism and fear, selfish fear for myself, one of those on the brink of an as yet unspanned chasm of life, I quickly buried them, symbols of fast-moving time, in their lavendered grave, and hopelessly defied with feigned indifference, the recognized inevitabilities that stared me so pointedly in the face.

DIANA-ELIZABETH KELTY, '43.

THIS THING CALLED SWING

HOWDY, boys and girls. Once again we are back with another session of this thing called swing. . . . Kay Kyser and his organization have put in more than 1,000 personal appearances before the armed forces. In one day they played twenty-six shows at military posts in and around San Francisco. . . . Dinah Shore is to appear in a movie based upon the life of the great entertainer Nora Bayes. . . . Recently when Chico Marx was threatened with pneumonia and had to leave his orchestra, his brother Harpo took his place. . . . The current popular song and Hit Parade favorite *As Time Goes By* is more than ten years old. It was written for a Broadway musical and achieved some popularity but nothing like the popularity it is now receiving, after being revived for the movie "Casablanca." . . . Here are some new records to listen and dance to: Russ Morgan's *Please Think of Me,* Dinah Shore's *Something To Remember Me By,* Harry James's *Velvet Moon,* Bing Grosby's *Darling Je Vous Aime Beaucoup.* . . . Speaking of Bing Crosby, he calls everybody, strangers or friends, by the name of *Jackson.* . . . John Kirby is going into the service in a couple of weeks. . . . Cab Calloway is now making a movie. . . . Alvino Rey and his whole band are working in a defense plant. They are taking musical jobs in their off time. . . . By the way, did you know that Alvino Rey calls his guitar Stringy? . . . If you want to hear some wonderful trumpet playing listen to Billie Roger, girl trumpet player with Woody Herman. She also has a nice singing voice, too. In the movie *Stage Door Canteen* Xavier Cugar is introducing a new number called *Bombshell from Brooklyn.* Benny Goodman, in the same film, will play his now famous *Why Don't You Do Right?* . . . Duke Ellington wrote an instrumental selection called *Never No Lament.* Words were added to it and it became a success under the title of *Don't Get Around Much Anymore.* Words have been written to another of the Duke's instrumental numbers, *Concerto for Cootie,* and it now goes under the title of *Do Nothing Until You Hear From Me.* . . . Here are some new songs you will be singing before we meet again: *Never A Day Goes By, Coming In On A Wing and a Prayer, People Will Say,* and *Happiness Is A Thing Called Joe.*

ROBERT GUEST, '43.

DRAMATIC CLUB NEWS

Once again the Dramatic Club has competed in the Massachusetts Drama Festival. The Festival this year was held at Lynn English High School and six different schools from all over the state competed. We feel proud to say that once again we were awarded the certificate for Superior Work. We presented *The Woman in the Freight Car.* The play was directed by Miss O'Keefe, whose untiring efforts made it the success that it was. The cast was:

A woman passenger, Mrs. Fanny Endsler
Jean Patterson
An army nurse, Lisa Herding.....Noreen Buckley
Another army nurse.....Mary Broussard
A government agent.....Betty Grove
Voice outside.....Walter Cremens

The stage manager was Robert Guest and in charge of property were Gloria Smith and Elizabeth Vaydo.

Jean Patterson, who played Mrs. Endsler, was presented with an individual award for excellent work in characterization, timing, and interpretation.

All of the plays were entertaining and Revere and Lynn were also presented with a certificate for Superior Work.

After all the plays had been presented and while the judges were making their decision, a Variety Show was presented. Pupils from all the high schools participated. Cambridge High and Latin School was represented by Betty Grove, Jean Patterson, Noreen Buckley, and Robert Guest. Betty, Jean and Noreen did some excellent harmony on *This is the Army* and *Till We Meet Again.*

ROBERT GUEST, '43.

A WORLD TRANSFORMED

FOUR times each year the world undergoes a complete change; we call it the four seasons, although many things change besides the weather. Probably the most marked transformation comes when Spring follows Winter, for it is then that the year really seems to start.

"The Second Front will start in 1943" has been the promise made by many officially and unofficially. But still "the spring offensive" was talked of synonymously with it. Now the world is tense, waiting for the blows of the Allies. After the winter calm, the storm will break. Skiing, skating, tobogganing—all the delightful winter pastimes must be shelved with the cold weather and labelled "Do not open till December 21." For this fact, I for one, am very grateful, although we must also say farewell to the lovely sight of soft snow falling from a cotton-gray sky, making the world all white; and to window-panes painted by Jack Frost; to foot-long icicles whose existence I could not credit till I came to New England; to trees white dripping with snow and icicles, against a blue, blue sky.

But it means hello to the first brave little crocus; to the merry chirping of the robin and the lovely song of the swallow; to trees proudly sporting their new summer outfits of all green. It means there will soon be perfect weather for bicycling, swimming, boating, and all those sports which make the warm months delightful. On the grimmer sides it means more of our fathers and brothers will be called to the service, or perhaps even sent overseas. It also means the Dove of Peace has winged his way that much nearer.

Spring is the start of all things new; winter just finishes up all uncompleted business; at least, so it seems. Summer sees things well under way; autumn brings near the conclusion. All the affairs of nature seem to fall into this pattern; some of the affairs of men, too. Undeniably, most changes are periodic, being regulated by the seasons. Man, for all his might, has never been able to conquer that most simple of elements.

RUTH LOONEY, '44.

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL

Alexander, Frieda
Alperin, Mae
Amon, Aline
Andrews, Edith
Anestes, Georgia
Azadian, Dorothy
Bahadurian, Esther
Belbin, Laura
Bahadurian, Irene
Boscher, Jacqueline
Botelho, Rosemary
Brown, Marguerite
Bruneau, Beverly
Callahan, Marie
Clarke, Eleanor
Cooper, Roy
Culolias, Helen
Curtis, Catherine
Dansereau, Geraldine
De Feo, M. Joseph
Di Comes, Robert
Dooley, Dorothy
Enos, Mary
Fitzgerald, Theresa
Foley, Jean
Fratianni, Rose
Goldberg, Bernard
Goldberg, Marshall
Gomatos, Peter
Johnson, Charlotte
Karchezewski, Helen
Kibit, Jennie
Krohn, Edward
Levine, Earle
Magnuson, Betty
Marathos, Catherine
Martin, Carmen
Menkello, Marilyn
Merchant, Pamela
Most, David
Mowat, Margaret
Milmore, Beverley
Nicotera, Chiarina
O'Brien, Marjorie
O'Brien, Phyllis
Owirka, Mary
Robichand, Helen
Root, Lily F.
Rosenberg, Earle
Rosie, Anne
Scannell, Helen
Seelinger, Alice
Stinson, Dorothy
Trotsky, Helen
Voss, Darlene
Wadden, Eleanor
Walters, Beverly
Wasserman, Herbert
Weisman, Ruth
Wilson, Elaine
Winn, John

WHAT IS COURAGE?

IF it were possible to define courage as a schoolboy defines a figure of speech, the task before us would be so easy that after writing for a few minutes, we could drop our pen because the question would be answered. However, since that is not possible, for courage needs more explanation than the few lines given to it in the dictionary, we shall cite a few examples of courage, and from those hope to come to some definite decision.

The word, courage, today brings to mind our war heroes. In the fox-holes of Bataan and the jungles of New Guinea, our out-numbered, dead-tired defenders accepted one demoralizing defeat after another and yet fought on. They certainly are courageous.

In the ships now sailing the seas, there are men who have left their loved ones and endure the hardships of a lonely life at sea in order to provide for and defend their dear ones. Danger besets them on every side; yet of it they are not mindful because love and courage dominate fear.

Courage has another side, which is found in the homes of the men "over there." Courage enabled the mothers of our soldiers to hold back the tears that threatened to overflow and reveal the sorrows of their hearts when their sons marched off. A cheery smile, even if feigned, was all the boys asked, and it will be to the everlasting credit of their mothers and sisters that they received it.

Another example of courage is given by persons with physical defects. I have seen men with either a leg or an arm missing struggling for their daily bread. They compete in business with more fortunate opponents, but they neither ask nor give quarter. Surely they are courageous.

From these illustrations, then, we can see that courage is a gift of great value, a quality desirable in all, but, unfortunately, lacking in some. It is an intangible quality; yet we are aware of its presence and absence. It is an unseen power, something perhaps like our guardian angel, which makes us rise to the occasion when necessity demands. It reveals in us strength of which we were ignorant, when the moment for employing that strength is at hand. It is that which makes us continue in the face of discouragement; it helps us proceed when we wish to yield, and in that respect is like faith, a priceless attribute.

WALTER POWER, '43.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF ADOLPH HITLER

Date — Very Soon.

I, ADOLPH HITLER, being of unsound mind and misery, and considering the possibility of a fatal accident known as assassination, declare this to be my last (you hope) will and testament.

To England, I leave the original manuscript of *Mein Kampf,* which their RAF spoiled. I had written a different finish, but their fliers got me in the end.

To Norway's Quisling, I leave my Double Cross. He was a Piker compared to me, when it came to double crossing.

To Poland, I leave a 16 x 10 gold framed photograph of myself to hang in their public schools to scare any kid who might think along Nazi lines.

To America, I leave Walter Winchell who always said "To Heil with Hitler." I know he'll be very busy on my funeral day so he'd better not come. Business before pleasure.

To Russia, I leave all my frozen assets. I never could warm up to Comrade Stalin, or get near enough to Moscow even to smell vodka.

To Franklin D. Roosevelt, I leave my apology for interrupting his fishing, but he got even. His "Unconditional Surrender" agreement at Casablanca certainly cooked my goose.

To Hirohito, I leave all my medals which will help him sink quicker when he goes down in the Pacific.

To Himmler and Goering, I leave the final execution of my will as they are experienced at execution.

To the entire world, I just leave and will they Thank God!

My final wish is that I be buried in an Asbestos suit, as I will need it where I am going.

ADOLPH HITLER.

Germany

ROBERT DI COMES, '46.

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

Andrew, Marjorie
Azarowicz, Jane
Balsam, Alan
Cameron, Everett
Cooney, Francis
Coughlin, Mary
Cremons, Walter
Cushman, Phyllis
DiGioia, Filomena
Donato, Josephine
Donnely, Mary
Ferdinand, Thelma
Harris, Stanley
Haskell, Paul
Jensen, Ethel
Jones, Thurza
Kvetkas, Bertha
LeCorbeiller, John
Levine, Estelle
Montana, Marie
Mullaly, Mary
Mundy, Virginia
Oppedisano, Julia
Ostro, Shirley
Parisi, Grace
Pepe, Anita
Perry, Eleanor
Reynolds, Peggy
Rose, Mary
Russell, Marie
Salvato, Nancy
Silva, Lydia
Spence, Dorothy
Sullivan, James
Travers, Ann
Travers, Mary
Walters, Catherine

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL

Butler, Helen	MacDonald, Shirley
Cherelli, Evelyn	Marasa, Helen
Colburn, Marie	Maxwell, Theresa
Corcoran, Helen	McDonald, Robert
Curtin, Rita	Miskevitch, Sophie
Darveris, Virginia	Murray, Claire
D'Aveni, Therese	Nick, Margaret
Doliber, Mary	Perry, Agnes
Doyle, Jacqueline	Pimental, Olga
Eddy, Mary	Puddister, Margaret
Ford, Isabel	Schlein, Herbet
Frangioni, Jennie	Supple, Williams
Fratianni, Goetano	Sussman, Joanne
Gaipo, Dorothy	Sutherland, James
Gilbert, Carol	Talanian, Louise
Hallahan, Virginia	Touchette, Jean
Hastings, Marie	Walker, Ann
Krikorian, Anne	West, Georgina
Leary, Eileen	Zacharchuk, Elizabeth
Loofbourrow, John	Zachorakis, Louis

"What in the world makes you call your dog 'Baseball'?" Mrs. Green asked Johnny.

"Because he wears a muzzle, chases fowls, catches flies, and beats it home when he sees the catcher coming!" he replied.

Hungry Diner: Waiter, will the pancakes be long?

Waiter: No sir, round.

Prof.: Why are you tardy this morning, Mr. Smith?

Jones: Class started before I got here.

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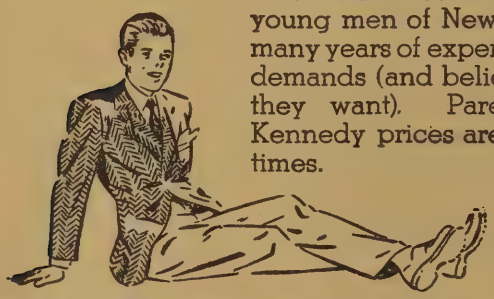

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The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Commencement Number
June 1943

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

JUNE, 1943

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 57 NUMBER 5

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Editorial

AS we look back over the past four years, our joy at leaving is mingled with regret, regret that we did not take full advantage of the opportunities afforded us. Now it is too late. We feel regret, too, because all of us realize that before the year is out, the Seniors of the class of '43 will be scattered to the four corners of the earth. After having been thrown together for a brief time as the graduating class of 1943, we are now to be scattered again with the chances of reunion slight indeed. We do not look into the future with the same sense of security as in other years; rather we go ahead on the obscure paths of a confused world.

Some of us will leave our mark on the world; most of us won't. But in whatever direction we go, may God guide our steps and light our way!

We must express gratitude for the friendship extended to us by the Deans and many of the teachers. In the future may we be a credit to ourselves, our school, and our country.

When this is read, we Seniors shall have left the school for the last time. We are going into a war-torn world. Many of us will fight battles; some will be heroes; others, cowards. Some will die; some will live. We do not know to which ones of us these things will happen. Remember this: We shall fight for you. We want to keep this school as it always was, for others to learn, to prepare themselves for life. We shall fight so that you will never have to fight. We commend our souls to God, and we know that we shall not fail. Do not forget us; we shall never forget you.

R. E. H.

NINETEEN hundred years ago the Star of Hope shone brightly in the dark skies over Bethlehem, symbolizing the hopes of mankind for deliverance from bondage. Now, nineteen centuries later another star has risen. The star now shining brightly in the windows of servicemen's homes likewise carries a message of hope for mankind that the oppressive bondage held over it by the forces of evil can soon be crushed.

Before the year is out many of us will become part of the myriads of stars in the American constellation.

In any case all of us will be contributing directly or indirectly to the war effort, an "all-out" total effort to secure for us freedom from the threat of bondage.

Inevitably some of our stars must fall, as surely as they have risen. To these and to all others like them we wish Godspeed and good luck.

R. W. O'B.

The successful contestants in the Caroline Close Prize Essay contest are as follows:

ENGLISH I

Winner

Aline Amon

Honorable Mention

Elizabeth Vando — Beverly Brunneau
Susan Fricke — Betty Grove
Dorothy Stinson — Alice Harris
Ruth Weisman — John Winn

ENGLISH II

Winner

Joan McPartlin

Honorable Mention

Clare Murray — Rubye Morgan
Ann Corcoran — Marie Hastings
Diane Perin — Ann Walker
John Loofbourow — Winifred Taylor
Joseph Santamaria — Robert Berman
John H. White

ENGLISH III

Winner

Frances Bolger

Honorable Mention

Estelle Levine — James Sullivan
Carty Lynch — Peggy Reynolds

ENGLISH IV

Winner

Richard McCabe

Honorable Mention

Eli Kaminsky — Walter Power
Helen Christo — Juanita Roop
Robert O'Brien

DRUM BEATS

ALL the world seemed reborn, with the once naked trees now clothed in beauty, and the sunlit air carrying the joyous carols of birds. But a dark scar lay on the earth's green surface, a village sacked and burned as the war god, Mars, loosed his wrath on innocent people. Now there stood only a wilderness of blackened stone and crumbling ashes.

In the midst of this devastation a small child was curled, his thin body racked with sobs. His misery made him unaware of the silent approach of a woman, Maria, who was the only other survivor of the town. She placed a slim, white hand on his ruddy curls and tried to soothe him to sleep, but not until the sun had set in golden glory did he finally rest.

When the dawn came, it found Maria plucking edible herbs and plants. She stopped her work for a moment when suddenly there sounded in the far distance a tattoo of drum beats. She ran swift-

ly to the village where the child slept, for he would need her protection if the Germans returned. The noise came nearer and nearer until the air reverberated with its militant music, but no longer was Maria frightened. For there could be heard a pattern to the beats—three loud thumps and then a longer roll, the victory sign! It was a call of hope and eventual triumph, a call telling of the fortitude and courage of the guerilla bands and whispering, in Maria's heart, of the freedom and liberty and the rebirth of right and good that was to come!

Maria's eyes were cast on the ground where a single flower bloomed amid the burnt grasses. To her it was a symbol of hope!

ALINE AMON, '46.

A BOMBED CITY

THE gray, dusty rubble of a once beautiful cathedral filled the spacious square. The foundations of the cathedral itself stood blackened by fire and gutted by the all-devouring tongue of flame. A large black cat picked his way daintily across the fallen bell.

Surrounding the square, the shops, at least those still standing, displayed black, staring holes, where once had been colorful goods or tempting food. In the debris of the fallen stores, a few torn bags wept disconsolate streams of sand.

Down the little side streets leading to the square, there were many pitiful sights. In front of the smoking ruins of one house stood a man holding a tiny baby, which had been crushed by a falling timber; beside him stood his wife, shaking with sobs.

Nearby, one side of a little cottage was ripped neatly off, leaving the furnishings intact. In the garden surrounding the tiny white house, ominous among the red and yellow tulips, yawned the black crater of the H. E. bomb.

Down another street, blocked by the clawing roots of uprooted trees, people trooped out of the public shelter. They looked haggard and careworn, yet there was an incongruous note in the motley assembly. Nearly everyone carried a neat thermos bottle of tea.

A Red Cross ambulance whizzed by and a bright fire-engine followed. Yet, though Death and Disaster stalked arm in arm through the streets, tiny flags waved proudly everywhere, mute signals of the courage of the people of the bombed city.

JOAN MCPARTLIN, '45.

SPRING IN CAMBRIDGE

LAST Saturday, my suspicions that Spring had come to Cambridge were confirmed, much to my disgust. At about nine o'clock a basin of ammonia and water and a few clean rags were thrust in my direction, and with tears in my eyes from the pungent odor, I started washing windows, which is a horrible way to spend a nice bright morning. However, I wasn't the only unfortunate girl in our neighborhood, for I noticed Mary Lou Smith shaking a dry mop out of a second floor window.

All signs of winter are lost to view. Furs and reversibles are in mothballs, and overshoes and rubbers are long forgotten. Wash dresses and saddle shoes seem to be prevalent again this year, and in a Harvard Square specialty shop recently I noticed a very original slogan pasted in a conspicuous spot, "Be glad that you live in the land of cotton."

The servicemen, stationed here at Harvard, look a great deal more comfortable in their lightweight uniforms, and march much better since the warm weather has come. I guess it's because most of them are from the "sunny South."

Quite a few robins are nesting here, and we have a regular army of squirrels. They are so sweet-looking, hopping around the gardens of brilliant hues, in search for food. Very numerous, in this historic city, this year, are the victory gardens. I hope that the would-be farmers are as enthusiastic at the harvest as they are at present; that is, if there is anything to harvest.

The schools are filled with groups of dreamy, listless pupils, all evidently affected by that age-old sickness known as "spring fever." I extend my heartiest sympathy to the poor teachers.

Week-ends, the rent-a-bike shops are rushed to death with peddling enthusiasts. Tandems and regular bikes harass and endanger the lives of the poor taxpayers. Youngsters are bruising knees and elbows trying to master the art of roller skating. Many people prefer being on "terra firma," and have taken to walking. This is all right until your shoes wear out, and number seventeen ration stamp is done. What will happen then? The tennis and baseball seasons are on, and war or no war, they still have droves of participants and spectators.

The ice cream shops in Brattle Square are selling hundreds of cokes and ice cream cones to the citizens who are doing their shopping on foot and being patriotic.

This seems to be the busiest and most colorful season of the year, and it is my favorite. Here in Cambridge, it is like a rosy dawn, after a dark and dreary night.

FRANCES BOLGER, '44.

THE NECESSITY OF CONVENTION

THERE are in politics three definite groups: the radicals, the liberals, and the conservatives. Each stoutly holds to its beliefs, and would vigorously denounce anyone who would dare to state that the most loyal member of any group has within him any quality of another class. The radical in each person pioneers; the liberal tones down and applies the principles of the leader; and the conservative, clinging to convention and the past, acts as an anchor to prevent a mad caper from ending in disaster. Too often convention is pictured only as hindrance and not as an instrument for maintaining balance. The individual, too, possesses all three characteristics and in it, too, convention helps to keep equilibrium.

There is in man's make-up a natural tendency to desire complete freedom from the past and an opportunity to start in the middle and to keep on going. Especially when times are good young people see no need for digging what seems old-fashioned out of books or of starting in a hard, mean task where pay is comparatively poor and hours long just in order to secure a knowledge of the "outmoded" customs of the past. Life is too short to be concerned with anything but the present and—perhaps—the future. Then a spirit of convention is needed to curb the mad rush. A study of the past shows how history is constantly repeating itself; periods of apparent success followed by cruel failure for those who seek the easy way. Conservatism teaches that in the long run it may be better to plug slowly at first and pick up speed than to exhaust oneself at the first lap and fall upon reaching the first hill.

The liberal in one boasts of being a neutral and open to any suggestion. It intends to judge all and then to choose a middle course after making adaptation. However, who is fit to judge who has no standard by which quality may be decided? The scale has been built upon the experience of the past. The Ten Commandments proceeded from an application of the needs of man in the years prior to their giving. All modern law has them for its basis with other rules added as experience shows the necessity for them. No man can consider himself liberal-minded unless he has a firm knowledge of past conventions.

Convention is a necessity in modern life for experience has always proved herself a good teacher. However, one must always remember that an overabundance of anything is too much of a good thing and strive to keep the balance even.

RICHARD MCCABE, '43.

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

WHAT does America mean to me? It means a free land, a glorious land. It means high mountains, rushing rivers, waving fields of grain, the land of plenty. It means democracy and freedom, great deeds and great men.

This is what America means to me: I sit in a theatre while before me on the screen unfolds the life of one great American, Thomas Edison. A man sits beside me and we converse in low tones, talking of the great inventor. I care not what his creed, his race is. I know this: he is an American — no more do I need to know. The picture goes on; I glance at the seat beside me and notice that the man has left. I feel sad, as though I had lost a friend. The picture ends; I walk up into the street, into the sunlight. I smile and think: THIS IS AMERICA.

RICHARD HARRINGTON, '43.

MY LONE DAUGHTER

(A poor man who has just sold his daughter in marriage, against her will, turns to a wedding guest, and speaks.)

That's my lone daughter, standing at the rail,
Robed in a cloud of white. I fail
To see a face, can rival hers: but a glance
From her bright eyes, and nobles asked to dance
Beside the fairest they had seen. She snatched away
The heart of yonder duke, who now, in budding May,
Holds marriage rites with her who has been mine,
Mine to sell in marriage to a Duke! O shine,
Ye gold pieces; flash your splendor to the skies.
Would ye might match the fire in her eyes!
Ah, how she blushed, to see her father take
This money from yon man, that he might make
A Duchess of a poor man's grace! But then
She soon will grow to love this life, and when
Her lover long has fled her mind, though he
Poor wretch still paints on endlessly,
Awaiting her return, she will give thanks,
Her father saved her from the lowest ranks
Of poverty and sore distress. She turns,
The marriage rites are through. Mark how she spurns
The loving glance of him, whom masses grace,
The Duke, her husband. Oh lovely face,
What secrets do you hold from him and me,
The men who seek thy love, and live to see
But coolness in thine amber eyes, and sorrow
On thy milky brow? But then she will forget tomorrow.
She goes. One last farewell, my only joy.
Oh would to heaven you had been a boy!

JUANITA ROOP, '43.

RETREAT

ARTHUR MARGATE had been blind for a good many years. It was a peculiar sort of blindness, for he was not sightless, but very near sighted, in fact so much so that he could not read even with the aid of strong spectacles and a magnifying glass.

Yet the agility with which he counted change, in his favor, amazed people who traded at his little grocery store. He never excused himself, and as it was usually a matter of only a few cents, people gave up complaining, because they didn't like to remind him of his handicap.

Arthur had not always been blind. It came upon him shortly after the first Great War. He had always thought that his eyes were weak, but up until the early twenties he had had no more trouble than the ordinary person. Sometime during the post-war period his handicap came upon him.

Of Margate's youth very little is known. Although he lived in a neighborhood where people were often on the wrong side of the law, he had no police record. He graduated from high school, during a period when we would have been well paid in industry, had he left school. He was a member of some sort of boy's club. Aside from these few items his life is obscure up to his inducduction in the U. S. Army in 1917. Oddly enough there was no mention of weak eyes in his medical report.

He appears to have been a reliable soldier, who never did anything outside the line of duty. Doing nothing remarkable, he consequently received no decorations. He did spend six months in the front lines, and so got a good taste of trench warfare. When the Armistice was signed, he remained in France for a short time and then was sent home.

Arthur Margate, like thousands of other men, arrived in New York City during January of 1919, dressed in a tattered Army uniform. The people of the city were friendly enough. They smiled at every soldier; they pounded him on the back and orators thanked him for all he had done for his glorious native land; but they didn't give him a job. How could they when the booming war industries were shutting down and throwing even skilled men out of work? Margate had fought so that he might come home and work. Now there was no work. He walked the streets of New York for nearly three months without finding employment.

He went to Boston. In Boston a significant event took place. After he went to an oculist, reading glasses were prescribed, very weak spectacles to be sure; nevertheless, this indicated eye strain. Margate lived in the Hub for two years, working in a grocery store and learning the grocery business. In his third year in Boston he had saved enough money to start his own store. During these two years his eyes got progressively worse. His glasses were made stronger every three months. Margate was not satisfied with his store, for business was poor. At times, he thought of leaving Boston, but he really had no place to go.

One day of April of 1921, Margate, perhaps enchanted by the freshness of spring, had unconsciously started away from the town into the greenness of the country. Arthur walked, as was his habit, looking at the ground a few feet ahead of him. As he got farther into the countryside, he looked up occasionally to see what sort of scenery surrounded him. Finally he reached the summit of a series of gentle slopes and on looking up from his feet, across the April landscape, he noticed that trees close below him appeared hazy, despite the brilliant spring sunshine, as though covered with a mist. He blinked his eyes and looked once more. The haze remained. He felt his face redden and then cool. An icy perspiration passed over Margate, and he shivered in the spring warmth. He peered at the hillside, craning his neck, as though to bring himself closer to what he wished to see. Arthur stepped forward a pace, rubbing his eyes frantically with both hands. The mist remained. He beat at the air before him, trying to push aside this vapor which had sprung up before his eyes. All this was done in a few seconds. Then Margate was calm again. He sat down on a nearby rock and looked again. The haze remained and he realized that the mistiness was within him. Taking off his glasses, he looked to see if they were dirty. They were not. The fault lay in his vision. At last he had reached the point where spectacles did no good. Margate relegated them to his pocket. Getting up, he headed back toward the city, not looking at his feet but searching all about him, testing his eyes. They got no better. As he came nearer the town he forgot his vision; he began to search in his past, uneventful as it had been, for memories to lean upon. Margate was weak enough to flee from a nearly sightless future into the past, unsatisfactory as it had been, in order to escape reasoning. The past intervened.

A youngster was playing on a quiet sunny street lined with dingy houses. He was dabbling with the tar which the sun had softened. There was a great black spot on his blue shorts and his fingers kept getting stuck together. Suddenly the air about him seemed to be shattered by an enormous force. The child looked up and screamed at an oncoming automobile. He ran.

A gray-haired woman, coming to the screen door

of a house, screamed, "Oh, Arthur!"

The boy tripped on the curbstone and fell, luckily, on the sidewalk.

The crowds were deadly still as a youthful figure in a gray baseball uniform stepped to the plate, a great new glowing yellow bat across his shoulder.

"Come on, Art; whadaya say boy? Sock it, kid." Familiar voices came to the batsman. He rubbed his hands in the dust and wiped them meticulously on his shirt. The baseball field seemed small in his mind's eye, the opposing players mere pygmies. The pitcher threw the ball and the batsman poised himself ready; he swung and stood watching the ball as it left the park. The roaring of the crowd broke upon him like a wave . . .

These visions were sadly indicative of Margate's attitude in a crisis. He had been faced with a problem, blindness, and he had turned his back. He had fled into the past, to those few events which were his life. Arthur thought nothing of what lay ahead.

Twilight was falling as Arthur Margate reached his home. He remembered nothing of his walk from the hill where he had discovered his impending blindness, but remembered a picture of someone's life. He went to bed without eating and fell asleep immediately. He did not dream.

Although he arose next morning, Arthur Margate did not ever really wake again after his afternoon in the country. He did not become blind immediately nor did he ever become totally sightless. The condition grew over him until it became a mental as well as a physical condition. At one point, he sank so low that he saw advantages in his handicap, for people were charitable and would make allowances for his disability.

In this state of mental slumber, Arthur Margate remained until his death.

James Silberman, '45.

THIS CHANGING WORLD

IT is an accepted truth that the world never stands still; it must go either forward or backward. However, in the last few years the rate of its movement seems to have been rather accelerated; basic ideas and convictions of many of us have undergone mutation practically overnight. Our customs and ways of living have also changed.

Current literature has followed this change, as it has every other one. Modern novels deal, as a rule, no longer with romantic tales of dashing foreigners visiting this country and taking it by storm before being discovered to be notorious jewel thieves; war stories are now the theme. My older brother has often told me that in the Al Capone days in Chicago, one could not pick up a paper without seeing the headlines screaming "Gangland Murder" or "Five Policemen Slaughtered by Dillinger's Gang", or some other such dramatic line. Now, of course, legalized murder is practically all one hears about; there are no bloody, spectacular civilian killings any more.

Probably one of the most surprising changes—one that would leave gaping someone who had been a hermit for years —is the new fashionable way of life. No longer is the high-powered car in demand; no, we'll take the old Ford that will give us twenty-five miles to the gallon. Movie stars give hints on how to be economical in selecting a wardrobe for the duration. And the woman of the week is the one who has discovered how to feed a family of four on $5.29 and sixteen points.

Another change lies in promises we receive for the future: not bigger, better cars, but our own private airplanes; not more smooth, shiny metal appliances but light-weight convenient plastic ones; and really practical ideas for world peace and a better life for all.

These are some of the most outstanding changes brought by time, and more drastically by war. Some of them are fine; we want to keep them. Some of them we want to have go as inevitably as they have come, and in time, it is a safe bet that they will.

Ruth Looney, '44.

PERSONALITIES

ALTHOUGH I am no student of psychology, and am acquainted with Freud only as a man who insists that human beings have something called "libido", I do have one or two opinions about personality.

First, I think that the basic factors which make up a personality are often hereditary. Musical ability, shyness, dishonesty, and intelligence, to name a few traits important in personality, are often inherited. For example, Johann Bach's entire family was musical.

However, in my opinion, environment plays a large part in developing these traits. Suppose that today someone was born with the same musical ability as Bach. Why, this boy might become in time another Jimmy Dorsey, Harry James, or, more probably, as both would be interested in piano, a second Duke Ellington.

Another example is the Barrymore family, the royalty of today's stage. Ethel Barrymore, born at a time when movies were unheard of, is an actress on the legitimate stage; but her niece is a rising star of the screen.

The Benchleys are a further example of inherited qualities. Robert, Jr., has his father's wit and ease in writing. Ah, if only there had been, among my ancestors, an essayist!

Marie Russell, '44.

HO~HUM

JIM FELONEY-CENTER-FIELDER- DID NICELY ALTHOUGH HE WAS BOMBED

JIM BLOOMQUIST PILOTED 'TILL ABOUT THE SIXTH — THEN

C. H. L. S. 8
RINDGE 6

SABATINO DID A GOOD — JOB AS SHORTSTOP —

"NELLIE" WAS THE HERO OF THE DAY WITH A LONG HOMER

PAUL "THE RED" ERRICKSON PUT TWO MEN ON ~ SOo... E.D. ANACHIARICO POLISHED THEM OFF

VERRIER AND MESSURI OF TECH WERE SOMETHING TO WATCH/

FER A WHILE IT LOOKED LIKE A TRACK MEET/

Joe Quinn '44

RAY FOLEY MADE SOME NICE "HOT CORNER" STOPS —

GOOD NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

THERE is no such thing as good New England weather. One uses the term to express a kind of affectionate disapproval of New England's fifty-seven varieties of weather. It smashes hope, dashes plans, and ruins women's hats, but as far as I can make out, the population of New England has not decreased because of this fact.

We are planning a picnic for tomorrow. This evening the sky is a lovely blue, and the sun, sinking in the west, a great red ball. Tomorrow promises to be a fine day. However, next morning, I awake with the smell of dampness in my nostrils while outside the window it is, as the saying goes, raining cats and dogs!

Knowing what to wear is always a problem, but New England weather makes it twice as difficult. It was a blowy, cloudy March day, and the "gang" was going on a hike. I arrived clad in a heavy lumberman's jacket and flannel slacks. The others were dressed in dungarees and light sweaters. I scoffed at them. "It's cold today. Before the day is out you'll be frozen!" As usual, I was wrong. It suddenly turned warm and while my friends sunned themselves comfortably, I sat stewing and perspiring under the shade of a large and lonely pine.

But, then, New England weather does have its advantages. It is guaranteed to satisfy *everybody* within two weeks. The winter sports' enthusiasts, the swimmers, and the simply lie-in-the-sunners can all be happy here. Why, I don't see why New England is not made a regular year-round vacation land!

Having written my theme, I think I shall go out and have a game of tennis with Mary Alice. Oh, oh! I just looked up. It is hailing hail stones as big as hens' eggs, as they say in ol' New Hampshire!

PEGGY REYNOLDS, '44.

OXYGEN PLUS HYDROGEN YIELD WATER

THE atom, Black and Conant inform us, is the smallest particle of an element which can take part in a reaction. All elements are composed of atoms. Atoms tend to form molecules by uniting with and holding other atoms by reason of a force called chemical affinity.

I had been struggling and wrestling with the above piece of abstruse chemical data and had just about given up all hope of understanding this mystery of the invisible world, when, one night, I had a dream. In it the whole complex system of atomic cosmos became a picture of lucid simplicity.

As usual, I was counting sheep and had reached my four-hundred-sixty-ninth before I had fallen asleep. Then, on closer scrutiny, I saw that I was no longer counting sheep but atoms, with atomic heads, limbs, faces, voices, and characteristics. I had stopped counting now, for the atoms had sat down on the edge of a test tube to rest. By gleaning bits of gibberish atomic conversation, I surmised the following:

All the atoms were preparing to celebrate and attend a wedding that night, the wedding of Mr. Hydrogen and Miss Oxygen. It was to be a formal ceremony at the little crucible around the corner. The bride's acquaintances held various opinions of her reputation and character. Even in the church bits of whispered gossip were darting about, in Kinetic-Molecular diffusion, of course. Miss Oxygen was reported not to be so virtuous a gas as she appeared on the surface. True, in public, she was sweet and scarcely noticeable, but at home whenever there was an argument, friction was evolved and she always exploded. She was the most volatile person known; she had a way of being everywhere at the same time and was involved in everything. The most scandalous report of all was that she had had a previous love affair before meeting Mr. Hydrogen. She had been going steadily with a character of a notoriously black reputation, a person by the name of Mr. Carbon. The manner in which they had been carrying on together was absolutely poisonous to the town's older and more stable gases. Mr. Carbon, it seems, was a prodigal, known to lend and borrow electrons left and right; he was also a rolling stone, preferring not to stay in one place long. He had been attracted by some other belle, and had left Miss Oxygen's heart broken.

As for Mr. Hydrogen, his history was less discreditable, yet there were a few flaws. Not much was reported of this gas except that he did not enjoy mingling with others; but there was one person he had befriended by the name of Mr. Sulphur. Their friendship came to an end when Mr. Sulphur precipitated and died. Naturally, Mr. Hydrogen's bereavement was not a very great shock, since his thoughts were now centered on Miss Oxygen.

The wedding ceremony was beautiful, everyone said. The women expanded and contracted in tears and the men were also passing into the liquid stage. Mr. Hydrogen and Miss Oxygen were united in the bonds of chemical affinity to form an inseparable drop of water.

JOSEPH COREY, '43.

THE SNOW GOOSE

ANNOUNCER: "The Cambridge Worshop, in co-operation with the Columbia Broadcasting System, presents 'The Snow Goose,' a radio sketch adapted from the well-known story by Paul Gallico.

"During the past three years, many tales have reached the ears of Englishmen, concerning the miraculous rescue of their lads from Dunkirk. No other story, we believe, is as touching as the one a London reporter found in Essex, while on the trail of a bombing raid. And yet, the heroes of his tale were but a hunchback and a great white goose!"

Soft Voice: "It is dusk over the fishing hamlet of Wickaeldroth in Essex. Sea gulls scream over the marshland, and fly past to a mass of wreckage on the rocks, facing the sea. A tall, casually-dressed stranger, walking swiftly through the tall grasses, hails the blonde fisher-girl, who is feeding marsh birds at a small sanctuary—"

Incidental Music

Stranger: "I say, hello, there! Are you Fritha?"

Girl: "Ay, sir. What do you want out here in the marshes after sunset? 'Tis a lonely place here, with only me and the birds."

Stranger: "Whew—I'm winded! My girl, I've been hunting for you all over the village since morning. I'm a reporter from the 'Times.' We heard about a bombing out this way. When I asked the villagers about it, they shut up like clams. They said, 'Look for Fritha, she knows about it.' Well, here you are; do I get my story?"

Girl: Ay, sir. You mustn't mind the fisherfolk, for they spoke the truth. I was the only one to see the German plane swoop in from the sea, and bomb the lighthouse. You see, I was on my way up there to feed Philip's birds, as usual, at dusk. There's the wreckage yonder on the rocks."

Stranger: "It was a light then! The pilot must have mistaken it for a military target. What about that Philip you spoke of; was he hurt?"

Girl: "Oh no, sir. It was an abandoned lighthouse. Philip just lived up there all alone for several years, painting and caring for the birds, because he was a hunchback, with an arm like the claw of that gull overhead, and the fisherfolk thought him an ogre. Do you know, sir, he was my only friend!"

Stranger: "You must have been only a child while he was here. How did you come to befriend him?"

Girl: "Well, you see, sir, I used to play about the marshes as a bairn, and one day, I found a great white goose, lying shot in the reeds. I remembered the fishers' tales of the magic a hunchback has, to heal injured things, so I carried the goose, bleeding in my arms, up to the lighthouse, and there was Philip, standing before the door. He saw that I was frightened and hobbled over to me—"

Incidental Music

Philip: "What is it, child?"

Fritha: "The goose—I found it, sir. It's hurted. Can you make it fly?"

Philip: "Yes, yes, child, come in. Here, we'll put her on the table."

Fritha: "Look, sir. It's flutterin'."

Philip: "Why child, look at those white pinions with the black tip. Where did you find her?"

Fritha: "In t' marsh, sir, where fowlers had been —what is it?"

Philip: "She's a snow goose from Canada! But how in all heaven did she come here?"

Fritha: "Can ye heal it, sir?"

Philip: "Come, help me. We'll try. Poor thing, her leg and wing tip are broken. See, we'll clip her primaries, and bandage close to her body. Soon she'll fly as well as ever before."

Fritha: "Lor' sir—she's all bound up!"

Philip: "Yes, child. Do you know, she has travelled many nights in a great storm, to reach this far-off land! We'll have to call her 'La Princess Perdue,' the Lost Princess. See, she's feeling better already."

Fritha: 'Lor' sir—she's eatin' the grain right out o' your hand. OH! I must go!"

Philip: "Wait—wait. Come back! What is your name, child?"

Fritha: "Frith."

Philip: "Fritha, I suppose. Where do you live?"

Fritha: 'Wi' the fisherfolk."

Philip: "Will you come back tomorrow to see the Princess?"

Fritha: "—Ay, sir. Goodbye!"

Incidental Music

Girl: "That was my first meeting with Philip. I ran back to the village as if a thousand demons were after me, but sure enough, I crept back the next morning, and nearly every morning that Spring, to watch the Princess mend. It was then that Philip began to teach me to speak better than the fisherfolk, and to care for the birds. We had jolly times with the Snow Goose, when she mended."

Stranger: "What about the goose? Did she stay with you?"

Girl: "Well, sir, Philip and I said goodbye to the Princess that Fall, but the next Spring she was flying over the marsh again. She stayed longer with us every new season, and didn't seem to want to make the long trip back to Canada.

Seven whole years I sailed with Philip and the Princess, in his little boat, and learned to love the marshes and the sea—"

Stranger: "But how is it I haven't seen your friend around the village? Where is he now?"

Girl: "You won't see him about, sir. You see, one day in May, three Springs ago, I saw the Princess flying back over the Marsh. I ran up to the lighthouse, and there was Philip's boat, loaded with supplies, at the dock. When I turned about, there was Philip, pale as a ghost, and breathing hard. I cried—"

Incidental Music

Fritha: "Philip! Are you going away?"

Philip: "How glad I am you came to see us again, Frith. Yes, I must go away for a wee trip. I—I will come back."

Frith: "Where must you go?"

Philip: "You see, Frith— we are fighting a mighty war, and, a hundred miles across this North Sea, our British lads are trapped on the sands at Dunkirk. This morning when I went for supplies, I heard that every tug or boat that can propel itself, is needed to haul our boys off the beaches into transports. This is our only hope to save them from the fire from the German lines."

Fritha: "But Philip—You could carry but six or seven men at a time. You would have so many trips. Must you go? You'll not come back! Why must it be you?"

Philip: "Frith—listen: Men are huddled on those beaches like the hunted birds we bring to our sanctuary. They are lost and storm-driven like the Princess Perdue you found and brought to me, out of the marshes. They need help, my dear, and for once, I can be a man, and play my part."

Fritha: "I'll come with you, Philip!"

Philip: "No, Frith. Your place in the boat would cause a soldier to stay behind each time. I must go alone. Goodbye! Will you care for my birds 'till I come back, Frith?"

Fritha: "That I will. God speed you Philip!"

Incidental Music

Girl: "Soon he was but a sail on the sea, and then, as darkness fell, a pair of white wings flashed over my head, and the Princess flew out to join Philip. I lay on the beach calling to her to watch over him, and I know she heard me.

"For days I stayed at the Lighthouse, caring for the birds, and watching for Philip. One night, I found a painting he had made of the Princess and me, as he first saw us, before his door. As I gazed at it I had the strange feeling that Philip would never return, for I heard a mournful cry out on the rocks. I ran out, and there was the Snow Goose, giving me Philip's last farewell as she headed back to Canada."

Stranger: "But how can you be sure he died at Dunkirk? Did you receive any news?"

Girl: "Ay, I did. One day, when I was getting some grain in the feed store a soldier lad stood talking to the clerk. My heart near leaped out as I heard him say—"

Incidental Music

Soldier: "A goose it was. Seed it plain as you. It come flyin' hout o' the black like a bloomin' divebomber. Me pal Jock says—'Hit's the angel of Death, come for us.' Hi says—Hit's a ruddy goose come wiv a message from Churchill—that's what hit is—a bloody omen! . . . And then around the bend comes a bloody little sailboat wi' the water frothin' wi' shell splashes, an' bullets. A little dark man wiv a beard, a bloomin' claw for a 'and, and a 'ump on 'is back, pulls us into the destroyer—trip after trip, 'till nearly seven hundred men was haboard. Blime if the last time over, the 'einies didn't machine gun 'im. We had to leave 'im, face down in the water, wiv that bloomin' bird still flyin' over 'im."

Incidental Music

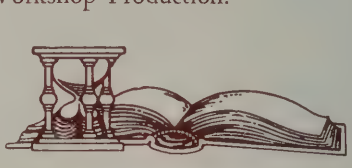
Girl: "Then, you see, I knew Philip had died a hero at Dunkirk, and the Snow Goose had stayed with him, only coming back to let me know. Now his pet birds have joined him, and not even the light is left for me. I have only one thing to wait for sir—the victory Philip helped to make; I'm waiting here with my birds."

Stranger: "Good girl, and we'll have it soon too. But, tell me, what's that queer sound out there on the rocks?"

Girl: "It comes every night at dusk, sir, the time when Philip and the Princess left for Dunkirk; it's the Snow Goose calling. No, don't try to look for her, sir, she's not here. Only her cry is left in England—the cry of the Snow Goose for our victory."

Music

Announcer: This is the tale that a reporter brought to London and his people's hearts. We hope it will inspire Americans as well. This has been a Workshop Production.



LITTLE THINGS

ISN'T it true, perhaps nowadays more than ever before, that people in general center their attention upon the big important events of the world, when in reality life is made up of so many little, insignificant happenings?

What a far more likable world this would be if people were more careful about their voices, for instance. How angry I feel when I hear an older boy ordering his brother around with a commanding, yet condescending, tone, or one of my girl friends talking over-loudly, no matter where she happens to be. And don't you, too, want to give the woman who feels she must push you in the back or you simply won't budge, a piece of your mind?

Still, "little" hapenings of life are not always displeasing. Don't we all feel a nice, warm glow in our hearts for the friend who always has a sympathetic interest in what we do, is always ready to lend an ear or even a helping hand to our troubles?

And then think of the pleasure to be derived from such simple things as the sight of the first violet, the first spring robin, the light snowfall giving the earth a pure and holy look, and the feel of autumn leaves as you walk through a pile of them.

With all of these little things in the world from which we can derive pleasure, it is a wonder that people wouldn't be more thoughtful and kind towards one another — to make a better world.

RUTH COLEMAN, '44.

THE WORD OF THE HOUR

THE word of the hour for all Americans is adaptation. We must adjust ourselves magically to temporary regimentation in our lives. Coffee, sugar, eggs, meat, automobiles, buses, clothing, taxes—all these and a thousand other things are going to be the instruments that will show us what we are made of. The history of our people has been a history of easy adaptations. In a word, we can "take it."

Adaptation, say the biologists, is the technique of human survival. We will survive because we have been free. Freedom is adaptable. Slavery is not. For that reason, too, Germany and Japan are doomed. They are a rigid, straight-laced, goose-stepping people. They are not adaptable to change; they'll split and crack.

Yes, through the centuries of time, the word has been adaptation. During the short time of America's history, from the Revolutionary Period in the 1770's to the present Period we have proved that Americans can take it all in their stride. That's why victory is bound to be ours, sooner or later.

ROBERT DI COMES, '46.

FLASHLIGHTS: A MONOLOGUE

JOSTLING through the crowd at Woolworth's on a Saturday afternoon, a woman made her way to the counter where flashlights are sold.

"Miss . . . Miss . . . Do I wish to be helped? I most certainly do. I've been waiting here for fifteen minutes at least. I'm not being paid as you are to waste my time! What should I like? I want to buy a flashlight. With the streets as dark as they are at night, it's quite unsafe for a woman to walk around without a light. I have nothing to fear? I shall report your boldness to the manager.

"My, what a pretty selection of flashlights you have. I just love this green one. It will match my green suit perfectly. I'll take this one. Oh no, I can't do that. I almost forgot that it will clash with my blue suit. What do you think about it? It really makes no difference? No one will notice the color? I think you are not at all obliging.

"Oh, I like this one. It's so small and cute. How is it lit? The button is pressed this way? Oh, I couldn't take that. It would just ruin my nail polish. Haven't you any others? You have one more! May I see it? Why, this flashlight is just what I want. The color is neutral, and it's so simple to operate. I'll take it.

"That will be eighty-nine cents? Eighty-nine cents! I saw some flashlights exactly like these across the street for forty-nine cents. How dare you charge so much? You don't own the store? You just work here? Hmph! Just for that, I'll go to another store and buy my flashlight there. Good-day!"

ROSALIND STERN, '43.

THE SPECTATOR VIEWS A BLACK-OUT

THOSE who are observers of human nature will understand my interest in the observation of man's behavior during a black-out. In order to further this desire, I had, naturally, to venture into the pitch-black streets of this city at a later hour than is my custom.

Before entering London's darkened ways, I had to wrestle with the problem of adornment. In keeping with the custom of black-out dress, most individuals wear some bit of white attached to their apparel. I rather disliked this idea for myself, because, as you know, I hate to call attention to myself in any way. The question was, would I be more conspicuous with or without the white? I finally came to the conclusion that I would not wear this white badge of a black-out traveler. Without it, I could become part of the landscape. I would drift along in the dark, close to the walls of the buildings, and thus continue to remain an unobserved spectator.

So, I descended from my familiar abode into

the vast blacked-out world of London. I found, to my delight, that I had chosen wisely against the white, for I was completely immersed in the gloom. I felt my way along until I reached a Coffee-House which was well known to me. Lingering in the shadows by the doorway, I was able to observe and to listen quietly to the people coming and going. I rather wished to determine just how the people had been changed by the war.

As I was pondering this question, a group of people stepped from the Coffee-House. In the small flash of light from the door as they left, I noticed that there were two American soldiers being shown about London by some English officers. Their conversation puzzled me a little. One of the Americans asked the other, whose name was Joe, what he heard from the pretty little "tomato" whom he had visited on his last furlough. Our boys joined in the laughter following a joke about a stylish "chick". I was amazed, for I had, in all my experience, never seen any poultry which looked in the least stylish, nor in all this world have I ever heard of a vegetable upon whom anyone would wish to call. I listened further and to my astonishment I discovered that "tomatoes" and "chicks" were terms for young ladies, not what I would call complimentary, but nicely informal and lacking in any artificiality. Soon the boys were joined by two young women, also in uniform. They went off together singing about a "Mr. Five by Five." An odd sort of character he must be, but at least this war generation was gay.

Soon, two middle-aged ladies, wearing trousers, walked by. By their attire I judged that they were industrial workers, but from their conversation, I learned that they were still normal women.

"A new spring hat would cost about twenty, I think," said one. "Regardless of points, I must have the one with roses and daisies and a veil that ties under the chin." They talked on, deciding that they would gladly not buy anything else for Easter if they could only have gay new hats. It seemed that even their husbands agreed to the morale-boosting abilities of a brand new bonnet. It is miraculous, in my opinion that, after working all day in a war factory, women can relax by merely discussing a new hat.

I moved along toward home, having observed several other people and having found my answer, but I halted as I recognized two members of Parliament walking toward me. I knew these men, but I preferred to remain a spectator, so I stood close to the wall and listened. They talked without hate and with very little bitterness of a post-war world. Their conversation centered around the current plan for a national trial of the Axis leaders and of the plan for centralized Europe. There was agreement for the necessity of complete understanding among the Allies, and for great sacrifice on their parts. The rarity of agreement between members of Parliament struck me as much as their conversation. Surely even this minor agreement was a step toward peace.

When I stepped into my own hallway, I was impressed with the fact that although I had been out in the black-out, and had actually experienced it, I was almost completely unaware of it. The people on the streets had talked and acted normally. True, there was lack of visible light, but light was still there, burning in the souls of the people.

But London has changed; her complacency has evaporated; she is more tolerant and less artificial. There is more agreement among her people and more understanding of other peoples. Yes, there are still dissensions and questionings, but on the whole we are part of an undivided unit, the allied force, working toward a lasting peace.

SALLY GOULD, '43.

GIRLS' SPORTS

BASEBALL is in full swing and although our team is a little inexperienced, it has proved itself very capable.

On May 7th, at Cambridge we lost to the very superior Belmont team, 30 to 15. Our girls played well, but Belmont was better.

On May 14th we played Arlington at Arlington and again bowed to a very fast and aggressive team. The score—Arlington 22-Cambridge 17. The team is composed of the following girls:

Pitcher .....Marie Henry
Catcher .....Christine Kocenas
First Base .....Dolly Marchant
Second Base .....Eleanor Merrill
Third Base .....Mary Liakos
Shortstop .....Grace Chagaris
Shortfield .....Betty Joaquim
Right Field .....Margaret Dynan
Center Field .....Irene Petrowitz
Left Field .....Basille Nieland

Subs: Janice Banks, Jane Parsons, Jean Walsh.

Best luck to the team when they play Somerville on June 1.

The highlight of one of the recent games was the efficient umpiring of Mr. Dudley, for which we were very grateful.

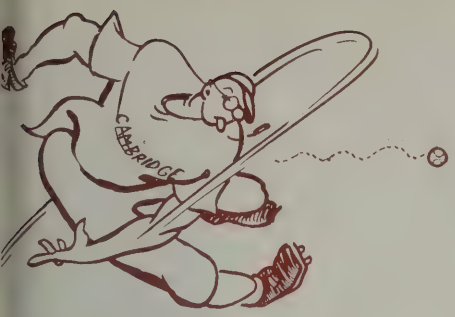
The singles tennis tournament has begun and matches will be played through June. Marie Russell was chairman of the tournament.

Our inter-class swimming meet was held Thursday evening, May 12 at the Y. M. C. A. The Sophomores are to be congratulated as the lucky winners.

See you all at the G. A. A. Picnic June 5th.

MARJORIE KELLEY, '43.

BY TH' SKIN OF OUR TEETH!



THREE LOUD CHEERS FOR IRON MAN JIM BLOOMQUIST. HE WENT TH' WHOLE ROUTE~14 LONG, WEARY INNINGS IS A LONG TIME IN ANY ONE'S BOOK!

AND RAY FOLEY DIDN'T DO AT ALL BAD ON TH' THIRD SACK~

DICK ERNEST, WHO CONSISTENTLY TURNS IN A GOOD PERFORMANCE, MADE SOME SENSATIONAL CATCHES ON POP-UPS!

BOB HEAVERN LOBBED OUT SEVERAL BLOOPERS~ NOT TOO WONDERFUL, BUT THEY HELPED!

THIS GAME WAS OUTSTANDING MOSTLY FOR ITS LENGTH. DUE TO STUBBERN OPPOSITION FROM BOTH TEAMS, FIVE EXTRA INNINGS HAD TO BE PLAYED!

TH' OUTFIELDERS COULD HAVE SET UP BEACH UMBRELLAS AND BEGUN LIGHT HOUSE-KEEPING THE SLUGGING WAS SO LIGHT!

TH' PLAY THAT WON— STAN BRINKERHOFF POUNDED OUT WHAT LOOKED LIKE A TRIPLE, BUT SHARP ROAD-WORK BY NEWTON'S OUTFIELDERS CUT IT TO A DOUBLE~

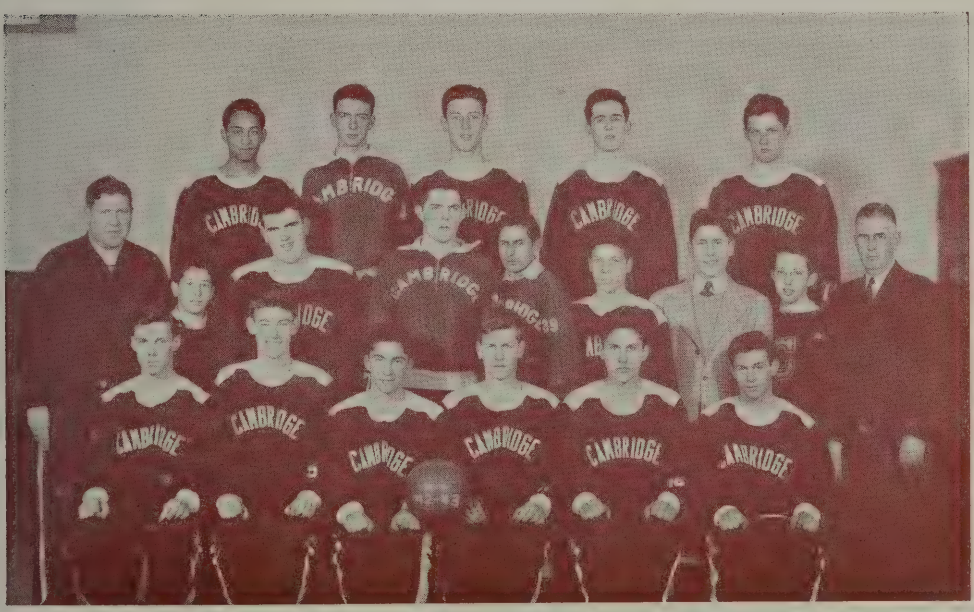
JIM BLOOMQUIST WON HIS OWN BALL-GAME BY COMING THROUGH WITH A TIMELY TWO-BAGGER THAT LET BRINKERHOFF SCORE EASILY FROM SECOND, BREAK TH' TIE, AND PUT ACROSS TH' WINNING RUN!

RICHY AYLWARD, IN HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN TH' BALL PARK SINCE HIS RECENT ANKLE INJURY, PLAYED FIRST BASE AND TURNED IN A MIGHTY CREDITABLE PERFORMANCE—

REVIEW STAFF

G. A. A.

GIRLS' VARSITY BASKETBALL



BOYS' BASKETBALL

HOCKEY

FOOTBALL

Now that the Class of '43 has passed into history, let's give them a reverent salute!

Though their ranks have been sadly depleted in the closing months of school by the Call to Arms, they have carried on in unprecedented manner. Boys we knew so well, many of whom played so splendidly on the field of sports, are now fighting gallantly on the field of battle.

May we here at school be worthy of their faith, their ideals and their great sacrifice.

First of all we have a few orchids to deliver—one for Bill Reardon for all he has put into our sports and Senior Class—then for Bob O'Brien and Dick Harrington, a few orchids for a successful year as editors—and finally for all those boys who left us to join the services, a whole bouquet.

Emma Doran and Marge Kelly head for Regis in the fall. Barbara Morse certainly has weird dreams—speaking of weird dreams Chuck Darling gets all his ties from the weirdest of 'em all. Maralyn Rose, Fran Greene, and Eileen Prebensen were all guests of honor at a fire (twelve engines and Fran's car.) The Messrs. Beswick, Bulger, and Darling are known to certain people as the "Musty Peers." We wonder just what did happen to Fred Whouley's hair (hurricane, hatchet, or holocaust.) The Class Song should be credited to both William Anastos and George Perutz (we slipped up last issue, Bill.) Peg O'Brien and Margaret Smith are handling the funds of Cambridge at a nearby bank. Virginia Reardon, Rosamond Kirk, and Jean Nugent are radiating wit at the Radiation Job. And last but by no means least Gloria Gregware, Ann Lundquist, and Eleanor Carroll are keeping Cambridge "lit" at the Electric Company (gosh everyone is sooo industrious.) From very unreliable sources we hear that Jim Feloney is awfully bashful, that Bill Moriarty is really quiet, and Charlie Mains is signing with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (Why, Charlie!) Jane O'Brien and Deb Edwards were glimpsed guzzling sodas at a nearby exclusive restaurant—Allie Beaudreau is called by her initials A. B.—oftener by J. B. Cecelia MacCarthy can la-la through any song beautifully. Bob Heavern is John Esquire himself. Barbara Supernard is fascinated by her glasses as are we all—Paul Morrison and Ted Wadden are staying far away from that long arm of trouble. Rollo Laine and Fluff La Frenier are reading diet books (we fervently Pray!) Unless John Jones gets space in this column he will take a silent shock (did I say silent?)

Peg Reynolds has earned the titles of "Lotus Blossom" because of low slung flowers over each ear. Friends of Jim Hurley's will be sorry to hear of his recent illness (cards and letters would be appreciated.) Paul Ericson has two things on his mind lately—baseball and, er, baseball. Christine Clemens has the loveliest Pepsodent Smile. Charlie MacElroy is the treasurer for all his friends (the trouble is that there is no money coming in and a lot going out.) The G. A. A. elections turned out very favorably, for Mary Alice Bigler was elected President, Mary Messenger, Vice-President, and Ruth Coleman, Secretary. Bess Amadon is importing various necessities of life from Vermont. Barbara Sheehan seems to have the situation well in hand. Elinor Murphy's biggest thrill is going to be when she is handed her "dee ploma." Jerry O'Brien has a very naive blush (uh huh). Marie Russell and Barb Rundlet are 227's gift to the K. B. Nell Oleson is having a streak of luck (hope it lasts, keed.) Poor Jimmy Fitzgerald can't forget the Hockey season is gone (tsk tsk). Paul Hanlon is in deep mourning of late (these momentous de-cisions, it seems.) Tom Sheehan is a Gene Krupa fan but oh, Tommy, please don't learn to play the drums.

It's generally a race between destiny and Jimmy Russell's car to get it home on time (not just generally—always.) Mary Barrett is forever bumping into people head on—Jimmy Finnegan and Fran Mullaney read all the Want Ads and answer none (it's so much easier.) Henry Servilas was dangling out of a third story window looking for an airplane (well, practically!) Charlie Sullivan has touching eyes—just like "Apple Annie"—George Saideh has a collection of "Joe Moron" jokes which he is forever flinging at us—Doris Stratton wants to work in an exclusive fishery, bak-

ery, and beanery combined. Roz Kirk has an office all her own in her place of business. Franny "Zeb" Donovan (one "b" in Zeb pulceze) has his hands full of trouble. Ruth Powers is friendly with the queerest people. Eleanor Donahue met with an accident in a fourth period class. Hilda Carey and Fran Kelly maintain their equilibrium through any emergency. With the Seniors gone, we are going to miss Dick McCabe's theories, Eleanor Murphy's and Virginia Reardon's wit, Shorty Morrison's "Take it slow" policy, Chuck Darling's 1924 Maxwell; Allie Beaudreau's "Shaddup, will ya," Ann Lundquist's quiet understanding, Marion Looney's many problems to be removed, Len Bulger's air of studious ability, Roz Kirk's beauty and slow, delightful smile, Art Connolly and Fred Whouley's collegiate hair cut, Peggy Bane's wide innocent eyes, Eleanor Reardon's new Phrases, Dot Mashs' helping everyone out of trouble, Bill Reardon's modesty what am modesty! Barb Morse's generosity, Pat Conway's being a conscience for everyone, Herby Smith's frequent plea for food, Jimmy Collins' inability to cook people's gooses—Lorraine Nolan's decisions that she makes nightly and always changes, Bill Maher's hockey playing and differences of opinions, Eleanor Carroll's understanding, Mary Messina's "Oh, my gosh, I did it again", Frances Quint's and Juanita Roop's mental ability, Tom Leamon's art, and Walter Power's themes, Bob Guest's Age of Innocence look, Jean Patterson's and Mary Broussard's acting abilities, Fern Williams and Maralyn Rose's voices, Marge O'Connor's hysterical giggles, and Peg O'Brien's capability in handling most any task, Charlie Mains' inability to understand women, Marge Kelly's B. A. A., Marvin Modest's never living up to his name, Dick Ernest's nonchalant expressions, Eli Kaminsky's way of talking on and on into the night, Ralph Darian's boy scouts, Dick Henry's 8:29 mad scramble, so much for memories —Oh yes, Eugene Callender's saying every issue day, sure" (ahem, ahem.)

"The column is due tomorrow, let's start it to-

To continue—Bill Anastos, Joe Carey, Eli Kaminsky, Dick Harrington, Frank Tonkonow, Dick McCabe, and Ray Gent have all been admitted to Harvard (wonder if and when they will pick up them thar accents—) Bob O'Brien has his eye on a Tech Scholarship, Eliot Comenitz is still looking for the freshman who idolizes him (10 years later we hope he finds him—) "Ah, what is so rare as a day in May" especially the 25th, says Peg—aw heck, why mention one, every senior says it. Just visit any water fountain and you'll find George Dube (he loves the stuff). Received some notes from a phantom writer in Room 204. The G. A. A. under Marge Kelly's supervision is flourishing, the two Mathematical Geniuses Peg Drollette and Leon LaFrenier recently competed for the Prize exams—Congrats to Dick McCabe and Molly Geller for winning the Scientific exams—Dick also won the Caroline Close—More Congrats to Eddy Oster and Juanita Roop for winning the History prize—P.om-notations "Did you notice all the girls that liked the price of the tickets?" asks Phil Sidenburg, (What he wants to know is—who pays?) All the success should be credited to the Reception Committee consisting of Pat Churchill, John Cahill, and Eileen Prebenson. Young Ann Heffernan is Eddie "the Boss" Heffernan's little sister. Paul Hathaway gets into jams easily, but getting out, Ugh. Hollis "Brownie" Brown gets a few precious grains of knowledge from "Superman". Carla Baratelli carries a sardine can everywhere. Ralph Sabatino has the makings of another Bill Reardon (in baseball). Mary Shea has very definite likes and dislikes.

Dicky Dale is rapidly growing up—someday he'll be a big boy. Have you noticed our new cartoon by Tom Leamon? Gloria Gregware certainly manages to get pushed around. Alex Stewart must have a gag man that someone else fired. Dan Kurth isn't really much of a sleuth (unknowns remain unknown.) Barb Sheehan was actually speechless the other day (I know, neither do I.) Joy Biddle and Alice Blue greet each other daily like a couple of African dancers. Virginia Lyons is a contributor to the Harvard Lampoon. When Marion Gilmore and James MacCarthy get together and sing, they sound like "Agony in Action." John Skahan can look so ill when he lowers his eyes. Priscilla Coleman is still getting gardenias by the dozens (not all together of course.) Ruth Sandock has been wandering aimlessly around of late. Betty Ryan and May Prasinos manage to look equally exhausted by early Monday. Mary Foster loves low, long, convertibles even if she can't sit down. Marie Shea is bothered by every one in 227. Joe Sheehan is becoming very quiet like John Leonard. John Dwyer can drink a coke faster than anyone hereabouts. Art Thomas, Buddy Mahoney, and many others of the Original Quiz Kids are home on furlough or leave (they all look marvelous)—Those G. I. haircuts are something. "Ginger" Braithwaite is the pride and joy of room 122. A 6th period History Class is turning out a group of politicians. Vera Chvany has grown the tiniest of an inch. June Becker and Joanne McConnell were ripping down the street toward the Uni (we didn't see them, we felt them politely knock us down.) Tom Tobin was seen with a little black book, heading for Waverley. Myra Ayer has a mother instinct; she loves children. Henry Petro should be able to teach gym

in another year (we want it forgotten by then.) We heard that Bill Collins had intended to paint the Latin Hall. Barb Murphy doesn't quite have the luck of the Irish. Dick Twoomey is just beginning to understand his locker. Evelyn Fitzpatrick is having shoe trouble, while Verna Buckley is having heel trouble. Everyone is working, it seems. Barb Morse has quite a few offers of positions, but Barb will go abroad for the summer. We hope that the excitement of graduation won't keep Ann Farr unconscious through the exercises. Bunny McCool was looking longingly at a dress with a rose or two dangling.

I guess that takes care of this issue—Well, Good Luck, kids, and I hope to see you next year with the exception of the Seniors—Keep those Bonds and Stamps rolling toward Victory—

UNCLE EUGENE F. CALLENDER, '43.
CARMELINE LIZBETH ROSE, '44.

THE HIT PARADE, INDICATION OF THE TIMES

SOMEONE once said, "To learn a people, learn its music." This statement is very true. The jungle rhythms of the African natives gives the wild, passionate nature of the natives themselves. The clipped, lightsome Scottish airs show the thrift and wholesome gayety of the Scots. So in our own young country, where the music changes so rapidly, popular music is an indication of the times. The best source of popular music is Lucky Strike's "Your Hit Parade," the ten top tunes of the nation.

A few years ago, when America was carefree, the tunes on the Hit Parade were carefree. Silly little ditties such as " A Tisket, a Tasket," "Three 'Iddle Fishies," set new records for being number one so many consecutive times. When times were such that America could spend a great deal of time being lighthearted and romantic, its tunes were also of this nature. "Moon Glow," "Stairway to the Stars," "The Lullaby of Broadway," all were on the Hit Parade many months running; all were indicative of the times.

After President Roosevelt came into office, when people began to have impressed upon them the importance of the South American nations, the Hit Parade became filled with South American rhythms. As America became good-neighbor conscious, its music became good-neighbor conscious. The most popular tunes of the day became "Frenisi" and "Perfidia." America has continued to feel the influence of South America; so, too, through the years, its music has contained the Latin element. On the Hit Parade, as time goes by, have been "Green Eyes," "Amapola," "Tangerine," and now "Brazil."

When the European nations were dragged into our present terrible conflict, America rejoiced over its ability to stay out and its apparent prosperity while other nations floundered. Liberty was the keynote of American life; liberty was the main topic of American music. Among the tunes on the Hit Parade, at that time, was "You're A Lucky Fellow, Mr. Smith," which extolled American life and its liberty.

Then America itself was drawn into the war. Immediately Americans sprang up desiring revenge and determined to defend our policies. Among the Hit Parade music sprang up "Remember Pearl Harbor," and "This is Worth Fighting For." As America's fighting forces grew, America became highly conscious of Army and Navy life. The Hit Parade became pervaded with songs about the Army and Navy, "Johnny Doughboy Found a Rose in Ireland," "Praise the Lord," "I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen."

As America feels, so feels its music. The Hit Parade, best source of popular music, is an indication of the times.

MARGARET DROLETTE, '43.

G. A. A. REPORT

HOWDY, everybody! Now that spring is here once more, out-of-door sports have taken the limelight. The teams are very good and deserve a lot of support.

Next year's officers have been chosen and Mary Alice Bigler will succeed Marjorie Kelley as President, Mary Messinger will continue as Vice-President and Treasurer, and Ruth Coleman will take the assignment of Secretary. They are a fine group of girls and I wish them as much happiness and success as was enjoyed this year by the officers.

As usual, the picnic to Kendal Green on Saturday, June 5, will wind up the activities of the G. A. A. All forms of amusements are being planned, as well as the installation of the new officers, and the usual group singing. It is one day when everyone has a marvelous time, due to the thoughtful efforts of Miss Brown.

This seems to be a very opportune time to extend to Miss Brown the heartfelt appreciation of the officers for all the counsel and advice offered when it was much needed. The officers also wish to thank the girls who served on the different committees, for without their help the parties could not be successful.

I'd also like to say that all the officers strove to make this year a great success, both athletically and socially, and are proud to feel that they have succeeded.

In closing, may I wish your next year's scribe as much fun as I have had in writing for the REVIEW.

So long, and a happy vacation to all.

MARY DILLON, '43.

FRESHMAN NOTES

WELL, folks, here we are with the year finished—such a short time when we look back to the beginning! P. S. It didn't seem so short week by week—Congratulations to Eleanor Wadden, Peter Gomatos, and Louis Strowman for finishing in the first three positions in the Mathematics Competitive Examinations—We hope to know the winners in the English and Latin Competitive Examinations before going to press—Marie Lorry, George Clapp, and Robert DiComes were seen at the circus, in box seats, no less—More congratulations to the pupils of Room 230 who have just completed their *ninth* successive week of having 100% participation in the purchasing of war stamps and bonds—The entire Freshman class is deserving of praise for now leading all other classes in the purchase of stamps and bonds for the year—Gym class 118 is clamoring for a return match with Room 119, who defeated them in a previous contest—Mary DerBoghosian and her brother recently won a jitterbug contest. This is Mary's second prize—By their nicknames you shall know them: Muscles, Ko-Ko, Dukey, Babe, Veronica, Buddy and Desy—Estelle Small has won a scholarship to a near-by school of music. Her pleasing voice is frequently heard in homeroom programs—Did you ever notice the way Richard Harrington blushes?—Room 128 has contributed 130 squares to be made into afghans for the Red Cross—Lorraine Roffers has the cutest expressions—Robert DiComes has been elected Secretary of the Debating Club—Emalene Gould and Nora Cirolo are two of our class mates who have left us recently—Lena Di Clements hopes to become a nurse later on. It will be a pleasure to be sick, then—Room 229 is having an epidemic of braids. So far they have Mary Winslow, Lillian Woods, Jewell Ward, Helen Wiggs, Elizabeth Yarborough and Vida Wicks, with still more coming in each day—Ruth Weisman's report card is covered with E's—Some Latin pupils are becoming good singers along with their knowledge of Latin—Beverly Walters looked very chic in her fish net snood last week—The boys in Room 229 frequently get additional instructions in their physical exercises—John Winn's hair cut had us all stopped for awhile—Nominated for the position of most irritating noise, the squeaking huaraches—Lorraine Palmesano wrote the words for a play on the sale of War Bonds—good work, Lorraine—June Nance is very popular with her classmates—Loretta Palmazzi really enjoys lolly-pops—Room 120 had a real interesting court case, Cristello vs. Crockett. Hubert Cronin did a fine job as Douglas's lawyer—That boy who formerly gave sugar, gasoline and cubes of butter as rare gifts, now gives pieces of potatoes—'Tis said that Mary Cristello has a great memory for names—Catherine Curtiss continues her good work by having *all* E's on her last report card—Eleanor Haskens has recently entered our school—James Troy likes to carry that world almanac with him—Geraldine Danseveau impresses us with her poise and dignity—Good luck to all the boys who won their certificates in First Aid. Our school should be ready for any emergency—You will always find laughter and joy where you find Mary Curtin—Frank Sateriale is known as the "Strong Man"—Joe De Feo's hit parade is headed by "Deep in the Heart of Texas"—Nominated for most active freshman: Douglas Crocket—Agnes Keosian is anxiously waiting to see this section—Virginia Braithwaite has written a number of songs and poems—Helen Cameron is very cute when she smiles so shyly—Lillian Days and Gladys Baker belie the saying that beauty and brains don't go together—Peggy Balcomb and Margy Babcock are always late for physical exercises.

This is our last issue of the Review for the year, but remember that the big issue is still going on and we must continue to buy War Stamps and Bonds and keep on with all our other wartime activities during the vacation period.

Good luck—we hope to see you all back again next year.

K. B. NOTES

WITH another year gone by, the K. B. graduates regretfully leave behind to a capable group of juniors, the fun of work and play. Although the past year has brought about changes in all school activities, we have continued with as many of the usual plans of the club as possible.

Our most impressive meeting was at President Jane Gayton's home; eighteen new members were duly pledged in a dignified, candlelight ceremony. Plans for June picnics were discussed and quickly accepted. In response to the Red Cross drive, K. B. girls are now busily counting stitches and measuring squares for the colorful afghan that is slowly but surely being put together for our hospitalized soldiers and sailors.

And now, in anticipation of more fun, and the usual election of new officers, we bring the school year to a close by extending our sincere thanks to Miss McElroy and Miss Buckley for their ever-helping guidance in every K. B. activity, and by wishing all success to our junior sisters in the coming year—a year that we all hope will be brightened by the longed-for peace.

MARGARET BANE, '43.

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ROBERT GUEST, '43.

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ALUMNI NEWS

HAIL and Farewell, dear Readers! Mournfully we pick up our pen for the last time to write the Alumni News.

Now Privates First Class in the Army Air Corps are David Ryan, '40, and Russell Donaldson. Dave is stationed at Chillicothe, Missouri; Russ, at Spokane, Washington. Jacqueline Lane, '40, who used to write such swell C. H. L. S. news in the Chronicle Sun, has enlisted with the Waves. Are we back in your good graces now, Jackie? Two C. H. L. S.'ans graduated recently from Williams Flight Prep School as Naval Aviation Cadets. They are Tommy Hoban, '40, and Mortimer Sullivan. Larry Mahoney, President of the class of '39, is now a Naval Aviation Cadet at Pensacola. Bernard Ostrander, '40, also a Naval Aviation Cadet, is stationed at Glenview, Illinois. Don Cleary, '41, is in the Army Air Corps. Now studying Radio at the Army Air Force Training School, Sioux Falls, Iowa, are Private First Class Joseph Salvato and Edmund Loughlin, '34. Walter Feeley, '39, was recently promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant in the Army Air Corps. Jackie Cantrell, '41, is a Corporal in the Army; he is stationed at Camp Edwards. Now in the Navy are Cy Barber, who is stationed at Newport, Rhode Island, and Robert Baland.

Florence Shea, who graduated a few years ago, has joined the Marine Corps; Catherine Britt, a former C. H. L. S.'an, recently attained the rank of Second Officer in the W. A. A. C. The engagements of Florence Rose and Edith Mazza, both C. H. L. S. alumnae, have been announced. Ruth Hopwood, '41, is married.

Melvin Andleman, '42, is studying Radio at the University of Wisconsin; he is a Navy man. William Corkery, '40, has entered the Army Air Force. Now in the Marines are Charley Mallahan and Norman Crystal, '42. John Sarson, '41, and Maurice Rosenberg, '42, are both in the service. Paul Mahoney, '41, is a Cadet in the Naval Commandos at Wesleyan University. Ralph Frongillo, who graduated a few years ago, is studying at one of the Navy's Aviation Ordinanceman's Schools Francis Demore, '40, is a Corporal stationed at New Orleans. From a recent letter of Lt. John Kelley, formerly of our faculty, we learned that both Russell Boudreau, '41, and Russell Brown, '40, are at his station in Glenview, Ill.

Russell Boudreau has just been transferred to Corpus Christi, Texas.

Evariste Shea, '36, has been in the Marine Hospital in San Diego, and is now reported on his way home—The best of luck, Evariste.

To the Alumni News columnist of next year—don't forget to mention "yours truly"!

MARGARET DROLETTE, '43.

DRAMATIC CLUB NEWS

The curtain is going up on the last act of Dramatic Club Activities for the year.

At our last meeting election of officers for next year was held. Those elected were

President .....Walter Cremens
Vice-President .....Diane Perrin
Secretary .....Alan Balsam
Treasurer .....Carty Lynch

Executive Committee: Thomas O'Laughlin, Virginia McCauley, Catherine Cooper, Anthony Travis, Eileen Toohey.

The six contestants in the Liberty Medal Prize Speaking Contest were all Dramatic Club Members. The contestants were Carty Lynch, Gloria Smith, Walter Cremens, Mary Broussard, Catherine Cooper, and Robert Guest. The winners of the medals were Mary Broussard and Robert Guest.

The Dramatic Club Alumni presented on May 21 a variety show at the Cantabrigia Clubhouse. It was called *Chaos At Cantabrigia.* Entertainment was supplied by Jimmy Lawlor, Paula Hillary, Mary Buckley, Noreen Buckley, Mary Broussard, Jean Patterson, Marilyn Rose and Robert Guest. For our stellar attraction we presented Murl Daniels, the man of many faces, who proceeded to make up members of the audience. The characters he brought to life were Bernard Shaw, Abraham Lincoln, Edwin Booth, and Uncle Sam, to name a few.

The Dramatic Club Scholarship was divided between Mary Broussard and Robert Guest.

The members of the Dramatic Club wish to thank Miss Hartigan and Miss O'Keefe for their wonderful work in making the Dramatic Club the success that it was this year.

ROBERT GUEST, '43.

DURRELL CLUB NOTES

THE Durrell Debate Club had its final meeting on May 20th. The following members were elected officers for next year:

President .....Walter Cremens
Vice-President .....Anthony Travers
Secretary .....Robert Di Comes
Treasurer .....Paul Haskell

We are proud to announce that our past President, Eli Kaminsky, received the Forensic Medal this year.

On behalf of all the members I want to extend our best wishes for success and happiness to the Seniors who are leaving us, and a vote of thanks to our advisor, Miss O'Keefe.

Have a pleasant summer!

ALAN BALSAM, '44.

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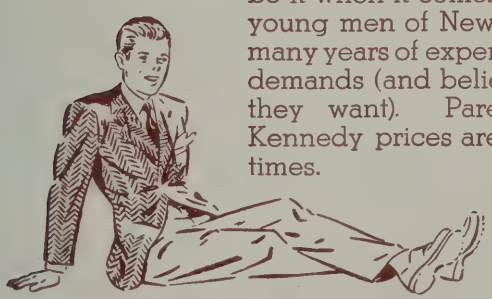

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